

ESTABLISHED 1844

NEW SERIES

VOL. II. No. 6.

THE
ECCLECTIC
MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY EDITION
OF

THE LIVING AGE

DECEMBER, 1899.

CONTENTS.

I.	The Philippines and Their Future	<i>Quarterly Review</i>	801
II.	Colonial Memories. II. BY LADY BROOME.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	817
III.	Literary Courtships. BY ELEANOR A. TOWLE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	824
IV.	The Life of Shakespeare.....	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i>	835
V.	Girls' Novels in France and England.....	<i>Academy</i>	847
VI.	The Decline of the Latin Races. BY GUISEPPE SERGI.....	<i>Nuova Antologia</i>	850
	Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.		
VII.	In Chains. BY HUGH CLIFFORD.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ..	860
VIII.	The Trans-Siberian Railway. BY WILLIAM DURBAN.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ...	872
IX.	The Recent Fuss About the Irish Language. BY J. P. MAHAFFY.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i>	880
X.	New Wines and Old Bottles.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	888
XI.	Youth and Age. BY E. H. BEGGIE.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	900
XII.	The Art of Dining.....	<i>Quarterly Review</i>	901
XIII.	Noontide. BY F. W. BOURDILLON.....	<i>Spectator</i>	910
XIV.	Victor Cherbuliez. BY FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.....	<i>Revue des Deux Mondes</i> ..	911
	Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.		
XV.	To William Black. BY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.....		914
XVI.	Five Letters by Cardinal Newman.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ...	915
XVII.	A Woman's Criticism of the Women's Congress. A Reply. BY FANNIE HUMPHREYS GAFFNEY.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i>	925
XVIII.	The Country Parson of 1799-1899. BY T. E. KEBBEL.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ..	928
XIX.	Mrs. Samuel Pepys.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	936
XX.	"Kind Master, Merry Man." BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.....		942

SUPPLEMENT.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS:

The Tramp and the Railroads.....	JOSIAH FLYNT	943
The Evolution of Tolerance.....	JOHN FISKE	946
The Squire in the Stocks.....	PAUL LEICESTER FORD	949

BOOKS AND AUTHORS..... 952

BOOKS OF THE MONTH..... 956

Address:

THE LIVING AGE CO.,
Boston.

E. R. PELTON,
New York.

Terms: Single Numbers 45 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$5.00

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

Oh!
why don't you use
Pears' Soap?



All sorts of stores sell it - all sorts of people use it.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. LXX.
NEW SERIES. VOL. II.}

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 6.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THEIR FUTURE*

Until the naval action off Cavite, Mr. Stevens tells us, the people of the United States had lived and died spelling Manila with two l's, and not knowing where the stuff in their clothes-lines came from. This *précis* of geographical and economic ignorance is certainly forcibly, if not elegantly, expressed, and had we to take exception to it, Mr. Stevens's implied limitation would alone cause us to demur. The lacunæ in knowledge which the books before us seek to fill are no special prerogative of the dwellers on the farther side of the Atlantic. They are as widely existent, no doubt, among ourselves; and if Mr. Stevens avers that most Americans thought of the Philippines as a group of islands "floating around in the South Sea somewhere between Fiji and Patagonia," we can vouch for the fact that before the war it was not uncommon to find highly educated Englishmen happy in the belief that Manila is situated in the West Indies.

Not long ago, in a magazine article, a writer pointed out that there is a fashion in exploration as in everything

else, and that, just as certain securities are from time to time specially brought forward to be dealt in by financiers and speculators, so this or that country engages the attention of travellers to the comparative exclusion of all others until such time as it is in turn supplanted by its successor. The pendulum of fashion has, indeed, swung often enough of late years between the Equator and the Arctic. Most of Africa has been mapped out like an English county, and since Nansen's exploit we have almost learnt to speak disrespectfully of the North Pole; but the regularity of the swing has never been broken by any deflection towards the Philippines. Though nearly four centuries have passed since Magellan first crossed the Pacific and took possession of the group for his master, Charles V., the interior of some of the islands is still practically unknown, the very coast lines are in places but vaguely charted, and there must still be tribes which have never seen a white man. Year by year, as the facilities of travel increase, the flood of Englishmen mak-

* 1. The Philippine Islands. By John Foreman, F. R. G. S. London, 1899.

2. The Philippine Islands and Their People. By Dean C. Worcester. New York and London, 1899.

3. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Joseph Earle Stevens. London, 1898.

4. The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Younghusband. London, 1899.

5. The Philippine Islands. By Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of Manila. New York, 1899.

6. Australasia; Stanford's Compendium, Vol. II. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M. D. London, 1894.

7. Les Iles Philippines. Bulletin de la Société d'Etudes Coloniales. Par G. de Leval. Brussels, 1896.

ing the "grand tour" gathers strength. Australia, India and New Zealand are scarcely stranger to us than were Italy and Spain to our fathers. A very large proportion of what has been termed the leisure class can claim the mild distinction of having been round the world; and if we have not crossed Africa ourselves, most of us probably number among our acquaintance some more adventurous spirit who has performed this feat. But even though alive to the impropriety of the second *l* in Manila, and with every confidence in the geographical position of that city, how many are there of us who have visited it, or could give off-hand the names of half-a-dozen other towns in the archipelago?

It is easy to understand, then, why the bibliography of the islands is so limited, and limited, moreover, not only numerically but in character. For, while in the case of other lands in a like semi-civilized condition the authors who treat of them are of various callings—prospectors, missionaries, sportsmen, traders, political Residents, or even professional treaty-seekers duly equipped with flags—we have nothing from the pen of any such upon the Philippines. All, or almost all, of those who have published accounts of the group can be classed under two heads: professed naturalists or collectors, and persons engaged in commerce in Manila. It is worthy of note that the American authorities, seeking information upon their newly acquired possessions, chose as their advisers a representative from each class. Mr. Foreman's long residence in the capital and intimate knowledge of island politics rendered his opinion most valuable, while Mr. (now Professor) D. C. Worcester, as a member of Professor Steere's second scientific expedition, and leader of the Menage Mission in 1890, had visited all the more important islands. Their books, therefore,

as possessing a more solid basis of knowledge than most of the others on our list, may first claim our attention.

Mr. Foreman's "The Philippine Islands," first published in 1890, now presents itself, in view of recent events, in a revised and enlarged form. The revision has been but slight; the enlargement is incontestable. While the former seems to have confined itself to a sort of game of "general post" among the chapters, the enlargement is chiefly due to the addition of an account of the Tagalog rebellion and the American campaign. On the whole, the book may be regarded as the standard work in English upon its subject, but it nevertheless leaves a good deal to be desired. Mr. Foreman has thought it necessary to write at great length upon the history of the islands; indeed, nearly one-half of the volume is thus taken up. But, unfortunately, though he seems to have been at some pains to get his information, he does not appear to have always made himself acquainted with the proper authorities, and, in consequence, his account of the first discovery suffers from abundant errors. Even the names of Magellan and his *compadre* of earlier days, Ruy Faleiro, are rendered as Maghallanes and Talero, both of which forms they were, of course, as guiltless of signing after their Spanish naturalization as before it. It is impossible to read the book without wishing that its author, instead of ransacking local libraries, had confined himself to the relation of his own experiences and observations. His account of the Tagalog rebellion, of which his knowledge is unique, is a valuable contribution to the history of the islands, and is so vigorously and clearly written that the reader will regret that a like treatment of the other branches of his subject has not been adopted. Mr. Foreman would have been the better for judicious editing, and might with advantage have paid

more attention to his index. But in spite of these faults, the book affords a vast mass of information, of which that concerning politics and agriculture forms the most important part.

Professor Worcester's narrative of travel is of markedly different type. He begins, it is true, with a chapter on history, which he acknowledges in his preface has been drawn from Mr. Foreman's summary. That summary is purged of none of its errors, but Professor Worcester has curtailed it to a score of pages. For the rest, he relates his adventures in and about the various islands in a simple and straightforward manner, which, if somewhat disappointing to the naturalist, as almost studiously avoiding reference to his own special subjects, embodies much information upon parts of the archipelago little if at all known to Europeans. Professor Worcester has published an admirable monograph on the ornithology of the group, and made extensive collections in other fields of natural science; but from his book no one would guess that he knew a hawk from a handsaw, or would have experienced the slightest astonishment if one of his orchids had proved to be a *Cattleya*. Although the unsparing introduction of technical details into a book addressed to the general public may not be advisable, most people would feel that if the fascinating travels of Wallace and Bates were stripped of their chat about beast and bird they would lose half their charm. Professor Worcester's knowledge of the archipelago, though only that of a visitor, while Mr. Foreman claims an experience of many years, is much wider than that of the latter. There are, indeed, but few of the islands which have not been visited, if not thoroughly explored, by him. To one statement which he makes in his preface we must, however, take exception—that Mr. Everett has been the only other naturalist to

make extensive collections in the islands. Dr. Platen, the German collector, who has perhaps travelled more widely in Malaysia than any person during the last quarter-century, sent home an enormous mass of material from the archipelago, though most of this appears never to have been described. Mr. F. W. Burbidge investigated the botany of Sulu some twenty years ago, and, more recently, Dr. Guillemard published a list of the birds of this group. Most important of all, however, are the recent collections of Mr. John Whitehead, whose wonderful *trouvailles* in the Luzon highlands have thrown a flood of light upon questions of geographical distribution.

In Mr. Stevens's "Yesterdays in the Philippines" we have the experiences of a young Bostonian in a house of business in Manila, who made the most of his somewhat liberal holidays by visiting such islands as he could during his two years' residence. Mr. Stevens is an American of the Americans; he has, fortunately, no scruples about history. For him the present is the only thing that matters, and he plunges at once *in medias res* with an alacrity that is refreshing. We get everything at first hand, and he does not stop to serve up a *réchauffé* of other men's experiences or opinions. He has not read Mr. Calverley's lines on "Forever," and spells "onto" as a single word; he deems Manila a "side-tracked capital," and shows other signs of transatlantic literary methods; but if anyone desires to know what daily life in the Philippines is like, he will find it more accurately and vividly portrayed in this little volume of a couple of hundred pages than in any of the others that lie before us. For statistics of export and import, for all the 'ologies, for politics, and so forth, readers must go elsewhere, though they may find many side-lights upon these questions scattered through the book.

It is the *vie intime* of the place that Mr. Stevens seeks to portray, and he portrays it excellently.

Major Younghusband's point of view is that of the soldier-tourist. Well known as an author on Indian frontier wars, he has also written on Japan, but his visit to this latter country, if we remember aright, was scarcely less hurried than the trip of which his present volume is the outcome. It is not to him, therefore, that we must look for information such as Mr. Foreman's long residence and Professor Worcester's extensive travels supply. His book, indeed, makes no claim of this nature and is merely the record of a flying visit paid to Manila after the Americans had taken possession, with, apparently, the interviewing of Aguinaldo as its chief object. It scarcely exceeds the domain of journalistic literature, and is chiefly valuable for its pictures of life among the American soldiery after the occupation. The author has, as usual, succumbed to the temptation of writing a chapter on the history of the Philippines, and has fallen into worse errors than Mr. Foreman, from whom he seems in part to have condensed his account; he speaks, for instance, of the first discoverer of the archipelago as "battling his way round the promontory now known as Cape Horn"—a feat which was not performed till nearly a hundred years later by Schouten and Le Maire.

The last, and in some respects the most noteworthy of all the volumes recently written, is that by Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala. We are here brought into contact with a new element. We have seen what are the opinions of Englishmen and Americans upon the islands; M. Marche in his "*Lucon et Palaoan*," has given us those of a travelled Frenchman, and—though now somewhat out of date—Herr Jagor's "*Reisen in den Philippinen*" is certainly one of the most accurate and interesting

of all accounts yet written. But in Mr. Lala's work we have things from the point of view of a Filipino—for as such he boldly proclaims himself, not only on the title-page, but on the cover of his book, appending two photographs of himself to overcome any remaining doubts on the reader's part. Mr. Lala tells us something of his own story in the preface. Educated at "St. John's College in London," and in Neuchâtel, he claims to have "travelled considerably" in Europe. On returning to Manila, his sympathy with the insurgents led to his banishment, and he fled for refuge to the United States, where he became naturalized. A personal friend of the unfortunate Dr. Rizal, of Aguinaldo, Agoncillo, and others, his knowledge of the present crisis and the events which led to it is, perhaps, as wide as that of Mr. Foreman. His American life, however, has led him to take a view different from that of his insurgent friends, and he considers that the latter "will most surely live to recognize and appreciate the unsullied manifold advantages and benefits incident to American occupation." His book is dedicated to Admiral Dewey, "whose recent great victory over the Spanish fleet has begun a new era of freedom and prosperity for my country," and to President McKinley, who doubtless fervently wishes that the remainder of the eight million Filipinos may rapidly be led to adopt equally praiseworthy opinions. Mr. Lala's strong points are his history of the development of commerce in the islands and his account of the prevailing conditions of agriculture. He handles his adopted language well, and ventures to quote Mr. Ruskin, but at the same time he does not scruple to draw upon Mr. Foreman freely—perhaps a little too freely—for his facts. The hundred and fifty illustrations which aid his descriptions are serviceable in rendering the physical features of the country

intelligible to the reader, while the large number of native types given will be appreciated by all who are interested in the ethnology of the archipelago.

These, then, are the most recent sources of information which we have upon the Philippines, and it must be confessed that the ideal monograph upon this, one of the richest and most beautiful regions of the earth, remains yet to be written. Few places, as Mr. Stevens remarks in *Americanese*, are more hopelessly "side-tracked;" yet if we turn a leaf and look into the coming century we see a brighter future. Lesseps's great scheme—the scheme of the old Spanish explorers three centuries and a half before him—will then be an accomplished fact: the ships of the western world will pour through the canal and across the Pacific to China, and history will repeat itself in the revival of the old trade route of the Acapulco galleons. Then Manila, "the moth-eaten capital of the East," as one of our authors terms her, will wake to find herself no longer "side-tracked," but the chief port on one of the greatest of the world's highways.

At present, it must be admitted, there are few signs of this. The traveller in the remote East who desires to visit Magellan's Islands of St. Lazarus will not, perhaps, find them as inaccessible as the Ladrones, but he will wish that steamers were more frequent, and that they were a little better found. As he passes Corregidor Island, and wonders, ignorant of the Spaniard, why Admiral Dewey was permitted to enter so quietly, he will greet the magnificent expanse of Manila Bay with a pleasure even beyond that evoked by its natural beauty, for the passage from Hong Kong, it is safe to say, has been rough, and the cuisine not entirely satisfactory. Leaving Cavite, the Portsmouth of Spain in the East, on the starboard side, a short hour's steam brings him

to his destination, and, stepping into a boat, he is rowed up the yellow stream of the Pasig to disembark at the Puente de España.

Perhaps, of all the sights that meet his eyes, the most unexpected will be the signs of busy life that everywhere surround him. He has not conceived of the city as so populous, albeit the oldest European settlement in the East after Goa; and its three hundred thousand inhabitants astonish him. The bridge leads from Old Manila, Legaspi's fortified town, to the modern city on the right bank of the stream, and across it is pouring a crowd which, to those acquainted only with the trite seaports of the East, wears an unfamiliar aspect. The visitor may not be astonished at the *cortège* of the "Gobernador Capitán General," with its whistling outriders commanding an arrest of traffic, but he will turn round to stare at the carriage with the four milk-white steeds which bears the archbishop—Nozaleda most hated of all hated ecclesiastics in the land. Perhaps it is a *fiesta*—*fiestas* are even more numerous than Sundays in the Philippines—and the elaborate procession of long-robed friars which is making its way up the Escolta, while reviving mental pictures of like scenes in Seville or Cadiz, looks novel in its *milieu* of strangely clad natives and the tropical air which pervades everything. As one passes along the densely thronged quays, Chinese are chattering in groups, but the Spanish which falls from their lips seems out of its latitude. To the trained eye the Malay type is strong, yet few *sarong*- and *baju*-clad natives are here: it is a land of shirt and trousers and of straw hats. Yet the effect produced is scarcely so commonplace as it sounds, for the Filipino has not yet learned to tuck in the former garment, and is not without the love of his race for bright color. The women's dress is more characteristic

than that of the men. The wives of the Spanish officials, no doubt, are not less interested in the Paris fashions than are their sisters at home, but for the lower-class native, the *mestiza*, or even the higher-born Filipina, the *hautes nouveautés* can mean little but color—form being settled by a law inexorable as that of the Medes and Persians. The skirt, in wide stripes or checks of bright hues, may or may not be covered by the *tapis* or apron, but the full short sleeves and the curious *pañuelo* or kerchief folded over the bosom—among the rich a veritable work of art in embroidered *piña* fabric—are all-pervading, save among the poorest. The hair, combed off the face, and generally of great length, streams down the back in an ebon cataract.

To the south and east lies the old city, dull, forlorn and grim, with its earthquake-shattered walls and antiquated cannon; its moat a sewer which even the cholera of 1882 failed to cleanse. Within, it is a city of the dead, in spite of the new cathedral which now replaces the earlier building, whose crumbling towers still serve as a monument of dormant seismic forces. The life of the place has passed across the river and centres in the Escolta, the Regent Street of Manila, where are shops, tramways, electric lights, and all the adjuncts of western civilization. Not that all touches of local color are gone. The tiled roofs have, indeed, given place to the atrocity of corrugated iron, as more safe in times of earthquake; but within the charming wide balconies the weather is kept out by sliding lattice screens, much like those of Japan, except that in place of paper the squares are filled by thin sections of the shell of the pearl-oyster. The pavement of the smaller streets is more than bad, the mud in the rainy season terrible, but worst of all is the reckless disregard of sanitation which

offends fastidious European senses at every step. Major Younghusband gives some details which we may be excused from reproducing, of the attempts made by the Americans to cleanse such quarters as were necessary for their troops, but the vast mass of this modern Augean stable yet remains to be dealt with. Ditches and canals intersect the streets and are regarded as fit receptacles for every species of filth; while the slops of the household are jerked from the upper windows with a disregard of the feelings of the passing wayfarer, which the hardest-hearted inhabitant of Edinburgh in past days would not have been guilty of.

But, fortunately, there are other aspects of Manila life, and if we wander out in the direction of Ermita, or of San Miguel, we shall find many a pleasant tree-embowered villa, the residence of some Spanish official or wealthy *mestizo*. We may leave unexplored the swarming Tondo—the district of the fishermen and waterfolk—to run up the river, beautiful in its tropic vegetation, and pay a visit to the English Club, in whose cool veranda we may rest until the world of Manila, rousing itself from its siesta, emerges for the evening promenade. There may not be much beauty in the Malecon, whither we follow them, but at least we get the pure sea-breezes. And does it not lead to the Luneta, where the finest band in the East daily plays its best to half the city?

For the patriot Filipino—the insurgent, if we must use the harsher term—memories other than those of operatic music and flirting *mestiza* are connected with this Prado of the Pacific, memories little likely to be obliterated by time, which would in the end, perhaps, have brought about the downfall of Spain in the islands as surely, if not as rapidly, as Admiral Dewey's guns. To one of its lamp-posts, which stretch in unsightly rows across the otherwise

bare oval, the insurgent leader, Dr. Rizal, was tied early one morning in December, 1896, and shot in the back by a file of soldiers—"one of Polavieja's foulest acts," Mr. Foreman rightly terms it. Rizal was but one of many. Here, in hundreds, guilty or innocent, insurgent or sympathizer, the Filipinos have paid the last penalty. The confinement of one hundred and sixty-nine prisoners one August night in a dungeon of the old city led to another "Black Hole of Calcutta;" and though their number was thus reduced by fifty-four, on the following morning the survivors were taken out and shot. Mr. Lala tells us that:—

"Here were enacted some of the most horrible tragedies in the recent rebellion. Hundreds of native prisoners were here executed; and such an execution was made occasion of great rejoicing. The fashionable Spanish element, men and women, was not wanting to witness it; and while the band discoursed a lively air, the poor fellows were made to stand on the sea-wall facing the sea; at a given signal the firing squad discharged a volley, and they fell dead or mortally wounded, while the onlookers cheered for tyranny and Spain." (p. 137.)

Nor is this the biased account of a sympathizer with the insurgent cause, for other witnesses of our own nation have described how the victims were shot to operatic music and the cheers of the Spaniards; and Major Young-husband's book, which is fully furnished with illustrations of battle, murder and sudden death, reproduces some of these scenes from photographs taken at the time.

With these facts in mind, it is perhaps only natural to make enquiries for the bull-ring. There is one, it is true, but its mere existence is its chief feature, for it draws no vast crowds, either of high or low, as in the Peninsula. Perhaps the island bulls are al-

together too tame, though any European who has had a *carabao* or native buffalo in full pursuit at his heels must have felt quite satisfied as to the suitability of this animal as a substitute. The Filipino, and often his European master, seeks excitement at the *gallera* instead, for cock-fighting is the ruling passion of all, young and old, and this building is quite as necessary a part of every village as the friar and the church. Indeed, it has often been said that the native, if caught in one of the fires so frequent among these *nipa*-built houses, will seek to save his favorite bird from the flames rather than his wife and family.

With Manila, in the majority of cases, the ordinary traveller's acquaintance with the Philippines will begin and end. He may ascend the Pasig to the beautiful Laguna de Bay, and perhaps stay at Majayjay on the slope of the volcano amid some of the loveliest scenery in the tropics, but unless he be a lover of bird or beast or plant, an 'ologist of some sort, he will not adventure himself further. It is no land of easy travel such as Java, where provisions are abundant, roads good, and weather conditions sure. Here, if his desire be to wander into the unknown, he will have need of all his resources, of all his knowledge of the shifts and expedients of camp life. No country in the world, surely, calls for more patience on the part of the explorer than does this.

Yet, if he win through, his journey will more than repay him, for there is a rich harvest waiting to be garnered in almost every branch of science. The geographer will turn to the great island of Mindanao, and find it almost an untouched field; the ethnologist will meet on every hand with material which may throw light on the unsolved problem of the origin of the various races. Even Mr. Whitehead, in spite of his revelation of the fauna of the

Luzon uplands, has left plenty for the naturalist to do elsewhere. Here, as in New Guinea, there is still room for the coming generation to win their spurs.

But, even as a mere tourist, it is possible to see something of the land and enjoy it. We may omit the elaborate outfit of the explorer, but it is as well to have a good Tagalog "boy" as servant, and to pay careful attention to the commissariat, while a certain knowledge of the Spanish language is—and probably for some time will be—a necessity. Thus provided, the traveller, though he will not attempt unknown interiors, may visit some of the more settled districts without much discomfort, and get some idea of the products and capabilities of the islands. Of the natives, too, he will learn something, of the Tagal and Visayo at least, for these are the peoples with whom he will be brought into most frequent contact; and they it is, as we shall see, who bulk most largely in the problem—by no means the easiest in the world—which confronts American statesmen. The Tagal, blended and crossed for centuries with Chinese and Spaniard, and to a less degree with Japanese, Mexican, and Peruvian—for the Acapulco galleons brought over not a few settlers from the New World—inhabit, roughly speaking, the lower two-thirds of Luzon, and the island of Mindoro; under Aguinaldo they are vainly striving to become masters of the archipelago. The Visayos, occupying all the islands between Luzon and Mindanao, though even more numerous, are less warlike and are not likely to give their new rulers much trouble.

It is in Panay, whose capital Iloilo is, next to Manila, the chief port in the archipelago, that the tourist is most likely first to become acquainted with the Visayos; for thither most of the insular steamers seem to find their way. The island is worth visiting, though its

capital cannot be called attractive, and Mr. Foreman describes it as "very dusty in the dry season, and in the wet an abominable collection of filthy pools." But Panay is very fertile, and commercially perhaps the richest of the group, though why Don José Aguilar should term it "the granary of the Philippines" it is difficult to say; for it is celebrated for its sugar and tobacco, its industry of the beautiful pine-apple fabrics, *piña* and *husi*, rather than its rice. It is, in fact, the sugar port *par excellence* of the archipelago, though much of this product is sent thither from Negros, and enormous quantities are yearly exported to America. In spite of M. de Leval's opinion that "*l'industrie sucrière est à l'agonie*," the port is likely to be one of the first to attract the attention of the Americans, for the harbor is a good one, and far less frequently visited by typhoons than Manila; and it seems likely that no great expenditure will be necessary to dredge the river and permit large vessels to lie alongside the quays. Here, as in other islands, it is probable that the sugar-cane will give place to hemp or some more profitable crop.

The interinsular steamers are among the least unsatisfactory features of Spanish rule in the Archipelago. Even the unexpected height of "round trips" has been reached, so that the European visitor has at least the opportunity of viewing the islands from the sea, even if a closer acquaintance with them be denied. From Iloilo he will have no difficulty in reaching Cebu, a few hours distant; for thither, assuredly, he is in duty bound to make his way, not so much because, as the shrine of the Holy Child of Cebu—the very image, possibly, which Pigafetta gave to the queen of the island in 1521—it is the mecca of every good Filipino, as that it is historically the most interesting of all the ports, and commercially ranks next after Iloilo. Here Magellan

made his bloodless conquest of the people after his marvellous voyage across the Pacific, and here, upon the little island of Magtan, which forms the harbor, he met his death—"our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true friend," as his mourning comrade Pigafetta lovingly describes him. A half-ruined monument commemorates him on the spot where he died; there is another in the town of Cebu, and yet another, bedecked with sea-monsters, beneath the walls of Old Manila. Spain has done well to make the most of her hero, even though he belonged to her by no right of birth. What would she not have given for such a leader in her bitter trials of to-day!

Cebu has lost its pride of place. It is no longer the capital, nor is it ever likely to regain its former position, though its trade in hemp is considerable and its coal mines likely to become valuable. Yet it is a far pleasanter town than Iloilo, which we have just left; its streets are clean and its roads cared for. The people, too, seem more energetic and bright than any we have yet encountered. Perhaps it is this which led them into revolt in 1896, when they beat their rulers and eventually occupied the town, which was afterwards bombarded by the Spanish gunboats. Professor Worcester speaks of the destruction wrought, and of the ruthless disregard shown for the lives of the women and children of the insurgents during the affair.

The Philippines possess one line of railway, the only part of an elaborate scheme which has left the region of the ideal to become an actuality. Many, doubtless, wish that it had never done so, for contractors and shareholders alike burnt their fingers; but it is equally certain that others, who regarded the Eastern custom of a "squeeze" with no unfavorable eye, were content with their share in the transaction. Starting from the capital

and passing through Bulacan and Pampanga, the richest districts of all Luzon, whose great haciendas and plantations have by this time probably been annihilated by the insurgents, the line ends at Dagupan, over a hundred miles from Manila. Strangers might naturally regard it as affording the best means of seeing the country, but unless they are the guests of some rich planter friend—hospitality, it should be mentioned, is a marked feature of the country—they are likely to be disappointed. Nor, if wise, will they yield to the temptation to venture northward to the great valley of the Rio Grande de Cagayan, the most noted tobacco district in the Philippines, which occupies the very apex of this quaintly irregular island, for here travel will partake more of the nature of exploration.

There is still left, however, the strangest and wildest of all the groups. We have seen somewhat of the Tagalog and Visayan peoples, and found them exhibiting no very marked differences of race. But, if we take one of the southern line of steamers, which touches at Palawan, the Sulu group, and Mindanao, we find ourselves in quite another world. The *festa*-loving "Indio," with the ever-present friar, has given place to the piratical and turbulent "Moro," whose hand is equally against his northern fellow-countrymen and the hated "Castilla." Centuries ago, how long we know not, these fierce Mohammedans swept eastward from Borneo, driving from the land the more peaceful people of an earlier Malay immigration. In days not very far distant their praus ravaged all the islands as far as Mindoro, but steam and machine-guns have spoilt the trade; and the Spanish gunboats, though they did not succeed in totally suppressing piracy, caused its days to be numbered. It must not be supposed, however, that Spanish au-

thority in the interior was ever more than nominal. At Zamboanga, indeed, the western point of Mindanao, the surrounding district for a little distance is settled; but at almost every other post the Spaniards lived behind loop-holed walls or in block-houses, their monotonous existence only broken by the occasional *amok* of a Sulu. Travelling in these lands, then, the wanderer goes with his life in his hands, though if he has time to explain that he is no "Castilla," but an Englishman, he may win some sort of a passport, and rejoice in the novel and picturesque life to which he has gained admission. The less venturesome tourist will content himself with a run ashore at the ports of call, and will take the beauties of the land for granted. The charming scenery of Sulu Island has been praised by almost all of the few who have been fortunate enough to behold it, and to escape from its fascinations with whole skins.

If in his search for information or amusement in these beautiful lands our hypothetical traveller should take some such journey as we have here sketched in outline, he will find himself in possession of sufficient knowledge of the archipelago to realize some, at least, of its vast possibilities, and to wonder at the colossal stupidity of a nation who, having such valuable possessions, should be content to deliberately throw them away. It may be said, of course, that the first revolution of the screw of Admiral Dewey's flagship towards Manila Bay could only lead to one *dénouement*; that the conclusion was foregone; and that it was as impossible for the Cavite action not to be followed by annexation as it would be for ourselves to cede Cyprus, and for a like reason—that, the return of either to the original owner being out of the question, it could not be abandoned to a third party. But, as a matter of fact, it is more than probable

that the train of events was only hastened, not altered, by Admiral Dewey's guns, and that the fruit would have fallen before long in any case, whether the American lap had been spread to catch it or not. The coming *débâcle* had long been foreseen by every one acquainted with Spanish rule in the islands. It is but seldom that one gets unvarying agreement as to the cause of things; but all those who have attempted to diagnose the case of this latest "sick man" of the Pacific have indicated the nature of the disease with remarkable unanimity. It may have manifested itself by different signs and symptoms, but they proceeded from one and the same deep-rooted and constitutional malady, a malady which has ever characterized Spain in her dealings with her colonies—namely, greed.

To greed were due the stifling of all commerce and industry by taxes and tariffs which would be tolerated by no civilized nation in the world, the shameless injustice meted out to those who sought the courts with empty purses, the system of repression which has goaded an ordinarily placid and easy-going people to madness. In the train of greed followed the twin sisters, cruelty and lust, which have caused the name of Spain to be execrated throughout the land. It would be almost impossible to believe some of the stories which have been recorded, not of the criminal or lower classes of Spaniard, but of the officials and friars, were they not authenticated by the best possible authorities, such for example as Mr. Foreman and Professor Worcester. That the condition of the law courts should be thoroughly corrupt was a mere drop in the unhappy native's cup of misery. Still, this is how Mr. Foreman speaks of it:—

"A criminal or civil lawsuit in the Philippines was one of the worst calam-

ities which could befall a man. Between notaries, procurators, solicitors, barristers, and the sluggish process of the courts, a litigant was fleeced of his money. . . and kept in horrible suspense and doubt for years. When judgment was given it was as hard to get it executed as it was to win the case. Even then, when the question at issue was supposed to be settled, a defect in the sentence could always be concocted to reopen the whole affair. If the case had been tried, and judgment given under the Civil Code, a way was often found to convert it into a criminal case; and when apparently settled under the Criminal Code, a flaw could be discovered under the Laws of the Indies or the *Siete Partidas*, or the Roman Law or the *Novísima Recopilación*, or the *Antiguos Fueros*, Decrees, Royal Orders, *Ordenanzas de Buen Gobierno*, and so forth, by which the case could be re-opened. . . A person who had not a cent to lose could prosecute another of means, by a trumped-up accusation, until he was ruined, by an "información de pobreza"—a declaration of poverty—which enabled the prosecutor to keep the case going as long as he chose without needing money for fees. A case of this kind was often got up at the instigation of a native lawyer. When it had gone on for a certain time the prosecutor's adviser proposed an 'extra-judicial arrangement.'" (p. 267.)

Mr. Foreman gives several examples from his own knowledge, which it is unnecessary to quote—cases in which the miserable defendant was slowly but surely stripped of his possessions and ruined. Instances of official swindling, the same author tells us, are far too numerous for him to attempt to include them in his volume. Mr. Lala mentions several; and every traveller could add liberally to the list from his own experiences. The outbreak of the insurrection in 1896 afforded excellent opportunities to those who knew how to profit by them. They had but to hint at the sympathies of a prosperous neighbor with the cause, and the thing

was done. One must go back to the days of the Inquisition to find a parallel. Later, during the war, when thumbscrews and other forms of torture were used, what wonder that retaliation followed! If, as is reported, the insurgents on more than one occasion roasted their captives alive, their oppressors were but reaping a harvest of the seed they themselves had sown.

Of the cruelties practised before the war we have abundant stories—stories, as we have said, which, in these hypersensitive days of the waning century, seem well-nigh incredible. Unmerciful floggings of those unable to pay their taxes, enforced deportation of families to districts it was desired to "settle," fines and beatings for non-attendance at mass, offences against women, and numberless other brutalities—all these were of everyday occurrence. Professor Worcester tells us what he saw with his own eyes. After describing an instrument he found in Negros, a bamboo pole furnished at the end with long ropes of the *bejuco*, a pliant creeper bearing most formidable recurved thorns, he goes on to explain its use. They were employed, it seems, to catch defaulting taxpayers. The house of the victim being surrounded, he was called upon to surrender:—

"If he attempted to escape, one or more of the man-catchers was flopped against him, and after that he had other things to think of! When the *cuadrilleros* returned with their morning's catch there followed a scene which was not pleasant to look upon. Each captive was compelled to strip to the waist and lie down on a bench, where he was flogged in a most scientific manner. The stripes were inflicted with a rattan, which cut the skin and brought blood with the first blow, and were laid on diagonally across the back, first from the right side and then from the left, thus forming a pleasing checker-board pattern. We were often forced to witness these cruel whippings during our stay. . . After the whip-

pings they were shut into the jail . . . and kept there until relatives or friends paid their debts. If there was too much delay, another whipping followed. Men sometimes died from the effects of these beatings, and women were subjected to the same inhuman treatment as men." (p. 256.)

While staying at Zamboanga, Mr. Worcester witnessed an incident which he gives without comment. Indeed, the matter-of-fact way in which he relates these examples of Spanish manners lends them additional weight. The victim was—

" . . . a gray-headed old fellow about the place, who did some work in the stables. He one day chanced to pass through a room in which we were sitting, in company with several Spanish officers, and one of the latter ordered him to bring a drink. Although he was not a waiter he set off on the errand; but he was old and slow, and when he returned the officer flew into a passion because he had been gone so long, knocked him down, and kicked his ribs in. We found him later, dying, in a horse-manger." (p. 128.)

The feud has ever been a bitter one between the temporal and the spiritual powers in the islands, and the latter in the end have almost always prevailed. Differences have often arisen over the question of the treatment of the natives, but any counsels of mercy have proceeded, not from the Church, but the State; and General Blanco's recall was procured by the friars because he proved to be too humane in his treatment of the insurgents. It may be imagined, then, that the iniquities of the clergy were not less conspicuous than those of the officials. Andres de Urdaneta and his little body of Augustinians found a race whose credulity and superstition were unbounded, and their successors, playing on these weaknesses, rendered the native little more than an ignorant slave. The *clero*, writes

Don José Aguilar, "has believed that ignorance is indispensable for the complete observance of religious principles." Far from European eye, therefore, alone in his parish, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he should be guilty of deeds which will not always bear investigation. Mere lapses from the strict path of sexual morality are so frequent as to excite no remark. "My host," says Mr. Foreman, speaking of an acquaintance in Negros, "was the son of a secular clergyman; his wife and sister-in-law were the daughters of a friar; the sister-in-law was the mistress of a friar; my host had a son married to another friar's daughter." But it was not matters such as these which caused the revolted Tagals to torture their priests; their debtor account recorded weightier items. A pagan Mangyan, whose conversion was being attempted, replied that if he became a Christian it would cost money to be born, money to be allowed to live, money to marry, money to die, and money to be buried, and that he considered himself better off as he was; and this represents with fair accuracy the relations between the cleric and his flock. "In one way or another," to quote Mr. Foreman again, "the native who possesses anything worth having has either to yield to the avarice, lust, or insolence of the Spanish priest, or to risk losing his liberty and position in life." In Cebu, Professor Worcester visited a village where the priest demanded such extortionate sums for funerals that the people were unable at once to raise the money. He therefore caused the bodies to be exposed on the trees in the village square until the relatives or friends were able to pay the fees. A still more horrible story is told by the same author of a friar who stopped the delivery of a cargo of rice sent during a famine to the relief of his starving parishioners, and was thus enabled to sell his own

store at high prices to such of the survivors as were able to pay for it. And these, it must be remembered, are no isolated instances.

It is not astonishing, therefore, to find a hatred so bitter on the part of the more enlightened native, a condemnation so general and so weeping on that of all recent travellers. Mr. Ramon Lala, himself a Roman Catholic, who sees here one of the hardest problems of the future, thinks there is but one way out of the difficulty—to expel the whole body of friars from the islands: by so doing, he says, much bloodshed will in the end be avoided. The whole body of ecclesiastics is not included in the indictment: on the contrary, the native clergy have been as much oppressed as the laymen, whose interests and sympathies they share. As an instance illustrative both of this and of the methods of the friars, we need only mention the case in which Despujols, the Captain-General, instituting an unexpected search, found that various seditious pamphlets, which the friars accused the native clergy of disseminating, were in reality the products of their own printing presses! They had hoped thus to shed lustre on their own body and ruin their opponents, but they failed. The action was felt to be *trop fort*, even for the Philippines. Nevertheless, it was not they who were ruined, but Despujols.

One other exception there is, and always has been. Against the Jesuits no voice of accusation has been raised.

Confined, so far as spiritual work is concerned, to the island of Mindanao, and always most jealously regarded by the friars, they have not only done their utmost as missionaries in the face of much danger and hardship, but with their accustomed energy and wisdom have advanced the cause of science wherever they have been placed. To them is due what geographical knowledge we have of this great south-

ern island, and the grammars and vocabularies of its languages are their work; but it is in Manila itself that their scientific energy is perhaps most evident. Here is their great observatory with its elaborate seismic instruments for recording the frequent earthquakes, and here, with the help of a network of posts throughout the island, the track of the advancing typhoon is determined, and warnings everywhere telegraphed, even to Hong Kong and other Chinese ports. This work alone must annually save thousands of pounds' worth of property and innumerable lives.

From the foregoing pages it may be gathered that there is small cause for regret that a power more civilized than Spain has now to administer the archipelago. Truth to tell, a moral sewer so hopelessly befouled and clogged needed other than Latin hands to clear it; and no real improvement could ever have been looked for under rulers who for four centuries so shamefully neglected their trust. The sole cause for marvel concerning the insurrection is that it did not occur sooner, and that earlier risings were so easily suppressed—facts explainable only by the strong superstitious belief of the native in the spiritual power of the clergy. By 1896 the stream had become too powerful, and burst its banks to overwhelm the land with a flood whose strength was unsuspected. The *Kattipunan*—the secret revolutionary league—was widespread in its workings, owned an enormous number of members, and ate into the very heart of Manila society. The Spaniards stood aghast at the formidable nature of the task which confronted them.

We have no space to enter here upon the history of the insurrection. Its details may be followed in Mr. Foreman's book, and, written by one who was an eye-witness, form perhaps the most interesting part of it. Rather

should we turn from its scenes of cruelty and bloodshed to more peaceful subjects, and among these not the least important is the question of the future of the islands. Mr. Stevens, in his "Yesterdays in the Philippines," puts three questions, which will exercise the minds of his countrymen for some time to come. "Do we want them? Can we run them?" he asks. "Are they the long-looked-for El Dorado which those who have never been there suppose?" To all these queries he answers in the negative. America does not want them, he maintains, because she has quite enough to look after at home. She cannot "run" them, because they are material altogether different from anything she has as yet had to deal with.

The first question it is hardly necessary to waste time over. Whether she wants her new possessions or not, America has got them; they cannot now be returned, they cannot well change hands just yet, and it only remains for her to accept her responsibilities with the best grace she can; while, so far as her capability for governing is concerned, she need surely not fear comparison with her predecessor. The third and chief point demands somewhat more lengthy consideration. The fact is that no land of El Dorado—not even a Klondike—still remains for the present-day inhabitant of this well-explored planet to discover; and certainly the Philippines, so far as the actual metal is concerned, can lay no claim to the title. But they are, nevertheless, a very rich group of islands—probably the richest in the world—for Java is limited to her agriculture; and even Mr. Stevens eventually qualifies his disapproval. On his final page he speaks of the archipelago as a "jewel in the rough which, with good men to make her laws, and her gates wide open to the pilgrims of the world, soon should shine as brilliantly as any city

in the Far East." The metaphor may be a little mixed, but the meaning is clear enough.

There is, indeed, scarcely any tropical product of value which cannot be grown in the islands, and there is one, especially remunerative—Manilla hemp—which will succeed nowhere else. Spain has done nothing to encourage agriculture; she has, on the contrary, checked and hampered it in every possible way by her ill-judged taxations and monopolies; she has, as M. de Leval shows, violated every economic and commercial law. But in spite of it all, the output of this, the finest of her colonies, has been remarkable. Cane sugar, we know, is doomed, but the amount grown is enormous, and in 1897 over 200,000 tons were exported. Negros and Panay, especially the former, where the yield is often forty tons per acre, are the chief islands producing it; but it is grown almost universally, as is rice, the staple food of the people. The latter, however, not being a paying crop, is not produced in sufficient quantities for the needs of the archipelago, and much is imported from China and Siam. The agriculturist looks to other crops for profit, and of these the most important are Manilla hemp, known in the islands as *abacá*, tobacco and copra.

The plantations of *abacá*, which are by the traveller generally mistaken for tall bananas, and are in fact a closely allied species of *Musa*, give, it may be said, the best return of any product. The province of Albay, in Southern Luzon, surpasses every other district, both in the quantity and quality of its yield, though much is also grown in Samar and Leyte. Mr. Lala quotes the case of an 1800-acre plantation owned by one of his friends, who had invested capital to the amount of \$60,000. His annual working expenses amounted to \$10,000, and his net profit in the year of which he speaks was \$17,000. Yet

the method of obtaining the fibre is still most primitive, and strikes every European with surprise. A blunt knife, much like a tobacco-cutter, drops on to a block of hard wood, and between these the portions of leaf-stalk are one by one pulled, the operator regulating the pressure by a sort of pedal. The juice being thus expressed, the resultant fibre is dried in the sun. As yet no machinery has been found to perform the operation so satisfactorily, but it is unlikely that American powers of invention will long be baffled by this problem. Some 800,000 bales of hemp are now annually produced, and it seems more than probable that this product will be cultivated in greatly increased quantities when the war is over. Whether tobacco will prove equally remunerative is doubtful, though under the monopoly it paid half the expenses of the colony. The enforced culture of the plant during the days of the *régie* was no doubt a great hardship for the natives who were unable to work their rice fields at the same time, but most people who knew the country at that period would agree in saying that since 1882 it has not been so easy to obtain good cigars. The great tobacco district is that of Cagayan, in the extreme north of Luzon, but the plant is widely grown throughout the archipelago. About 157,000,000 cigars were exported in 1897, in addition to 15,000 tons of leaf-tobacco; and the tobacco factories of Manila employ nearly 10,000 hands.

There is a vast production of leaf of poor quality, though in Sulu Island an attempt was made, a few years ago, and with some success, to produce the valuable "wrappers" for the Havana cigars—a trade which, up to that time, had been monopolized by Scotsmen in Sumatra; but whether the industry still continues we know not. There are some very large tobacco companies in the islands, among them the

Compania General de Tabacos de Filipinas, with 3,000,000*l.* capital; and on the whole it may be said there is less room for development, save in the direction of improved quality, in this product than in others. Copra, on the other hand, seems to offer a certainty of increase, and the shipments, which in 1890 amounted only to 4000 tons, reached a total of 50,000 in 1897. Among the smaller products cacao is one of the most important. Risky, but remunerative, its cultivation resembles that of hops with us, the grower thinking himself fortunate if he takes a fair crop once in three years. The harvest is never safe till gathered, and we have seen a thriving crop ruined in a few days on the eve of picking. Sapanwood, giving a deep, red dye, figures in the export lists, but to a small extent only; and though the islands yield many beautiful and valuable woods, they have as yet been little exploited. Many industries, including, for example, the cultivation of the vanilla orchid, and a species of *Uvaria* which yields the perfume ylang-ylang, remained undeveloped, and there are many others which have not even been attempted. Only about one-tenth of the available land is under cultivation, and the possibilities of development, Mr. Foreman thinks, are so great that the next generation will look back with astonishment at the statistics of today.

For islands so largely volcanic, their mineral wealth is rather remarkable. Lying midway between the measures of northern Borneo and Formosa, they yield a coal which, though by no means of first-rate quality is not inferior to that of those countries. Cebu and Negros are especially rich, and mines have been worked for years, but have suffered, as have all similar ventures in the archipelago, from mismanagement and want of capital. Gold, widespread in its distribution, has

scarcely anywhere been worked except in alluvial and placer diggings; but that these are in some places rich is evident from the fact that Mr. Foreman speaks of a merchant friend who for a long time received monthly remittances of about five pounds weight from the northern extremity of Mindanao, where it had been washed by the natives on their own account. Iron ores are very abundant—those of Angat, in Bulacan, are said to yield 85 per cent. of the metal—but it is impossible to obtain labor, and these very mines have reduced two Englishmen to suicide, and a Spanish Governor to the receipt of parish relief. Copper and lead also exist in paying quantities, and the marble quarries of Montalban are, in the opinion of experts, promising. Ere many years have passed, fortunes will undoubtedly have been made out of mines, as out of agriculture; but before this can possibly take place, the existing conditions of transport will have to be altered. With no bridges, the vilest roads, a diluvial rainfall, and buffaloes as the motor power, success lies at present below the horizon; but with American capital and American energy these disabilities should soon vanish, and with a network of railways throughout the land, prosperity undoubtedly lies before it.

By some writers, and of course by a certain school of American politicians, the Philippines have been described as excessively unhealthy—a sort of eastern Bight of Benin with the addition of constant earthquakes, periodic typhoons, and occasional epidemics of cholera. It is a common cry, familiar enough to Englishmen; But America need not be afraid that her new possessions will prove a white man's grave. Professor Worcester, it is true, complains much of the climate in his book, but in spite of his wide experience he does not appear—if he will pardon this expression of our opinion—

to have acquired even the rudiments of the art of travel. Without European food, without even flour, living on rice, bats or anything he could find, often with no servants and insufficient means of protection against weather, he naturally undermined his health, and undoubtedly came very near his death from a severe attack of typhoid. It is not too much to say that similar exposure in a European climate would probably have been fatal. Mr. Foreman, undoubtedly one of the best authorities, gives it as his opinion that "the climate of Luzon is excellent;" and Mr. Stevens describes the climate of Manila as much better than that of Hong Kong. Perhaps the best proof of these statements lies in the comparatively light mortality among the American troops in the present campaign. Beriberi and cholera rarely attack Europeans, and the type of malarial fever is not a severe one. On the whole, for tropical islands, they may be considered unusually healthy; less healthy, no doubt, than the islets of the Pacific, but far healthier than Borneo or New Guinea.

One question there is, however, to which no such favorable answer can be given. We have seen that the land is fertile and the climate good, that the mineral wealth is of some promise, and the manufactures capable of great development. America will supply the capital of brain and money, and success might be said with certainty to await her efforts, if only sufficient labor can be procured. Unfortunately, however, this factor is, if not wanting, by no means assured. The fact is that America enters into possession with a "Labor Question" ready made. The islands, populous as they are, should yield hands enough and to spare, but we are east of Suez, where—as Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells us—the commandments are non-existent. We are, moreover, in Malay lands, where that

foe to progress, the banana, flourishes, and where labor wears no lovely face. Hands for town work, for the tobacco factories, it is possible to get, but there are serious labor difficulties attending nearly every other venture. The Philippine Christian native—we may leave the fierce Mohammedan of the south, the Negrito, and the wilder tribes, generally, out of the question—is hopelessly indolent. He is ready to till his own bit of land as he thinks fit, and may even be induced to work in the sugar or other plantations in his own fashion if his wages are paid in advance. But for unaccustomed work, especially such work as mining, he has little taste. Should he find himself, as the result of his exertions, in possession of a little money, he enjoys his rude, unlettered ease until it is finished. It is not till he is nearly starving, and has been beaten by the tax-collector, that he feels called upon to attempt to get more. Employers of labor aver that the moral and domesticated native is a mistake. They prefer those imbued with a spirit of gambling, the haunters of the *galleras*, where the backing of the favorite precipitates a return to work.

Who, then, is to supply the labor market? Will the Tagal see the error of his ways and turn into another Chinaman? Or will the latter race, alternately encouraged and massacred by Spain, find—strange irony—an open

The Quarterly Review.

door under the American flag, and overrun the land? We cannot say. One thing only it is safe to predict, that the future of the islands will be very different from the past, now that their intolerable burthen of injustice and oppression has been lifted. We may surely agree with M. de Leval:—

“Si, malgré trois siècles de domination espagnole, les Philippines sont peut-être la colonie la plus arriérée qui soit, et la moins productive pour la mère-patrie; si, malgré le voisinage des possessions hollandaises si riches, si pratiquement organisées, les Philippines sont restées presque pauvres comme exploitation et faibles comme puissance, c’est que le *castillan* n’a guère changé.”

At last the Castilian, unchanged to the bitter end, has been cast out, and the American has taken his place. Want of experience in the management of colonial possessions will, no doubt, lead to some initial mistakes; tempting opportunities of growing rich by disreputable means will surely be too much for individuals here and there; the pernicious example of such a government as that of Spain can hardly fail to have some effect even upon the conquerors. Still, under a free and progressive country with a full sense of her responsibilities, what future may not a land so rich and beautiful as the Philippines attain?

COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

PART II.

There had never been a bushranger before Bill (I forget his “outside” name) in Western Australia, and I don’t suppose there will ever be another. If any one may be said to have drifted—

indeed, almost to have been forced—by circumstances into a path of crime and peril, it was this same unlucky Bill. Until his troubles came he was always regarded as rather a fine specimen of a colonial youth. Tall, strong, and good-looking, apt at all manly

sports and exercises, he was adored by the extremely respectable family to which he belonged, and who brought him up as well as they could. For Master Bill must always have been a difficult youth to manage, and from his tenderest years had invariably been a law unto himself.

At school he had formed a strong friendship with another lad of his own age, who was exactly opposite to him in character, tastes, and pursuits, but nevertheless they were inseparable "mates," and all Bill's people hoped that the influence of this very quiet sedate youth would in time tame Bill's wild and lawless nature. As the boys grew into their teens it became a question of choosing a career, and the quiet boy always said he wanted to get into the police. That was his great ambition, and a more promising recruit could not be desired. It came out afterwards that when the lads discussed this subject, the embryo policeman often observed: "If you don't look out, Bill, and alter your ways, I'll be always having to arrest you." Bill laughed this suggestion to scorn, not that he had any intention of amending his ways, but he could not believe that any one who knew his great physical strength and utter recklessness would dare to lay a hand on him. The ways he was advised to amend consisted chiefly in worrying the neighbors, with whom he lived in constant feud and Border warfare. No old lady's cat within a radius of five miles was safe from him, and he chased the goats and harried the poultry, and generally made himself a first-class nuisance all round.

The strange thing was that, in spite of this strong instinct of tormenting, Bill was universally acknowledged to be a splendid "bushman"—that is, one familiar with all the signs and common objects of the forests. He would have made an ideal explorer, and could

have lived in the Bush in plenty and comfort under conditions in which any one else would have starved or died of thirst. It seemed odd to find in the same youth this passionate love of Nature and familiarity with her every wild bird or beast, and a certain amount of cruelty and callousness.

Time passed on, and one of the boys at least got his heart's desire and was enrolled in the very fine police force of Fremantle. Bill could not be induced to settle to any profession, though his knowledge of bush-craft and his superb powers of endurance would have insured him plenty of well-paid employment as an explorer or pioneer in the unknown parts which were just beginning to be opened up in our day, for the first faint whispers of the magic word "gold" were being brought to the ears of the Government.

Just about this time one of the neighbors imported a special breed of fowls, which Bill forthwith proceeded to torment in his leisure moments. The owner of the unhappy poultry bore Bill's worrying with patience and good nature for some little time, but at last assured him that he would take out a summons against him if he persisted in harrying his sitting hens. Bill's answer to this was buying a revolver and announcing that he would certainly shoot any one who attempted to arrest him. Of course, no one believed this threat, and in due time the summons was taken out, and the task of making the arrest devolved upon his friend and school-mate, who warned him privately that he would certainly do his duty and that he need not hope to escape. Bill fled a few miles off and kept out of the way for a little while. No one wanted to be hard on the youth for the sake of his very respectable family, and a good deal of sympathy was expressed for them; also, every one hoped and believed that this little fracas would sober Master

Bill down, and that he might yet become a valuable member of the community.

However, one Sunday evening, just at dusk, Bill was hanging about the poultry yard with evil intent, when he suddenly perceived his friend in uniform and on duty the other side of a low hedge. The owner of the fowls had asked for a constable to watch his place, and, as ill luck would have it, Bill's friend was sent. The two boys looked at each other for a moment across the hedge, and then the policeman said:

"Now, Bill, you had better come along quietly with me; there's a warrant out against you, and I've got to take you to the police station."

"If you come one step nearer, I'll shoot you dead," answered Bill.

"That's all nonsense, you know," the poor young constable replied, and began pushing the hedge aside to get through it. Bill drew his revolver and shot the friend and playmate of his whole life dead on the spot. He then rushed back to his own place, and, hastily collecting some food and cartridges, was off and away into the heart of the nearest "bush" or forest, the fringe of which almost touched even the principal towns in those days.

It is hardly possible to imagine the state of excitement into which this crime threw the primitive little community. Murders were comparatively rare, and I was told that they were almost always committed by old "lags," men who had begun as convicts perhaps thirty-five or forty years before, and had generally only been let out a short time before on a ticket-of-leave. But this catastrophe was quite a fresh departure, and called forth almost as much sympathy for the relatives of the wretched Bill as for those of his victim. The native trackers set to work at once and picked up Bill's trail without any difficulty, but the

thing was to catch him. No Will-o'-the-wisp could have been more elusive, and he led the best trackers and the most wary constables a regular dance over hills and valleys, through dense bush and scrub-covered sand, day after day. News would come of the police being hot on his tracks thirty miles off, and that same night a store in Fremantle would be broken into, and two or three of its best guns, with suitable cartridges, would be missing. As time went on the various larders in Perth were visited in the same unexpected manner, and emptied of their contents. Bill never took anything except ammunition, food, and tobacco, but whenever the police came up with his camping ground—often to find the fire still smouldering—they always found several newspapers of the latest dates giving particulars of where he was supposed to be.

In the course of the many weeks—nine I think—that this chase went on, the police often got near enough to be shot at. One poor constable was badly wounded in the throat, so that he could never speak above a whisper again, and another was shot dead. But Bill was never to be seen. Sometimes they came on his "billy" or pannikin of tea, standing by the fire, and another time he must just have flung away his pipe lest its smell should betray him. One is lost in amazement at his powers of endurance, for he could have had no actual sleep all that weary while. The general plan of campaign was to keep him always moving, so as to tire him out. What strength must he have possessed to do without sleep all that time, and to cover such fabulous distances day after day. The police themselves, or rather their horses, and even the trackers, got quite knocked up, in spite of a regularly organized system of relief; so what must it have been for the hunted boy, who could never have had any rest at all?

It was the year of the first Jubilee, and numerous loyal festivities were taking place during all the time of Bill's chase. Of course June is the Antipodean midwinter, and cold and wet had to be reckoned with, as well as very bad going for both horse and man, and great fatigue for the pursuers. Bill apparently thought the Jubilee ought in some way to do him good, and he used to stick notices up on trees with his terms fully set forth. One proposition was that he should be let off entirely because of the Jubilee. Another notice stated that he would give himself up to *me*, if he was guaranteed a free pardon. The grim silence with which all these tempting offers were received must have exasperated the young ruffian, for after a time these bulletins breathed nothing but melodramatic threats of vengeance, especially against the Governor, and he began to attempt to carry them out in many ways. But the wickedest idea to my mind was the plan he evidently formed of wrecking the special trains which were to convey almost all the Perth people down to Fremantle, some thirteen miles away, in the middle of the Jubilee week. The citizens of the Port were determined to show themselves every bit as loyal and exultant as we were in Perth, and had bidden the Governor and the officials, as well as the rest of the little society, to a fine ball at their grand new Town Hall. The railway authorities and the police were quite alive to the risks we should all run; every precaution was taken, and especially not a whisper was allowed to creep out as to Mr. Bill's murderous intentions. A pilot engine went first the night of the ball, and the best native trackers were "laid on" the line. Next morning's daylight showed how much all this vigilance and care had been needed, for in numerous places Bill's footsteps could be tracked down to the rails, and large branches

of trees, rocks, and other handy impediments lay within a foot of the line, and he must have been hunted off when quite close many times during that cold wet night. I believe I was the only woman in the long special train who knew of Mr. Bill's intentions, and I confess I found it somewhat difficult to conceal a tendency to preoccupation and to start at slight sounds. However, it would have quite spoiled the Fremantle ball if the least breath of the risk to the guests from Perth had got abroad, so all the men bore themselves as Englishmen do—quietly and serenely—and I had to hide my nervousness for very shame's sake. Especially when we were coming back, quite late, and I saw how tired and sleepy every one was, the thought would cross my mind of wonder if the poor watchers on the outside were as tired as we were, and so, perhaps, not quite so much on the alert. My private fears proved groundless, happily, but I can never forget the relief of finding myself (and my far dearer self) safe in our beautiful home again that night. I had felt so wretched at the ball when I looked at my numerous pet girl friends dancing blithely away, and thought of the dangers which might easily beset their homeward road.

By this time every one, especially those whose larders had been raided, took the keenest interest in Master Bill's capture, and the local papers were full of his hairbreadth escapes. I remember a paragraph which interested me very much stated that once, when, "from information received," the police had drawn quite a *cordon* round his lair and were creeping stealthily towards it, a bird suddenly uttered a piercing shrill note; and one of the trackers, learned in bush-lore, remarked that their chance of catching him then was gone, for that bird would have warned him, as it never uttered its cry except when it saw a stranger

suddenly. I may mention here that I never rested until I heard that bird's note myself, and I spent the next summer in organizing bush picnics, and then wandering away as far as I dared in order to alarm the bird by a sudden appearance. At last one day, when I had very nearly succeeded in losing myself in the bush, a sudden shrill note terrified me out of my life. If the bird was frightened so was I, for it was a most piercing cry.

At last the end came; at earliest dawn one morning Bill, resting on a log in the bush without even a fire to betray him, opened his eyes to the sound of a command to "put up his hands," and saw half a dozen carbines levelled straight at him a few yards off. He showed fight to the last, and managed before holding up his hands to fire a shot at the approaching constables, wounding one of them in the leg. The men rushed in, however, and he was soon overcome and handcuffed and brought into Perth. But the most curious part of the story lies in the universal sympathy and, indeed, admiration immediately shown by the whole of our very peaceable and orderly little community for this youth. Of course, the officials did not share this strange sentimentality, for they regarded Master Bill and his exploits from a very different point of view, and I used really to feel quite angry, especially with my female friends, who often asked me if I was not "very sorry" for the culprit? My sympathies, I confessed, were more with the families of his victims, especially the poor policeman with his mangled throat, whom I had often seen in my weekly visits to the hospital. When I expressed surprise at the interest all the girls in the place took in the young ruffian, the answer always was: "Oh, but he is so brave." It appeared to me the bravery lay with his captors!

He was duly tried, but the jury did

not convict him of premeditated murder, and in face of the verdict he could only be sentenced to imprisonment for some years. Master Bill's captivity did not last very long on that occasion, for he watched his opportunity, sprang upon the warder one day, knocking him senseless, scrambled over the wall of the exercise ground, near which chanced to be a pile of stones for breaking, and so got away. Then the Pendulum of Public Opinion—that strange and unreliable factor in human affairs—swung to the other end, and a violent outcry arose, and Bill's immediate death was the least of its demands. He was caught without much difficulty that time, however, and it was strange to find no one taking the least interest in his second trial, which resulted in a lengthy and rigorous imprisonment. Poor wretch! I believe even I ended by being "sorry" for him and his wasted life, with all its splendid possibilities.

Another tragedy was enacted in the North-west not long after Bill's adventures had ended; and yet, terrible as this incident was, one could hardly help an ill-regulated smile.

I wonder how many people realize that Western Australia holds a million square miles within its borders. True, most of it is, as Anthony Trollope said, only fit to run through an hour-glass, being of the sandiest sort of sand. But then, again, all that that sand requires to make it "blossom like a rose" is water. Given an abundant supply of water, and all those miles of desert will grow anything. You have only got to see the sand-plains, as they are called, *before* the winter rains and *after* them. These sand-plains are just a sort of tongue or strip of the great Sahara in the middle of the Island Continent which runs down—some seventy miles wide—towards the sea shore three or four hundred miles to the north-west of Perth.

The rumors of gold which had begun to fill the air during our day necessitated first telegraph stations and then the establishment of outlying posts of civilization—the nucleus of what are already turned or turning into flourishing towns. I have always declared that when there were three white men in any of these distant spots, the first thing they started was a race-meeting, with a Governor's Cup or Purse (value about 5*l.*) and then next would come a Rifle Association, with a Literary Institute to follow, to all of which H.E. would be invited to subscribe. However, the outlying settlement I speak of had not attained to these luxuries, for it consisted of only one white man. He combined the offices of Warden and Magistrate and Doctor, and several other duties as well; but he must have led a truly Robinson Crusoe sort of life, poor man. I should mention that these settlements had always to be close to the sea-shore in order to keep in touch, by means of the little coasting steamers, with a base of supply. This gentleman—for he was a man of unblemished character as well as of education and refinement—had not a creature to speak to beyond a few half-tamed natives, except when the steamer touched—once a month, I believe—at his little port. He was a splendid shot and a keen sportsman, but there was not much scope for his “gunning” talents, and sea-gull shooting formed one of his few amusements.

One fine evening he was lazily floating in a light canoe about the bay, with a native to paddle, whilst he looked out for a difficult shot, when the man suddenly pointed to an object on a rock some fifty yards from the shore which he announced was a “big-fellow” gull. It did look rather large for a gull, but the sportsman thought it might be some other sort of strange sea-bird, and, after carefully adjusting the sight of the rifle and taking most accurate

aim, he fired. To his horror the crouching object gave a sort of upward leap and then fell flat. Poor Mr. — seized the oar and paddled with all speed to the spot, to find a white man lying dead with his bullet through his heart!

One can hardly realize the dismay of the involuntary murderer, for anything so unexpected as the presence of any human being in that lonely spot with darkness coming on, and a difficult path, from rock to rock, to be retraced to the shore, cannot be imagined. There was nothing for it but to take the body into the boat and return home. The most careful inquiries carried on for months failed to elicit the slightest information as to that lonely victim's identity. He had not a mark of any sort on his clothing, nor a scrap of paper about him, which could throw the least light on his name or history. No one knew that another white man was in the district at all. If he had dropped from the sky on to that rock he could not have been more untraceable. It was all tragic enough, but what made me smile in the midst of my horror at the details of the story—of which I first saw the outline in a local newspaper—was to hear that Mr. — had sat as coroner on the body, also fulfilled the duties of the jury, then became police magistrate, and finally brought himself down to Perth as the author of the “misadventure.” Of course, there was no question of a trial, for it was the purest and most unlucky accident, regretted by Mr. — more than by any one else. No advertisements or amount of publicity given to the story ever threw the least light on the poor man's name or antecedents. Of course here and there letters came from individuals who thought they saw their way to *exploiter* the Government and extract some sort of money compensation for the death of their hastily adopted relative, but as their story invariably broke down

at the very outset—in which case they generally lowered their demands by next post from 1,000*l.* to 10*s.*—no ray of light was ever thrown on the mystery of how that white man came to be sitting quietly on those rocks at sunset that evening.

I fear these two stories have been rather of what an Irish servant of mine once called “a blood-curling” nature, so I must end with a less tragic note.

During one of the many war scares in which we have indulged any time these twenty years, a couple of her Majesty’s gunboats were watching the Australian coast, or rather watching any suspicious craft in those waters. As is often the case along that coast, they had met with dreadful weather, and had been buffeted about and their progress greatly delayed, so by the date the harbor I speak of was reached ample time had elapsed for war to be declared, and it had seemed imminent enough a week before, when the ships had left their last port of call. Now this harbor held a sort of inner harbor which would have been very convenient to an enemy for coaling, and where in fact large stores of coal were kept on board hulks. So it was quite on the cards that if war had broken out during those few blank days, the enemy might have made a pounce for the coal, more especially as in those days the harbor was absolutely undefended. Now, I am told, it bristles with big guns!

It was late of a full-moon night when these vessels crept quietly into the outer harbor. All looked peaceful enough, and the light from the lighthouse shone out as usual. It did not take long to decide that a small armed party had better pay a surprise visit to that lighthouse and learn what had taken place during the last week or so in its neighborhood. The young officer who told me the story described most amusingly

the precautions taken to avoid any noise, and to surround the lighthouse whilst he and some others went in to see what was to be found inside. Only one solitary man met them, however, who stood up and saluted stolidly, but offered no shadow of resistance, and all seemed *en règle*. The next thing, naturally, was to question this lighthouse keeper, but to every demand he only shook his head. The stock of foreign languages which had accompanied that expedition was but small, however, and a shake of the head was the only answer to the same questions repeated in French and German. It was therefore decided to take the silent man back to the gunboat (leaving a couple of men in charge of the light), and see whether, as my informant said, they could “raise any other lingo” on board. But by the time the ship was reached the doctor and not the schoolmaster was required, for the poor man was found to be in an epileptic fit. Daylight brought a little shore-boat alongside with his wife in it, who gave them all a very disagreeable quarter of an hour, for the lighthouse keeper was deaf and dumb, and could not imagine what crime he had committed to be taken prisoner in that summary fashion. He knew nothing of war or rumors of war, but tended his lamps carefully, and his wife had been allowed, under the circumstances, to share his solitude. She had only left him for a few hours, and when she returned at earliest dawn, and found her husband gone and a couple of sailors in charge of the lighthouse, it did not take her long to rush down the hill, get into her boat, and go on board H. G. S.—. I believe she expected to find her spouse loaded with irons, and on the eve of execution, instead of being comfortably asleep in a bunk, with a good breakfast awaiting him.

When the story was finished I remarked to the teller: “Quite an illus-

tration of Talleyrand's 'Surtout, point de zèle,' isn't it?" And the young officer shook his head sadly, as much as

to say that it was indeed a wicked world. I fancy that "wiggings" had followed.

Cornhill Magazine.

LITERARY COURTSHIPS.

Amongst all the qualities which we are inclined to believe most necessary to writers of fiction, either in verse or prose, the faculty of imagination, enlightened and guided by experience, would seem most fitly calculated to take a prominent place. It is not, of course, that imagination is confined within the bounds of experience; it is rather that a profound elemental knowledge of human nature acts like a powerful lens upon the springs of action and the infinite varieties of character and circumstance, becoming, as it were, the interpreter and exponent of things spiritual and material, so that the objects thus presented to us are seen in a stronger light, and affect us more powerfully than those which we apprehend merely by an exercise of the understanding.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,"

Hippolyta tells us,

"Are of imagination all compact."

And the last two have even a more obvious and closer bond of union. For if love is the theme, surely love must have been the teacher; and so it comes to pass that the old love stories of literary men and women have an especial attraction, and we turn with not unnatural curiosity to biographical and autobiographical records, to discover some connecting link between theory and practice: something corresponding to the ardors and aspirations of the poet, some key to the powerful concep-

tions of the novelist, in their own hearts and lives; and it surprises us to find that their own experiences were meagre and commonplace, or their capabilities exhausted in the delineation of imaginary passions, so that love, courtship and marriage were to them matters of very ordinary concern indeed.

Though, of course, many striking and notable exceptions would occur to us, it is undoubtedly curious to observe the strong prosaic element in the love-making of many literary people early in the century; and even when all allowance has been made for old-fashioned stiffness of manner and phraseology, it would certainly appear as if they must have been more than ordinarily cold and formal.

Sir Walter Scott, it is true, had an attachment early in life which was by no means lacking in the romantic element. In the well-known passage in his diary he speaks of himself as "brokenhearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain to my dying day;" and though, like Romeo, "love bewildered," he had not his capacity for falling in love again, for, notwithstanding that his future wife is spoken of by those who knew her as a "lovely vision and rich in personal attractions," the young advocate can write upon the occasion of his engagement with legal prudence and philosophic impartiality. "Without flying into raptures, I may assure you that her temper is sweet and cheerful, her understanding good.

and, what I know will give you pleasure, her principles of religion very serious." "There is no romance," he makes haste to assure his correspondent, "in her disposition," and he goes on to dwell with almost parental discretion and discernment upon their prospects of happiness, the approval of friends and relations, and the circumstances and antecedents of his bride. All this, no doubt, is very proper, but it is hardly what might have been expected from the future poet and novelist, and must have been somewhat disappointing even to an unromantic girl, for we find that she is inclined to doubt the "strength or at least the stability" of his feelings, and he is anxious to assure her that, though he has "been repeatedly in similar situations with amiable and accomplished women, the feelings I entertain for you have ever been strangers to my bosom, except," as he adds with characteristic sincerity, "during a period I have often alluded to."

So much for the first stages of an attachment destined to gather strength and tenderness with age, until the breaking of the tie was mourned in words of affecting truth and inconsolable bereavement.

Three years before Walter Scott married Miss Carpenter at Edinburgh, Coleridge and Southey, absorbed in realizing their dream of an ideal democracy, had come to at least one practical conclusion. All members of the community were to be married; without this initial step it would be impossible to carry out satisfactorily the projects of the reformers. There must be no delay, and the Miss Frickers, one of whom was already married to Lowell, had at least heard something of the scheme, and were prepared to sympathize and co-operate. They were unprovided for, and therefore suitable members of a community in which life was to be reduced to its simplest ele-

ments. Moreover, Southey had long loved "Edith as a sister," and Coleridge, on his return to Cambridge, after visiting them at Bristol, was quite ready to believe that another of the family was, if not indispensable to his happiness, at least well fitted to be an inhabitant of his castle in the air. "Since I quitted these rooms," he writes, "what and how important events have been evolved! America! Southey, Miss Fricker! Pantisocracy! My head and my heart are all alive."

It is surely not an insignificant indication of his state of mind that the name of his future wife is placed between that of his friend and Pantisocracy, and with regard to her it seemed that at this moment it was his head rather than his heart that was "all alive," for he absented himself from her for some time, and had to be reminded that he had gone too far to retreat with honor. But, as a matter of fact, he had no such desire. He had merely been absorbed in poetry and metaphysics, and the wild projects, ever assuming clearer and larger proportions, of an ideal state on the banks of the Susquehanna, where literary characters might, in primitive simplicity, till the ground and yet "make money." And on his return to Bristol, encouraged by the promise of £30 from Cottle the bookseller, for his poems, he married Miss Sarah Fricker, and for a time was content, in his little cottage at Clevedon, to forego the visions of the enthusiast and the dreams of the social reformer, in the society of his bride; in his own words, "an honest, simple, lively-minded and affectionate woman." The words themselves clearly indicate that, though there might be love in the cottage, it was not the love of the visionary or idealist. And Coleridge, it must be remembered, was only twenty-three at the time of his marriage. It was an age when in love,

as in literature, men came to maturity early.

We do not propose in this short paper to touch upon love stories which have been subjects of recent controversy, and which have been analyzed, retold, and interpreted from every possible moral and intellectual standpoint; but one utterance of Shelley's, upon the eve of his marriage, is too significant not to be quoted: "We shall have £200 a year; when we find it run short we must live, I suppose, upon love! Gratitude and admiration all demand that I should love her *forever*." After this we are not at all surprised to hear his declaration, "If I know anything about love, I am not in love." But the way in which he predetermines his future curiously illustrates the extraordinary combination of folly and prudence, of precocious understanding and poetic ardor, of rash acts and deliberate judgments, which is characteristic of many literary men early in the century. The flame of passion is to be kindled upon the domestic hearth. The £200 a year is to be supplemented at will, and love is to fulfil the just demands of gratitude and admiration.

Southey's marriage, again, was sufficiently romantic in its incidents. He was two-and-twenty, with more than uncertain prospects, and no money in his pocket to buy the license or the wedding-ring, when he married his Edith in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and parted with her upon the steps at the conclusion of the service for an enforced absence abroad. And yet, in his case, as in Coleridge's, love had been in the first instance subordinated to Pantisocracy; it was but to play a part, though an important one, no doubt, in that great scheme. It had been with him a sure and gradual growth, and the imprudent haste of his unauthorized engagement and secret marriage strikes a strange and incongruous note in what De Quincey calls

the "chastened movement of his affections." Yet Southey himself has told us that "a man falls in love just as he falls downstairs. It is an accident—perhaps, and very probably, a misfortune." And again: "Where the love itself is imprudent there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it." So little do the best-considered theories avail us when put to a practical test, so little can we foresee the strange freaks which our own hearts or consciences may play us at certain crises in our lives. But if some people went wrong in these matters it was not for want of due consideration. They were quite ready to dogmatize upon the subject, and prepared to give good advice to other people. They could make elaborate arrangements for the future and carefully select the proper ingredients for conjugal happiness.

They were, however, somewhat like the man of whom Sidney Smith said that his understanding was always getting between his legs and tripping him up. Thomas Day, for instance, the author of "Sandford and Merton," is said to have had a heart which always led him right, and a head which always led him wrong, and he selected two little orphan charity girls and had them brought up with the intention of marrying the one which suited him best; but as far as he himself was concerned these preliminaries were wasted, for they married other men. Certainly in many other instances it would seem to be true that "love in literary persons excites the imagination rather than the passions." They have put themselves to school to learn its language and study its manifestations; they are too much occupied in examining symptoms and nursing illusions. To take an illustration from physical sensations, it would not be easy for them to be surprised like old Rogers, who, when

he was in bed at Holland House, "could not," as he says, "fall asleep because of a loud noise, thump, thump, which seemed to be caused by something near me. I discovered that it was the beating of my own heart." They have heard their own hearts beat too often not to know all about it, and they only fear, with reason, that they have taken the fever, which quickens their pulses, too lightly. Listen to Hazlitt's lament in the decadence of his love story: "I am afraid she will soon grow common to my imagination as well as worthless in herself. Her image seems fast going into the wastes of time like a weed that the waves bear further and further away from me."

He is not in love with poor Sarah Walker, but he is, or desires to be, in love with Love. His only regret is that she should dispel the dream and scatter the illusion.

How strangely, again, does Landor's behavior at the time of his marriage contrast with his love poems. Landor, with his keen susceptibilities and unquenchable ardor, and what De Quincey calls the "fiery radiations of his spirits," had learnt what love was by many varied experiences. In his verse the images of the women whom he loves or has loved are most richly and delicately enshrined. Of the short poem to Rose Aylmer, unsurpassed in its beauty and tenderness, Charles Lamb could say, "I lived upon it for weeks," and *Ionè* and *Ianthè* were heroines of real though transitory romances. In his autobiographical jottings he could look back upon his earlier days and write:—

"Sometimes, as boys will do, I play'd at love."

But at the same time it seemed that if it were indeed a game the stakes were too high for it to be lightly undertaken, and the chances of gain or

loss such as to influence a life; and though he might be a reckless player, like his friend the temperate and disciplined Southey, he could form the highest conception of the joys of married life. "I should have been a good and happy man if I had married," he writes, with a sincerity of conviction unhappily to be overthrown by the events of later years. "My heart is tender. I am fond of children and of talking childishly. But, Southey, I love a woman who will never love me, and am beloved by one who never ought." Southey was ready with well-reasoned, if not judicious, advice. Landor was to guard, above all things, against a solitary old age, and select a woman whom he could esteem. Love would follow. But these counsels Landor was incapable of carrying into effect. He could, indeed, write, "Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. . . . Death is not even a blow, is not even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations." And he himself draws that lot as at a game of chance. At a ball he meets a girl, sixteen years younger than himself, with more curls on her head than any other girl in Bath, and so soon as he has set eyes on her he exclaims, "By heavens, that's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her." Here is the letter to Southey in which he announces his engagement: "It is curious that the evening of my beginning to transcribe the tragedy I fell in love. I have found a girl without a sixpence, and with very few accomplishments. She is pretty, graceful, and good-tempered—three things indispensable to my happiness. Adieu and congratulate me. I forgot to say that I have added twenty-five verses to scene 2 of Act III. There was hardly time for the reappearance of *Opas*."

It is evident that amidst the necessary corrections to his tragedy, love is

an episode. The page upon which it is written is interleaved with weightier matters. His love was unfortunate at the outset, and destined neither to sweeten nor to ennoble life. It may be true that "*la passion est comme ces hercules qui soulèvent une maison sur leurs épaules, mais ne supportent pas un rhume de cerveau,*" but an attachment lightly formed by a character naturally vehement and highly strung is even more certain to make shipwreck of future domestic happiness. The storm is were likely to endanger a vessel which sails in shallow waters. His ideal of marriage, like his other ideals, was never destined to be practically realized. It may well be doubted whether any woman could have made him happy, and his young wife's curls and good spirits, though they attracted him at first, could not long make up for the difficulties which arose in the habitual companionship of a person intellectually incapable of sharing his highest interests and wanting in the affectionate tact which alone could have borne with his moods and with what Southey himself called his "insane temper." Neither his desire for a home, nor his passionate love for his children, could save him from the solitary old age against which his friend had warned him.

Poor Cowper, on the contrary, though unmarried, lived all his later years in the closest domestic society of women. In his youth, fortunately, no doubt, for the object of his affections, his love affair with his cousin, Theodora Cowper, received no parental sanction, and, though feelingly commemorated in verse, was not destined to any other kind of immortality. Nor could it indeed compare in depth and ardor with those enduring friendships which were the solace and support of his distraught brain and distempered spirits; and, not misled by his poetical imagination, he was not quite capable of distinguishing

between an affectionate sentiment and a passion. "So much as I love you," he writes to his cousin Harriet, afterwards Lady Hesketh, "I wonder how the deuce it has happened that I was never in love with you." It need not have been such a matter of surprise, since of all men he seemed most capable of inspiring and reciprocating that disinterested attachment which waits upon its object with a patient and tender solicitude, and, like the love of the mother for the child, survives all shocks of time and chance. The sprightly Lady Austen, indeed, not content with the solid and sober joys which had been more than sufficient to Cowper and his Mary, would have gladly introduced a romantic element into her own intercourse with the poet. "She built," he writes, "such expectations of felicity upon our friendship as we were sure that nothing human could possibly answer," and he wrote to remind her that "we were mortal." She found the warning personal and offensive, and though they continued neighbors for years, it was only to realize that they might be happier apart, and his farewell letter, which he describes as "very tender and resolute," so mortified her feelings that she committed it to the flames.

Sheridan's love story, with its dramatic incidents, is pre-eminently a story with a plot. It is full of action and might, indeed, have served as material for one of his own plays. It contains curious reminiscences of an age when men made love in periwigs and upon their knees. We have the villain, the rivals, the threatened suicide, the elopement, the duel: The heroine is beautiful, the hero young and impassioned. There are stolen interviews in a moss-grown arbor beneath the willows; and tears and protestations and verses to Della left upon the garden seat. But here again folly is tempered with discretion and, as it

were, disguised in a mummer's garb of justice and sobriety. The clandestine meetings are arranged upon the highest principles, in order that Sheridan may advise and support the object of his affections, and defend her from the unscrupulous designs of an unprincipled married man.

Miss Linley, daughter of the composer and singing master, the *prima donna* of her father's concerts, was well used to admiration, but there must have been something unusually attractive about a handsome lover of one-and-twenty, who, with disinterested chivalry, asked nothing but the right to guide and guard her inexperience. They mutually determined that there was no safety but in flight, and after the young lady had made possibly an irresolute and certainly an unsuccessful attempt to poison herself, they set off in a post-chaise to London, Sheridan having engaged the maid of one of his friends to attend her on the journey. "You may imagine," she writes, "how pleased I was with his delicate behavior." His plans, in fact, had been made with a forethought and prudence strangely at variance with the ordinary accompaniments of an elopement. Their destination was St. Quentin, that she might be placed under the-kind care of the nuns at a convent where his sister had been brought up; but at Calais it seems for the first time to have occurred to them that their conduct might be misconstrued and condemned by some evil-minded persons incapable of appreciating motives, and they think it expedient to go through a marriage ceremony so as to avoid any possible misconstruction. This was, however, merely a simple formality and safeguard for the future, and the bride was safely lodged the same day in the convent, somewhat, we may imagine, to the consternation of the good nuns, if they were in any way cognizant of the melo-

drama in which they were to take their part. It was not destined to be concluded within their peaceful walls. After a while Miss Linley was taken home by her father (none of their friends or relations, to their credit be it told, having the slightest doubt of the good intentions of these impulsive young people), and Sheridan also returned to England, to fight two duels with her intriguing persecutor, in the last of which encounters he was seriously wounded; whilst his love, faithful though helpless, was singing once more in public before admiring audiences. But love and honor were not to be forever vanquished. A year after the private hurried wedding at Calais, by which they apparently set little store, they were once more married with the knowledge, if not the unqualified approval, of their mutual friends.

Here at least we have a love story which might well furnish a theme for the novelist or poet; but though it undoubtedly occupied some inner shrine in Sheridan's disorderly mind, it had no power to teach him to play upon anything deeper than the surface of human passions. For literary purposes, indeed, the varied and stormy experiences of his youth availed but little, excepting so far, perhaps, as their outward circumstances were concerned.

Thus it would not seem to be invariably, nor even generally, true that:

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with
Love's sighs."

And when we turn to women novelists, we find them equally apt to overthrow any preconceived ideas of the relations between love in nature and love in art.

"Evelina," for example, was published when Miss Burney was six-and-twenty, but she had no past to furnish her with a life model for love's emo-

tions and vicissitudes. It was not until her long attendance at Court had broken down health and spirits, and suspended her literary activities, that, at the age of forty, her own love story opened with all the romance and imprudence proper to youth.

General d'Arblay—tall, prepossessing, and honorable, a hero and an exile, Lafayette's adjutant, who had been on guard at the Tuilleries on the night of the flight to Varennes—was the person destined to win her heart. He was one amongst the poor distinguished refugees who, as they detailed their adventures and misfortunes, made their simple-minded hearers in remote country villages "understand for the first time what the French Revolution meant." General d'Arblay, moreover, undertook to superintend Miss Burney's studies in his own language, and she, upon her part, was delighted to teach him English. The natural consequences ensued. As full of love dreams as any of her own heroines, she laid aside any fears which might beset an engagement so destitute of worldly advantages, and began her married life, with rapture rather than contentment, in a cottage at Bookham, where, as she writes, "we enjoyed cabbages from our own cultivation, every day, and agreed they had a freshness and *goût* we had never met with before." In fact, eaten with the proverbial accompaniment of the dinner of herbs, they left nothing to be desired, and she had no regrets for any fate more brilliant or stirring than that which attended the arrested career and precarious fortunes of her Chevalier.

It is difficult to imagine that Miss Austen was ever in love, though, to use her own words, she may have had "beaux" in plenty. Her girlish letters, and the expressions which she uses about these pretenders to her favor, would not lead one to suppose that they had aroused any feeling strong

enough to overpower her reluctance to leave a happy home, or indulge the sacrifice of her liberty to the will of another.

"I am almost afraid to tell you," she writes on one occasion, after a ball, "how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together." "He is a very gentlemanlike, good-looking, pleasant, young man, I assure you;" but these, we do not need to be told, are not the foreshadowings or preliminaries of love, and when she adds, "I rather expect to receive an offer from my friend in the course of the evening," we are not surprised that she declares, "I shall refuse him, however, unless he gives away his white coat," to which she had professed an aversion. One wonders if the gentleman were any more in earnest than the lady, or if the other admirers of whom she writes were perfectly aware that no serious consequences were likely to follow, though they might freely indulge a natural desire to please and compliment a girl, who at this time, in her twenty-first year, was, according to all accounts, eminently attractive; spirited, witty, confident, with brilliant laughing eyes and a graceful figure.

"It would give me particular pleasure," writes one of these cautious lovers, "to have an opportunity of improving my acquaintance with that family (the Austens), with the hope of creating to myself a nearer interest. But at present I cannot indulge any expectation of it." And Jane's comment is: "This is rational enough; there is less love and more sense in it than sometimes appeared before, and I am very well satisfied. It will all go on exceedingly well, and decline away in a very reasonable manner." The expectation may have been well founded, but in spite of the tone of playful impartiality, we cannot help

feeling that the issue might have been different, if upon the young man's side there had been more love and less sense. Her sister Cassandra affirmed, it is true, that the one short romance of Jane Austen's girlhood was consequent upon an acquaintance made at the seaside with a clergyman, who died suddenly, before the feelings which were evident upon either side could find expression; and Cassandra, her constant, trusted companion, was not likely to be mistaken; but in her life love was but as a single broken thread; her literary labors, her social engagements, her domestic attachments constituted its warp and woof, and left her keen observation free to centre itself upon the ordinary incidents of life, and to trace, with a disengaged mind, the delicate shades and infinite varieties of character. Her writings might not have been so perfect in their kind, so rich in wit, so full of minute analysis, so vivid in the portrayal of trivial frailties and humors, if her interests had been of a more personal and absorbing nature; and one cannot help feeling that if the love-making to which she had been accustomed had been less reasonable, less unexact, she might have had if not a happier at least a deeper experience.

Charlotte Brontë, on the contrary, has been accused of depicting the heights and depths of passion with an unrestrained force, bordering upon violence; but her own courtship by her father's curate, in the gray seclusion of her later years, was set in a subdued and minor key, and it is somewhat depressing to read the account of her feelings and expectations at the time of her engagement, in her letters to her most intimate friend. She was not without previous experience in the ways of lovers. Nearly fourteen years before, Henry Nussey, the brother of this same dearest friend, had proposed to her, and here

are one or two sentences from her discouragingly reasonable reply: "You are aware that I have many reasons to feel grateful to your family, that I have peculiar reasons for affection towards one at least of your sisters, and also that I highly esteem yourself—do not, therefore, accuse me of wrong motives when I say that my answer to your proposal must be a *decided negative*. In forming this decision, I trust that I have listened to the dictates of conscience more than inclination. I have no personal repugnance to the idea of a union with you, but I feel convinced that mine is not the sort of disposition to form the happiness of a man like you." And then she proceeds to offer somewhat gratuitous advice as to the kind of person whom she considers that he would do well to marry; possibly very good advice, but hardly likely to be acceptable from such a source and at such a moment. Yet she was not without her romantic ideals. She had, indeed, declared that it is better to marry *to love* than to marry *for love*; and again, "No young lady should fall in love till the offer has been made, accepted, the marriage ceremony performed, and the first half year of wedded life has passed away. A woman may then begin to love, but with great precaution, very coolly, very moderately, very rationally." But when put to the proof, even by so discreet a lover as Henry Nussey, all the prudent axioms are thrown to the winds. "I felt that though I esteemed, though I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable and well-disposed man, yet I had not and could not have that intense attachment that would make me willing to die for him, and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband." Henry Nussey was clearly not a man to be adored, and so she sent him on his way without regret, and her next lover, though impetuous enough,

was not likely to awaken any reciprocal feelings. He was a young Irish curate, who, after spending *one* evening in her company, sent her a proposal of marriage, couched in ardent language. This offer she could be hardly expected to take seriously, and it was not until many years later, in the early period of her literary fame, that another suitor presented himself, in the person of Mr. James Taylor, who was sent to Haworth by Messrs. Smith and Elder, to fetch the MS. of "*Shirley*." He is said to have possessed a "vigorous and interesting personality," and Charlotte herself speaks of him as deficient in neither spirit nor sense. With him at least she found it possible to interchange ideas upon subjects of which her mind was full. He brought news from the great city, a ripple from the centre of activity and thought, upon the still and somewhat stagnant surface of social life in the northern village, and when his visit was over she missed him. "Stern and abrupt little man as he is—too often jarring as are his manners—his absence and the exclusion of his idea from my mind leave me certainly with less support and in deeper solitude than before." "He has estimable and sterling qualities; but these are not enough. Friendship, gratitude, esteem I have, but each moment he came near me, and that I could feel his eyes fastened upon me, my veins ran ice." The last little touch at once recalls some of her own heroines, and we understand that the author of "*Jane Eyre*" and "*Villette*" can write about the great passion in language which thrills and exalts, since, if not by personal experience, yet by a vivid imaginative intuition, she well knows what love is.

But when in 1853, at the age of thirty-seven, she first became aware of Mr. Nicholls's feelings, reiterated bereavement and disappointments had sapped the strength of the hopes which spring

so naturally upon the threshold of a new life, and reason and experience alike forbade anticipations of anything brighter or more vivid with the negation of pain and the alleviation of solitude. "Life has become very void," she wrote after Emily's death, "and hope has proved a strange traitor." "A sorrowful indifference to existence often pressed upon me—a despairing resignation to reach betimes the end of all things earthly."

It is clear that though, as she once truly wrote to Miss Martineau, "I know what love is, as I understand it," she had in these later years no thought of its coming as an unlooked-for and irresistible visitant to revolutionize and interrupt the course of her daily sombre and solitary existence. Mr. Nicholls had been already two years at Haworth when she could assert, "A cold, far away sort of civility are the only terms on which I have ever been with Mr. Nicholls." And even after her engagement, her words are cold and measured. She does not, as she truly says, "make an uproar about her happiness."

"I must respect him," she writes, "nor can I withhold from him more than cool respect." And again, "The destiny which Providence in his goodness and wisdom seems to offer me will not, I am aware, be generally considered brilliant, but I trust I see in it some germs of real happiness. I trust the demands both of feeling and duty will be in some measure satisfied by the step in contemplation. What I taste of happiness is of the soberest kind."

The days were past in which she had felt it impossible to marry unless she could regard her husband in the "light of adoration." The transfiguring dawn of hope and promise had faded; but the sun was still shining behind the lengthening shadows, and there was warmth and peace and contentment in the air.

"*Almer, prier, c'est l'aube et c'est le soir de l'âme;*"

and in those quiet evening lights, so soon to be lost in the breaking of the eternal day, she learnt what serene and chastened happiness might yet be hers. "I am not going to die. We have been so happy," are her last recorded words to her husband upon her death-bed, and in them the story of her few months of married life is summed up.

Though the courtship of Carlyle and Miss Jane Welsh had taken place thirty years earlier, they lived amongst us so much longer that it seems to belong, more than those of which we have already spoken, to our own times. Though absolutely lacking in romance or romantic incidents, it is yet unhappily redeemed from the commonplace by exaggerated fears and misplaced sentiments. They are neither of them in love and yet rashly determined to run love's risks. With her, Irving's love had been, to use her own words, "passionately returned," but he was in honor engaged to another, and she was too high principled to endeavor to detach him from his allegiance; indeed, she was not only resolute in putting her love aside, but was eager to pursue the studies in which he had been her master, though under other tutorship. Irving, upon his part, was preoccupied by the necessity of at once perfecting her knowledge and guarding her innocence, and with this intent he commended Carlyle as well fitted to carry on the work. This is the less surprising since, even at this time (1821), when they were all young, he can write to his friend and lament that Miss Welsh "contemplates the inferiority of others rather from the point of ridicule and contempt than from that of commiseration and relief . . . and contracts in her own mind a degree of coldness and bitterness which suits ill

with my conception of female character and a female's position in society." This is hardly the language of the ardent and disappointed lover, nor is it quite in that character that he should select another rising young man of genius to give her solid food in literature and philosophy, to develop her character, and instruct her moral judgment. We must, of course, remember that Irving's mind was, even at this time, fixed upon the highest matters which can occupy the understanding or absorb the heart. No human affection could detach him from his one main purpose, nor blind his eyes to the necessary subordination of those same affections to its fulfilment. Whilst still unmarried, he can write to her with the simple, stern sincerity of one pledged, at whatever cost, to uphold the standard of truth and righteousness. "I could wish indeed—and forgive me indeed when I make free to suggest it—that your mind were less anxious for the distinction of being enrolled amongst those whom the world has crowned with their admiration rather than among those whom God has crowned with His approval." Here we have the keynote of his after life, a note which Miss Jane Welsh would gladly have had sounded in a lighter strain, or disguised by livelier variations. "There would have been no tongues," she said afterwards, with somewhat misplaced self-confidence, "if Irving had married me;" but by 1824 Irving was not only married to Miss Martin, but to Carlyle's evident annoyance, had "a squeaking brat of his own," and Miss Welsh's image, we may believe, was more or less forgotten in the intoxicating successes of the great preacher and religious enthusiast.

In the meantime her intercourse with Carlyle, and constant communication with him when at a distance, continued, and she was flattered by his at-

tachment, though, as yet, she had no serious thoughts of returning it. She was quick to see that such a step, even if it were within her power, would be attended with many serious, if not insuperable, disadvantages. She would have to face loneliness and poverty, dispiriting social and domestic trials to be borne in the exacting companionship of a man who was not only violent and unreasonable when thwarted, but was, even under more favorable circumstances, a constant victim to physical and mental dyspepsia, and by no means raised, by the brilliancy of his genius and his absorption in literature, above the necessities and comforts of daily life. "Literature," he writes to her, "is the wine of life. It will not, cannot be its food." And whilst his spirit was to be left free and untrammelled by petty cares to soar into higher regions, she was to provide the more solid household nourishment. Miss Welsh, upon her part, was more prepared to share his literary triumphs than his "petty tribulations." "I am not in love with you," she writes, "that is to say, my love is not a passion which overclouds my judgment and absorbs all my regards for myself and others. . . In short it is love which influences, does not make the destiny of a life. . . Such temperate sentiments lend no false coloring, no rosy light." Carlyle, at least, could not complain of any want of straightforwardness in her language, it could not well have been more explicit, and with "the thing people call love" he is willing to dispense. As he wrote in a later notebook, so far as he has seen into it, "the whole concern of love is a beggarly futility that in an heroic age of the world nobody would be at the pains to think of it, much less to open his mouth upon it;" and with this last sentiment Miss Welsh is inclined to agree. "A passion like the torrent in the violence of its course, might, perhaps, too like the tor-

rent, leave ruin and desolation behind," and she is content to look forward to a time when, as her "mind enlarges and her heart improves" she may become more capable of comprehending his great qualities and talents, and so in like ratio her affection may increase. She dwells playfully, but with doubtful taste, upon the better marriages which she imagines she might have made, but feels that she cannot now go back; she is already married to Carlyle, married "past redemption." She had, indeed, during his long wooing, made no endeavor to deceive either herself or him, but she had yet to discover what daily life with him would mean, the life, as she once described it "of a weather-cock in a high wind," and after forty years she could utter a warning which carried with it the heavy weight of long experience. "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius." That warning might never have been uttered but for the acknowledgment which succeeded it. "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable."

One last courtship of a very different character may fitly bring these recollections to an end, for it bears upon it the impress of an unchangeable love which must needs find its full fruition when those who have loved on earth shall enter through the eternal gates into the city. It came, indeed, after the spring of youth and hope was over to a helpless invalid upon her couch. "There is nothing to see in me, nothing to hear in me. I am a weed fit for the ground and darkness." So Elizabeth Barrett wrote when Robert Browning first proposed to visit her. All the outward circumstances of the case were conspicuously adverse. She was six years his senior. Hopelessly shattered health had necessitated a life of almost unbroken seclusion. Her spirit

was imprisoned in so frail a frame that she might be expected at any time to lose her trembling hold upon life; and he upon his side, filled with a strong exuberant vitality, was at the beginning of his literary career; and yet he was willing, if she would have permitted it, to forego his brilliant though uncertain prospects, and turn to some profession with more secure pecuniary advantages, if by so doing he might smooth the way for their marriage. Here at last we find a rare combination, mind answering to mind, even as heart to heart, so that John Forster's comment upon their marriage was, "It seems as if made up by their poetry rather than by themselves."

Again, as in Sheridan's case (though differing from it in every other particular), we have an elopement planned and carried out with forethought, not only for themselves, but for others, and upon the highest, if not the soundest, principles. It is a startling, bewildering picture of gentleness and determination, of thoughtfulness and passion, of tremendous risks voluntarily and gladly incurred, of the dual acceptance of a future freighted with joy, but overladen with anxiety.

It was no wonder that friends and relations deplored their marriage. "I have no objection to the young man," was Mr. Barrett's comment, "but my daughter should have been thinking of

another world." Even to themselves it was a surprise that health should for a time revive in such measure; but alike in sickness and in health, like rays of imprisoned sunshine, the guarded happiness of their home lights up, even for the casual stranger, the record of their lives, until, after fifteen years, he could write of her last moments: "Always smilingly, happily . . . after the most perfect expression of her love to me . . . she died in my arms."

But into the precincts of married life it is not our purpose to enter. The true love story, we have been assured, begins at the altar, but it is a love story which we are not often permitted to read. It is frequently written in a cypher, of which we do not hold the key, or too late inscribed only as an epitaph upon a tomb. In courtship there are dramatic incidents, and strange new revelations which surprise us into confidences and indiscretions; but in marriage the "intertangled roots of love" lie below ground, and happy married people are for the most part ready to breathe the spirit of Donne's well-known lines:—

"So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear floods, nor sigh tempests
move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love."

Eleanor A. Towle.

Fortnightly Review.

THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

It may seem strange that now, at the end of this nineteenth century, it should still be possible to produce a Life of Shakespeare, not as a member of a series of literary handbooks, nor as a summary of well-known and ac-

cepted facts, but as a contribution to historical knowledge. Yet it is a fact that until a few months ago there was no such thing as a standard Life of our greatest poet in existence; and in a certain sense, which we shall explain presently, there is none such even now. No doubt there has been Halli-

*A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. (London, 1898.)

well-Phillips's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," which, in spite of its unassuming title, grew to the extent of two somewhat portly volumes; but Halliwell-Phillips, though a diligent antiquarian, had few literary gifts, and his work is a collection of materials, rather than a true biography. For a biography worthy of the name more is needed than a zeal for accumulating facts, and the enthusiasm of the collector and the specialist is likely to be fatal to it. Modesty, and the reluctance to assume authority to deal with a subject so unique in character, have, no doubt, deterred some, and the fear that nothing new was left to be said may have deterred others; while some, who have not been deterred at all, have failed to produce results either attractive or authoritative. Under these circumstances, the great "Dictionary of National Biography" has brought a remedy. Obviously, when the turn of the letter S came, somebody must treat of Shakespeare; and the duty was very rightly undertaken by the editor himself, Mr. Sidney Lee, whose long study of Elizabethan literature gave him ample qualifications for the task. The article was duly written, published, and welcomed with approbation, and the natural sequence is its appearance, with considerable amplifications, in independent book form. Whence it comes to pass that now, at the ends of the ages, we have at last a "Life of William Shakespeare."

It is necessary, however, to qualify this statement. A biography, properly so called, should consist of two parts: a narrative of what a man did, and a picture of what he was. According as the subject of the biography was a man of action or a man of thought, the relative importance of these two parts will vary; but both must be present in some degree. We want to know something of a great general's character; we want to have at least an outline of

the external life of a great poet. Now Mr. Lee has deliberately devoted himself almost wholly to one branch, and that the least important branch of the life of Shakespeare—that, namely, which relates to his external fortunes. He has attempted no analysis of the intellect and genius of Shakespeare. A novice might read the book and have barely the faintest knowledge of the character of the poet's greatness. When we have traced the fortunes of the Stratford boy from his cradle in Henley Street to his honored tomb beside the altar in the parish church, we know little or nothing of what manner of man he was. A biography of Shakespeare which omits to consider his genius is not unlike the play of "Hamlet" without the character of the Prince of Denmark.

Yet there is very good reason for the course adopted by Mr. Lee, and his work, even limited in this way, is a real and valuable contribution to science. Of studies and estimates of Shakespeare's genius there is no end, an inexhaustible subject having produced an inexhaustible crop of literary grain—both wheat and chaff. Also the world has not wanted enthusiasts to investigate various parts of Shakespeare's career, who have collected all that could be known, guessed, or invented about him in many capacities—as deer-stealer, lover, husband, lawyer, divine, actor, manager, landowner, citizen, and what not. But what we have not hitherto had is a careful and authoritative survey of the evidence relating to his external life, separating the true from the false, the certain from the hypothetical, and estimating the result with calm and impartial judgment. This is what Mr. Lee, applying to this case the principles and traditions which make the "Dictionary of National Biography" such an invaluable storehouse of facts as opposed to fads, has given us, and for this we

have much reason to be grateful. So much nonsense has been written about Shakespeare, and the subject has been so much left in the hands of the enthusiast and the faddist, that it was eminently desirable that it should be treated *de novo* by a trained man of letters, who had no axe of his own to grind (or only a little one), and who was fitted by his temperament and his studies to deal with it in a wide and comprehensive manner.

It is a commonplace to say that very little is known of the life of Shakespeare. Some persons have exulted in the fact, as securing our great dramatist's name from desecration by the sort of chatter which brawls round the lives of some among our later poets. Others have taken advantage of it to build up fantastic theories, such as the astounding "Baconian" nightmare, of which Mrs. Potts and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly are the most notorious victims. Mr. Lee meets both classes with a denial of their fundamental postulate, saying that we in fact possess with regard to Shakespeare "a mass of details which far exceeds that accessible in the case of any other contemporary professional writer;"¹ and he justifies his claim by producing a volume of nearly five hundred pages, which no one can accuse of being unduly padded out. It is to this "mass of detail" that he appeals to establish the truth of the traditional view of Shakespeare's career, and to refute the legends which have been built up around it.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the research which is summed up in Mr. Lee's pages, it remains true, in a very real and important sense, that we know very little of Shakespeare's life. We may know enough to make the speculations of the Baconians as improbable on external grounds as they are on internal, and yet be very far from possessing that intimate knowl-

edge of the poet which a biography should give us. The life of every man, as we have said above, is made up of two elements—his actions and his character—and when he is a great man, a third element must be taken into account—his genius. Therefore, if we are really to know what manner of man a great writer was, we must know the circumstances of his external life, his character and his genius. For the fullest exposition of his genius, we must no doubt go to his own works; but for information with regard to his character and the incidents of his life, we must look to his biographer, and we may also fairly ask of him to give us some not inadequate survey and criticism of his genius as well.

Now in the case of Shakespeare it may fairly be maintained that with regard to one of these elements—namely, his genius—we have the fullest means of judging from his extant works; while with regard to another, the circumstances of his external life, Mr. Lee is justified in maintaining that we have very adequate information in the "mass of details" which modern research has gathered together. But with regard to the third element, his character, we are as much in the dark as ever. Some writers, no doubt, give us in their own works as full a representation of their character as we have any right to expect, especially when, as is often the case, we know something of the circumstances under which their works were composed. Do not we feel as if we were well acquainted with the characters of Horace and Petrarch, of Chaucer and Lamb, of Byron and Wordsworth, without being obliged to turn to the pages of their biographies? But with the more dramatic poets the certainty of this feeling of acquaintanceship diminishes, and it reaches vanishing point in the case of the most dramatic and most "objective" of them all.

¹ Life of William Shakespeare. p. 361.

Shakespeare. The attempt has from time to time been made to elicit his character and his opinions from his writings, but the result has rarely satisfied any one except the author of the attempt. Somewhere or other, no doubt, in the pages of his dramas, his own opinions have received expression; but who shall say when or where? There is no special purpose or moral obviously enforced in them; rather, the poet has posed his men and women on the stage, and his whole genius has gone out to divine what they would say and do under the circumstances in which they were placed, without thought of his own personal emotions and opinions. Therefore, from the plays of Shakespeare alone we can gain no sure clue to his character; even the Sonnets, with their note of apparently intimate self-revelation, we shall find to be unreliable in this respect; and we cannot supply the want from any other sources of information. We may trace the Warwickshire poet through the various stages of his life; we may watch the marvellous creations of the dramatist's genius, and study *their* characters; but his own character escapes us. The real Shakespeare is as much an enigma as ever.

Not that this ignorance is wholly to be regretted. On the contrary, we would rather associate ourselves with those who regard it as a matter for thankfulness that "we know so little about Shakespeare." It is on the side of their character that not a few of our great inspired writers have failed; and it is on the failures that modern research so much delights to dwell. Some knowledge of a writer's life may be useful and helpful; but full details of it only serve to show us that side of him in which he differs least from surrounding humanity, and in which he takes his portion of those ills to which flesh is heir. It serves simply *no* good purpose to know that Shelley's matri-

monial experiments were unhappy and discreditable, that Lamb sometimes drank too much, that Carlyle could say nasty things to and about his wife. Some people say that such records show us the human side of genius and thereby increase our sympathy with it. What they mean is that it gives them the pleasurable sensation of feeling that great genius is, in some of its aspects, only on a level with themselves. But it is exactly that aspect of genius which is quite profitless to behold. We can see plenty of human frailty without going out of our way to look for it. What we want from the greatly gifted members of the human family is the exposition of the great gifts which they possess, and whereby we may be instructed, moved, amused, or edified, as the case may be. The less we know of their defects and failures, the better.

So it is, pre-eminently, with Shakespeare. If we knew more about his private life, if we possessed his correspondence, or a larger share of the gossip of his contemporaries, we should no doubt find much that would interest us, but it is also highly probable that we should learn some things to his disadvantage. On the other hand, it is certain that we should learn nothing which would raise our estimate of his genius. It is better that we should forego this whole department of information, and be content to know Shakespeare as we know Æschylus and Plato and Virgil, as great transcendent figures in the history of mankind, as prophets and seers and creators, not as sharers in the coarser clay of our common humanity. The more we look up to them, the more we shall be willing to accept from them the great lessons which they, from their heights, are able to teach us, without reflecting that they, too, failed at times in the traffic of their daily life to maintain the standard which they reached in the highest moments of their inspiration.

If, however, we wish to know how Shakespeare walked the earth, and under what circumstances his transcendent dramas were produced, we cannot have a better guide than Mr. Lee. Following in his footsteps, we will summarize what is known of Shakespeare's external life. Born on April 22 or 23, 1564, he was a member of a family somewhat plentifully scattered among the villages of Warwickshire. "As many as thirty-four Warwickshire towns or villages were inhabited by Shakespeare families in the seventeenth century. Among them all William was a common Christian name;"² so that, not even if we find documents mentioning the name of William Shakespeare, and belonging to the county of Warwickshire, are we entitled to assume that they necessarily refer to the poet. His father, himself the son of a farmer at Snitterfield, migrated to Stratford-on-Avon, and established himself there as a trader of a somewhat miscellaneous kind. For many years he prospered in his business; he married a wife of substantial fortune; and he filled various municipal offices of considerable importance. From about 1572, however, his fortunes changed; his properties were sold or mortgaged, without liberating him from the burden of his debts, and he ceased to bear his part in the municipal duties of Stratford. Meanwhile his son William (his third child, but the eldest that survived infancy) was learning Latin and French at the Grammar School, which visitors to Stratford may still see to-day, and a knowledge of country life and country sports in the fields and woods which lay around the town;³ nor is there any sufficient reason to doubt the truth of the ancient tradition that he did not always confine his sporting excursions to land on which he was entitled to go. But before his trouble

with Sir Thomas Lucy's keepers at Charlecote, he had got into a difficulty of another kind, resulting (apparently under some compulsion from the lady's relatives) in a somewhat hurried marriage, at the age of eighteen, with a woman eight years older than himself, resident in the little cottage at Shottery, within a short and pleasant walk across the fields from Stratford, which is now, under the title of "Anne Hathaway's cottage," the property of the nation. Various indications show that the marriage was not wholly a success; and this fact may have co-operated with the Charlecote misadventure, and possibly also with his father's growing embarrassments, to drive young Shakespeare from his native town, to seek his fortune in London.

It was probably in 1585 that he left Stratford, and whether or not he made his way immediately to London, it is tolerably certain that he was there very shortly after this date. The details of his life at this time are not fully known; and tradition, or the fancies of those who think he must have had practical acquaintance with the various crafts and professions of which he shows technical knowledge in his plays, provide him during this period with various occupations, as schoolmaster, soldier, printer, lawyer's clerk, and holder of horses outside the doors of the playhouse. The last of these stories rests upon the best evidence, and the employment described is not an impossible stage in the progress which led him, at some date previous to 1594, to a place in the company of players patronized by the Earl of Leicester, the great magnate of his own native county. He entered this company in the first instance as an actor, not as an author; and an actor he remained until his final retirement from all connection with the stage. Tradition speaks fa-

² *Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 2.

³ See the Right Hon. D. B. Madden's *Diary*

of Master William Silence: a Study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Sport. (1897.)

vorably of his talents in this capacity; and though it assigns him no part of the first rank, his name nevertheless appears high in the various lists of players in which it is included. The company to which he belonged, in addition to acting in London, frequently went on tour in the provinces; and the stages of many of the towns in central and southern England may have borne him on their boards during the twenty years or so of his acting life.⁴ The speculations which have carried him abroad, however, to such places as Elsinore and Venice may safely be disregarded.

At what date he "commenced author" is unknown; but it seems certain that his first efforts took the form (very common in those pre-copyright days, when a play was the absolute property of the manager to whom the author sold his manuscript) of revisions of the work of other men. To this class belong notably "Titus Andronicus" and the three parts of "Henry VI.," the proportion of Shakespeare's work in these four plays increasing in each of them successively. "Love's Labor's Lost" is, almost beyond doubt, the earliest of his unaided productions, possibly (as Mr. Lee holds) the earliest of all his dramatic works; and this was closely followed by the "Comedy of Errors" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." To the same period belong the two historical plays "Richard III." and "Richard II.," written under the influence of Marlowe, and the first of the tragedies, "Romeo and Juliet." All of these plays must apparently be assigned to the years 1590-1594, and the number of them is sufficient proof of the young playwright's fertility in invention, while his increasing mastery of the dramatic art is plainly evident in the later plays of the group, "Richard III.," "Richard II.," and "Romeo and Juliet."

⁴ Lee, *op. cit.* p. 40.

It should be observed in passing that the precise dates of Shakespeare's plays are rarely known. Sometimes a notice of the production of a play has been preserved, but we do not always know whether it was its first appearance; and this uncertainty is increased by the prevalence of the practice of re-handling and revising plays some years after their original production. Only sixteen of Shakespeare's dramas were printed during his lifetime, and as the printing was in no case contemporary with the first production on the stage, the dates of their appearance in type only provide us with a *terminus ante quem*. The minute criticism, however, to which his works have been subjected has led to the noting of many characteristics of style and metre which are of great assistance in determining the relative ages of the several plays. It is dangerous to press the evidence of any one detail of style too far as a criterion of date, but when several different lines of evidence converge on practically the same results, they may fairly be accepted as trustworthy; and on the whole it may be said that the order of Shakespeare's plays is known with a very fair approach to certainty.

The years 1590-1594 were not, however, wholly given up to dramatic composition. It is to this period that we have also to assign the greater part of the non-dramatic poems which claim Shakespeare's authorship. In 1593 "Venus and Adonis" was printed, with a dedication, signed by the poet himself, to the Earl of Southampton; and in 1594 "The Rape of Lucrece" followed, under the same patronage. Both poems were very popular, and passed through several editions during their author's lifetime. How much earlier than the dates of their publication they were actually written cannot be known, but it is in any case clear that they belong to the earliest period of Shakespeare's literary activity, and no seri-

ous problem is connected with their chronology. The same cannot, unfortunately be said of the Sonnets, which fall next to be considered, and with which, as is well known, one of the most notable *crucis* in literary history is connected. The problem is twofold, concerning both their date and the person or persons to whom they are addressed. On both points much ink has been shed. We do not propose to add much to the effusion, but briefly to state the present aspect of the problem and Mr. Lee's attitude towards it.

What is known with certainty as to the date of production of the Sonnets is that in 1598 Francis Meres referred in laudatory terms to Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," showing that some of them, at least, were then circulating privately, as was not unusual with such compositions; that in 1599 W. Jaggard piratically printed two of them in his "Passionate Pilgrim," to which he had the impudence to attach Shakespeare's name; and that in 1609 Thomas Thorpe, equally piratically, printed the whole collection as we know it now. To this edition no author's dedication was attached, as was customary in the case of authorized publications, and as had been the case with Shakespeare's earlier volumes of poetry; but the publisher prefixed to it a dedication to "Mr. W. H., the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets," which has gone near to cause bloodshed among critics. The almost universal assumption has been that the term "begetter" implies that "Mr. W. H." was the young man of high birth to whom many of the sonnets are addressed; and while one school identifies him with the Earl of Pembroke, whose family names, William Herbert, give the desired initials correctly, a more prevalent view has seen in him the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's known friend and patron, the initials of whose name, Henry

Wriothesley, give W. H. reversed, which is surely near enough for any advocate of a theory. The controversy between these rival interpretations has raged very hotly, and turns largely upon the ages of the noblemen concerned, the details, known or supposed, of their lives and their love affairs, and the assumed dates of the sonnets. To the combatants thus engaged enters Mr. Lee with the theory (not wholly new, but never put forward so formally before) that "begetter" in the dedication means nothing more than "procurer," and with the suggestion (which we believe to be wholly new) that "Mr. W. H." is merely a stationer's assistant, William Hall, who had procured the manuscript of the poems for Thorpe to print. The theory is at first sight somewhat astounding but Mr. Lee can make out a good case for it. If Thorpe had been in a position to dedicate his volume to either Pembroke or Southampton, he would unquestionably have given him his full style and title, thereby to add *éclat* to the publication. It is conceivable that the poet might have hesitated in 1609 to connect a peer of the realm with these effusions, appropriate rather to his youth; but this consideration would not affect the piratical publisher. He would either give the name in full or not at all. Further, Pembroke was never intimate with Shakespeare, so far as we know, and he was never known as "Mr. William Herbert," but as "the Lord Herbert." With Southampton, Shakespeare was intimate enough, and it is highly probable that many of the sonnets were in fact addressed to him, but the description "Mr. W. H." applies to him still less than to Herbert. On the other hand, Thorpe had already dedicated one volume to a colleague in the trade, Blount; and William Hall had already distinguished himself as a "procurer" of literary wares, having in 1606 issued (through a different printer) some

posthumous poems of Robert Southwell, to which he prefixed a dedication signed "W. H."

For the presentation of the whole case we must refer the reader to Mr. Lee, who deals with the subject in greater detail than with any other incident in Shakespeare's life. Whether his identification of "Mr. W. H." with William Hall be accepted or not (and the evidence, though plausible, is not conclusive), he has at least shown that the identification with either Pembroke or Southampton is most improbable. Nor does his iconoclasm stop here. It has been usual to interpret the Sonnets literally, to regard their statements as autobiographical revelations: in short, to say with Wordsworth

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

Mr. Lee, on the other hand, regards them rather as poetical exercises in a vein which happened to be in fashion during the last decade of the sixteenth century.

"For the half-dozen years following the appearance of Sir Philip Sidney's volume [*'Astrophel and Stella,'* 1591], the writing of sonnets, both singly and in connected sequences, engaged more literary activity in this country than it engaged at any period here or elsewhere. Men and women of the cultivated Elizabethan nobility encouraged poets to celebrate in single sonnets their virtues and graces, and under the same patronage there were produced multitudes of sonnet-sequences which more or less fancifully narrated, after the manner of Petrarch and his successors, the pleasures and pains of love. Between 1591 and 1597 no aspirant to poetic fame in the country failed to seek a patron's ears by a trial of skill on the popular poetic instrument, and Shakespeare, who habitually kept abreast of the currents of contemporary literary taste, applied himself to sonnetteering with all the force of his

poetic genius, when the fashion was at its height." (pp. 83, 84.)

To the support of this thesis, Mr. Lee brings the result of a detailed examination of the Elizabethan sonnet-literature which goes far to make out his case. Readers of the *Church Quarterly Review* may remember that a similar view has been advocated by Professor Courthope with regard to the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney;⁴ and the personal note is not struck more strongly by Shakespeare than by Sidney. We were prepared to accept this view with regard to Sidney's sonnets; we are still more ready to accept it with regard to Shakespeare's. We have never been able to agree with those who profess to find in the Sonnets the quintessence of passion, the self-revelation of the depths of the soul. Artificiality is stamped deep upon the whole series. Many of the sonnets are mere elaborations of fantastic conceits, irreconcilable with real and deep feeling. No doubt there are exceptions. The finest sonnets express the true thoughts of the poet's mind in solemn, sometimes magnificent, language; but these are precisely the sonnets in which the theme is least that of love. It may be said that conceits were of the essence of poetic style at the time when the sonnets were written; but a reference to the lyrics of Elizabethan poets of far lower rank than Shakespeare will show that it was by no means impossible to express a genuine passion in genuine language. The excessive employment of conventional language by any writer may be due either to deliberate purpose—an experimentation on a set theme in a set style—or to inability to express himself save under accepted and prevalent forms. The latter alternative cannot apply to Shakespeare, and we are

⁴ *History of English Literature*, vol. II.; cf. *Church Quarterly Review*, xlv. 114.

therefore thrown back on the former. Shakespeare no doubt took some real friend (probably Southampton) as the subject of his poems; but he addressed him because he wished to write sonnets, and did not write sonnets because he wished to address him. Round the nucleus of real experience he built his imaginative structure, and where experience ends and imagination begins we are no longer in a position to say; but we believe no more than Browning that Shakespeare truly unlocked his heart with this sonnet-key.

We have dwelt rather long on this question of the Sonnets, because it is the most novel and controversial part of Mr. Lee's book. His theory with regard to them, enforced as it is by a wide induction from the Elizabethan literature of similar type, is his chief contribution to Shakespearian criticism. For the rest, he is mainly employed in collecting and sifting the conclusions of others. Yet it would be wrong to attach too much importance to the Sonnets. Despite the indiscriminate epithets of praise that have been lavished upon them, and despite their very real beauty, we venture to affirm that if Shakespeare were known by them alone, he would not stand even at the head of English sonnetteers. Great they (or rather some of them) are, and notable they must always be; but in Shakespeare it is not the poet of the Sonnets that we reverence, but the creator of Macbeth and Lear, of Falstaff and Beatrice and Rosalind.

To the dramas, then, it is time to return, taking up the tale where we dropped it, after the production of "Richard II." and "Romeo and Juliet." The plays which followed these, without any such break as we have here made in the narrative, "King John" and "The Merchant of Venice," show a marked advance in dramatic force and characterization; and they were succeeded, probably in 1595, by the de-

lightful extravaganza of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In "All's Well that Ends Well," and "The Taming of a Shrew" (the latter a revision of an old play by another hand) we may seem—except for the character of Helena in the former play—to go back to the style of the earlier dramas, such as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Comedy of Errors;" but they pave the way to a brilliant group of plays, in which grave and gay are mingled with that unique power which is one of Shakespeare's greatest glories. These are the historical dramas of "Henry IV." (both parts), and "Henry V.," with their kindred comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." These form an unrivalled galaxy of wit and wisdom, and with them (all apparently written before the end of 1598) Shakespeare's genius may be said to have reached its maturity.

And what a maturity it was. It is almost incredible that ten such plays should have been produced in seven years as those which Shakespeare composed between 1599 and 1606: first, three supreme comedies—"Much Ado about Nothing," "As you Like It," and "Twelfth Night;" then in 1601, "Julius Cæsar," the first of his Roman trilogy, with that magnificent *tour de force*, the speech of Antony over Cæsar's corpse; next "Hamlet," the most marvellous and most enigmatic of plays; then, as by a sort of reaction, "Trollius and Cressida," the least successful of the productions of this great period, but amply compensated for by the four most powerfully tragic plays that even Shakespeare ever wrote, "Othello," "Measure for Measure" (strangely reckoned as a comedy in the traditional classification), "Macbeth," and "King Lear." Nothing can explain such a combination of quantity with quality, and nothing can minimize such an achievement. We can only say that Shakespeare's genius was so high and

strong that the natural outpourings of his mind reached the highest point of creative power attained by man; that to him it was as easy to create immortal types of humanity, to make his creatures do and say exactly the true and the natural thing, as it is to a lesser man to pour out newspaper leaders or magazine articles. Considering this record, we can well believe the players' tradition preserved by Ben Jonson that he "never blotted a line;" for only under such conditions could such a mass of work have been produced. It also explains the fact that, so far as is known by tradition or can be gathered from his works, he was quite unconscious of the supreme quality of his genius. To him it came naturally to produce on this higher plane, while his contemporaries labored under the difficulty, common to all contemporary criticism, of distinguishing the creation of enduring types of humanity from the production of superficial and ephemeral portraits of contemporary manners. There is only one parallel in modern literature to such fertility of creative power, and that is in the case of Sir Walter Scott.

After the great seven years, some reaction was natural; and in "Timon of Athens," which followed "Lear" in 1607, we find tragic gloom, and something of the spirit of Lear himself, without the same convincingness of characterization or the same blending of pity with terror. In part this may be accounted for by the fact that Shakespeare was not working single-handed, but with some coadjutor unknown, to whom most of the third and fifth acts are assigned. This was even more the case with the next play, "Pericles," in which he is believed to have had as his assistants George Wilkins and William Rowley, dramatists unequal to work in such a partnership. But in "Antony and Cleopatra," written probably in 1608, Shakespeare's

genius shines out again in its greatest splendor; and "Coriolanus," if perhaps less commanding, is less only in the sense that even among Shakespeare's great plays there must be degrees of greatness and success. Finally a sereener tone than that of the great tragedies, "an ampler ether, a diviner air," may be felt in "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," with which Shakespeare's dramatic career practically ends. Other plays there were, such as the lost play, "Cardenio," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and "Henry VIII.," which were produced at a later date than "The Tempest," and in the authorship of which Shakespeare is believed to have had a hand; but these may have been unfinished drafts which managers of the theatre handed over to another dramatist (apparently, in each case, John Fletcher) to revise and complete, just as Shakespeare himself, at the beginning of his career, had re-handled the work of other men.

By the time these plays were produced upon the stage the dramatist had apparently left the scene of his triumphs. With the completion of "The Tempest" in 1611, Shakespeare, like his own Prospero, broke his staff and buried his book, and returned to mere sublunary affairs and occupations. Of his share in these it is now time to speak, for, as Mr. Lee argues, it is an essential characteristic of Shakespeare that his ability did not exhaust itself in dramatic production, but was capable of practical exercise in worldly interests. During the years which followed his migration from Stratford to London, his father's difficulties had continually increased, and records of actions against him for debt are frequent. For eleven years the poet did not return to his native town, but with his first visit, in 1596, the actions against his father cease, and are not renewed. At the same time, the father,

probably at the son's desire, made application to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms, which, however, was not finally granted until 1599. Having once broken the ice by this first return, and being now by his advance in his profession a man of substance, the poet appears to have visited Stratford annually, and to have taken a prominent position among its inhabitants. In 1597 he bought the house known as New Place, the largest mansion in the town, and restored it from the ruin into which it had fallen, though he did not take up his own abode in it till his final retirement from the dramatic profession in 1611.

The question is sometimes asked, "How was Shakespeare able to afford such large outlays as the Stratford records imply?" The adherents of the Baconian theory have even found here a mystery insoluble except on the hypothesis that he was receiving large sums of money from a wealthy patron in return for secret services, such as lending his name to cloak that patron's dramatic activities. Therefore Mr. Lee does a useful piece of work when he draws up a statement of Shakespeare's probable income in 1599, just before he became part owner of the Globe Theatre (pp. 196-204). As playwright, at the current rates of remuneration (from 6*l.* to 11*l.* for a new play, about 4*l.* for revising an old play, and certain extras in the way of benefits), he was probably earning about 20*l.* a year. As actor his receipts would be much larger, probably about 110*l.* a year, making 130*l.* in all; and since the purchasing power of money in Elizabeth's reign was about eight times what it is now, such an income would be equivalent to some 1,000*l.* at the present day. In addition, it must be remembered that in the Earl of South-

ampton he had a munificent patron and friend, who on one occasion, according to tradition, gave him a large sum of money in order to complete a purchase. After 1599, when the Globe Theatre was built, his income must have been considerably larger, since he held in it a part share, which may have brought him in anything from 200*l.* to 400*l.*, beside his salary as an actor. He also held a small share in the Blackfriars Theatre, while the rates of remuneration of dramatists rose considerably under James I. Altogether Mr. Lee estimates that during the latter part of his life he was earning above 600*l.* a year in money of the period, equivalent to about 5,000*l.* now. With such an income he was well able to make the investments in landed property in Stratford to which the town records bear witness. At his death he left, as his will shows, 350*l.* in money, with a considerable amount of real estate, purchased at short intervals in the years 1599 to 1611—the years, be it noted, in which he was also producing the finest works of his dramatic genius.

In 1611 he probably sold his share in the two theatres and retired to Stratford, though still paying occasional visits to town, where he even purchased in 1613 a house in Blackfriars, a transaction which is incidentally of interest to us since to it we owe the production of two out of the five extant examples of Shakespeare's handwriting.* Various details of his life at Stratford, which have been preserved in record or tradition, show that he was a person of consequence in his native town, and that his later years were spent, as Rowe the actor says, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends."[†] He was not an old man, but his health was failing. Early

* Namely, his signature to the purchase-deed (now in the Guildhall Library) and to a mortgage on the house for part of the purchase money (now in the British Museum). The three

remaining signatures are on the three sheets of his will, preserved at Somerset House.

[†] Lee, p. 266.

in 1616 his will was prepared, and not long before it was needed. According to the evidence of the vicar of Stratford, it was to a visit from his friends Ben Jonson and Drayton, and to the festivity therefrom resulting, that his last illness was due. In March, the will, prepared in January, was signed, and on the 23d of April he died. His body lies, as all visitors to Stratford know, in the chancel of the beautiful parish church,* hard by the altar—a position to which he was entitled as part owner of the tithes—and above it the bust of the poet looks down on the thousands of visitors from all the English-speaking nations, who make their pilgrimage to the grave of the greatest master of their world-wide tongue.

Thus far we have followed Mr. Lee through his great undertaking, and have nothing but admiration for the way in which he has performed it. There is much in addition which we have not even summarized, such as the careful account of the various extant portraits of Shakespeare, the bibliography of his works and his posthumous fame, and the ten appendices on certain special points (mainly in connection with the Sonnets) which bear witness alike to Mr. Lee's learning and his industry. It is a work of which Mr. Lee may be proud, and for which his readers may be grateful. And yet it leaves us still asking for more. We still have the vision of a biography of Shakespeare which shall tell us not less of what he did and more of what he was. Will not some one do for the æs-

thetic criticism of Shakespeare what Mr. Lee has done for his biography—put aside all indiscriminate laudation and enthusiastic superlatives, and present us with a sane and critical appreciation of his genius? It is not a new view of him that we want, since a new Shakespeare is little likely to be a true one, but a discrimination between the wheat and the tares which have been so plentifully lavished upon us by previous critics. It is a task requiring great taste, great literary skill, and great knowledge, especially of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. We do not want a study of Shakespeare merely as we see him now, as the crowned king of English, nay, of the world's, literature; but we want a study of him in relation to his own times, showing what in him is due to his surroundings, what he shares with that amazing brotherhood of dramatists with and among whom he worked, and what is due to his own genius. We shall not admire him less, but more, from a true apprehension of his relation to his contemporaries; and we shall see more clearly than is always the case in these days when to blame Shakespeare is almost sacrilege and to praise him is commonplace, wherein precisely his real greatness consists. It is much that we ask, and needs an exceptionally gifted man; but it should not be beyond the power of the race to produce such a man. It is a debt that we owe to Shakespeare, and a debt that should be discharged if we are to show ourselves duly grateful for the privilege that has been bestowed upon us of being his fellow-countrymen and heirs to the products of his genius.

* Terribly disfigured, though, by the appeals for donations (addressed especially to Americans) which meet one at every turn.

GIRLS' NOVELS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

England invented the modern novel for girls. During the Second Empire the Parisians began to learn English, and the English novel for girls was used as a school text-book. It achieved popularity—a popularity which it has retained, for it still forms the staple of French girls' reading. Imitation was inevitable, and the *selfelpistas* of Italy are not more indubitably of Anglo-Saxon derivation than that school of French writers which acknowledges Mme. Craven as its head and the "Récit d'une Sœur" as its chief work. The net result of the whole movement, now some sixty years old, is widespread unhappiness for a nation of *jeunes filles* who have been mischievously taught by its agency to regard future husbands as lovers instead of as the mere "embodiment of marriage and the family." Such, stated afresh, is the conclusion of Mme. Yetta Blaze de Bury, who, under the title "Girls' Novels in France," contributes to the North American Review a literary essay in the style of Anatole France, at once acute, witty, cynical, and graciously malign.

Mme. de Bury is unmerciful towards the author of the "Récit d'une Cœur," that blameless volume of which the fortieth edition is now on sale. We cannot but rejoice at her courageous and uncompromising attitude. With our English ideas, we might forgive Mme. Craven for having rendered two generations of French girls miserable by means of a romantic inoculation, but we could not excuse her monstrous snobbishness (Mme. de Bury with exquisite tact refers to her "vigorous tones of the spirit of caste"), nor her fanatical religiosity. In certain ways Mme. Craven surpassed the worst excesses of her English exemplars. We

are reminded by Mme. de Bury of the Marchioness de Livernois, who said that "a gentleman cannot fall lower than in becoming a manufacturer," and of the young Marquis, who broke off his engagement with a beautiful English girl because the child made fun of a priest on Good Friday. Who will dissent from the verdict that "such books as these are written for a special public, a public composed of fossils, a public which since 1830 has given up everything excepting the admiration of its own obstinacy?" Even the Sunday-school which cast out Kipling might agree that the religion inculcated by such literature "is not the religion of the Gospel, but of a coterie; and the representation of human duty is just as false in these books, where honor and honesty turn their backs upon each other." It is with a gaiety only half hidden that our critic adds: "The duchesses in France for whom Mme. Craven wrote have for a long time now come chiefly from the manufacturing classes."

After Mme. Craven comes Mm. Gréville, the apostle of the "Sainte Bourgeoisie," with a snobbishness even more outrageous, in that it works in both directions, both upwards and downwards, not only against the proletariat, but against Mme. Craven's duchesses themselves. Mme. de Bury seems scarcely to catch the irony of this situation. But, in truth, she does not expend many words upon the author of "Le Fiancé de Sylvie," who is little more than a link between Mme. Craven and those more modern and infinitely more excellent writers, Mme. Caro and Mme. Th. Bentzon, both of whom, if we mistake not, have, like Mme. Craven, been translated into English.

Mme. de Bury is generous in praise of Mmes. Caro and Bentzon. And she is right. The former's "Roman de Jeune Fille" is probably, judged as literature, the best and strongest "story for girls" ever written; and judged as a moral influence, it must also take high rank. As for Mme. Bentzon, it may be said that she has won the admiration of girls, and of critics like Mr. Andrew Lang. She is, in a word, an artist, though with perhaps less sheer imaginative strength than Mme. Caro. Not all her books, however, would commend themselves to the British matron. "Tony," for instance, is what the British matron, if she expressed herself in French, would probably call *shoking*. To prove the charge we need only say that the heroine's father—her mother is dead—makes a mistress of one of his servants, and that the heroine lives on terms of familiarity with the fruit of this irregular union—Master Tony. Such a plot for such a book would be impossible in England. Yet are we not given to understand that the art of keeping young girls innocent reaches its highest perfection in France? If there are many girls' novels containing situations similar to that in "Tony," the existence of Marcel Prévost's "Demi-Vierges" may conceivably be explained by the very fact!

With Mme. de Bury's final paragraph upon the ideal characteristics of the novel written for French girls, we concur. She says:

In our opinion, the true "girls' novel" is the one that accentuates the rôle of personal responsibility instead of diminishing it, the novel, in fine, such as it is conceived by Mme. Caro and Mme. Bentzon, the novel which enables girls to see clearly into their own hearts. The taste for the things of the soul, the preference the French-woman has for seeking to know what is going on in the heart, is peculiarly manifest in the child, who among us will be much

more interested in Cinderella's thoughts and feelings than in the splendor of the godmother's coach.

A sense of personal responsibility is exactly what the "young person" lacks, especially in France, where nothing but marriage gives to a woman the license to think for herself. Therefore, if the young person's novels are to be didactic, let them be didactic in fostering this sense. Here springs up a larger question: Should the young person's novels be didactic? Why must the young person, any more than the emancipated wife, be compelled to eat bread with her cake? Why should she learn out of school hours? Why, in her special case, should fiction be strained beyond the simple sincere presentation of life, or part of life? We fancy that Mme. de Bury, had she chosen to touch these points with precision, would have declared against any sort of overt or covert didacticism; her phrase, "accentuate the rôle," might mean anything or nothing. But, the fact is, Mme. de Bury is not disposed to take the girls' novels of France, even the best, too seriously. Her concern for them is strictly that of the disinterested observer, as would be expected from a lady who is not afraid to satisfy a more jaded taste. Nearly at the beginning of her article she inquires: "What necessity is there for a girl to read novels?" We should reply, "In France, none." In France, where girls not only act but think at the word of parental command, it would certainly be simpler to forbid all girls' novels, by general social edict. No revolution would follow.

But in England, where the girl is a force, and in America, where the girl is paramount, the question of girls' novels has, or should have, an authentic importance. It would richly repay consideration, and, like most questions which would richly repay consideration, it is neglected by sociologists. If

Mme. de Bury had written, for instance, on "Girls' Novels in America," she would have performed a service instead of merely producing a diversion. Who, except American girls, knows anything exact of girls' novels in America—one of the great influences everlastingly at work in the formation of the national character? Probably, since in the republic of letters the United States form a suburb of London, the girls' novels of America are much like the girls' novels of England. If so, we take them to be sufficiently feeble. The immediate future of the girls' novel in England is not more rosy than its immediate past. We still have Charlotte M. Yonge; but Miss Yonge is no longer producing things like "Heir of Redclyffe," a work which remains, despite faults and limitations, a powerful book, standing in England as "*Roman de Jeune Fille*" in France. There is no girls' author of to-day with half the prestige which Miss Yonge enjoyed in the seventies. The single recent recruit of promise is Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, whose fiction for girls has delicacy, unusual breadth, unusual wit, and a real literary flavor. Of the "practised hands," Mrs. L. T. Meade has discovered that she can write sensational tales for the man in the street as well as any one in the three kingdoms, and naturally she does little else. Mrs. Molesworth usually caters for the quite small girl. Miss Rosa N. Carey, Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, Miss Hesba Stretton—these ladies do not excite us by leaving the trodden ways.

Turn to the periodicals which devote themselves to girls, and there is perceptible no brilliant light in the east. The most expensive and luxurious of all, *The Girls' Realm*—may we say that it appeals to the English equivalent of Mme. Craven's duchesses?—has in its current number an instalment of a serial by Miss Carey. In quoting the following passage from it we should

like to ask whether "the vigorous tones of the spirit of caste" were ever more implacably struck by Mme. Craven herself:

This question had been asked several years before, but as she grew older Bonnie had not interested herself in her mother's fate. Somehow she had taken it for granted that her father had married beneath him, and that her mother was not a lady; and having a proud spirit she was quite willing to ignore the existence of a humbly born, uneducated parent.

At the other end of the scale is *The Girls' Friend*, with twelve pages for a halfpenny, "three grand, long serial tales," and probably a tremendous circulation. Here is an extract from a summary of the principal serial, the author being Miss Mabel St. John:

Maurice Ainslie, really the Earl of Rothdale, and his friend John Beaumont are touring the country in the disguise of artists. The former rescues a young lady who has slipped into the river. Her beauty and charm of manner at once impress the mind of the young earl.

The two friends visit a local theatre, and, to Maurice's astonishment, the young lady of his adventure appears on the stage. Her professional name is Claire Alaine.

Beaumont taunts Maurice about losing his heart over an actress, and the latter promptly knocks his friend down.

Maurice proposes to Claire, and is accepted. Beaumont does not relish the news, and, with a sinister purpose in view, drugs Maurice's coffee. He then meets Claire, and endeavors to persuade her to forget his friend. She promises.

If any English renaissance of literature for girls were to occur, a searching and unprejudiced investigation of their literary tastes ought, if this world were Utopia, to precede it. Very little is actually known of girls' real tastes, even by their mothers. We are

apt to assume that they are what we think they ought to be—an absurd and perilous assumption. We may be sure that whatever the literary taste of the average girl is, it is not catholic. In this connection there never was a wilder theory than that which says: "Turn the average healthy girl into a good library, and she will instinctively choose what is good for her." She will do

nothing of the kind, for girls are human beings, though we use every effort to conceal the fact from them and from ourselves. It is doubtful, too, whether the average girl veritably prefers a love story to any other sort of story. It may be so in France—Mme. de Bury says it is—but there is no question that many English girls prefer boys' books to girls' books.

The Academy.

THE DECLINE OF THE LATIN RACES.*

I.

The history of nations presents a number of curious phenomena which we are apt to overlook, but which are nevertheless worthy of our most serious consideration; and the one among these to which I would call attention, in this place, is the succession of different orders of civilization and the constant displacement of one by another. In the course of this movement the acquired civilization is variously transformed and developed, in accordance with the genius of different nations; whence a conflict often arises, either open or concealed, wherein the nations which have not kept pace with the evolution that has taken place elsewhere, but repel the contact of new elements, are doomed, however high their previous grade of civilization, to inevitable defeat and death.

The ancient empires of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt come before us in history, like specimens out of bygone geological epochs, of races that succumbed to the climatic changes accompanying vast terrestrial transformations, and never again revived. The remnant which escaped the general extinction of the species could live on only in a climate similar to its own. In New

Zealand, there was to be found, up to within a few years, a gigantic bird, a sort of colossal ostrich, called the *Dinornis*—a single survival from the ancient fauna; and the elephants which now are found only in certain parts of Asia and Africa, are the last representatives of those animals with trunks which inhabited almost every part of the primeval world.

It is thus that natural history supplies us with examples analagous to those which we find in social history; for there is a social as well as an animal paleontology. Nations which lived at remote epochs, with customs and social forms adapted to those epochs, were extinguished as nations beyond revival, while populations descended from those extinct nations constitute an incoherent residuum, incapable of recombining itself into an organic national whole. We see this in the case of all the inhabitants of the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, as well as those of Asia-Minor and of Egypt, as conquered by the Arabs. They exist as semi-barbarous tribes, more or less passively obedient to the Turkish rule, but utterly incapable and refractory as regards European civilization; the formless and fragmentary relics of their old civic traditions persisting among them, as an obstinate and deep-

*Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.

ly imprinted survival, which absolutely precludes the assimilation of modern culture.

After the extinction of the Oriental, comes that of the Occidental, or rather of the Mediterranean peoples. Egypt succumbs to the last of the Romans, and is destroyed and transformed under the Arabs. Greece, a small nation, without political unity, though mistress of all the Occident in the matter of civilization, yields in the first instance to the Roman empire, and perishes under the barbarous Turk. Finally, the grandiose empire of Rome itself, after a struggle for life protracted through four centuries, disappears off the face of the earth.

Concerning the causes of these great and terrible events, much has been said and written. Some have attributed them to the corruption of individual men; others to a natural decline; erroneously, as I think, in both instances, because facts of this nature are more likely to have been effects than causes of national death. Nor has there been any lack of historians and philosophers who have attempted to explain the decline and fall of the Roman empire, on grounds all the more important to ourselves, because of their general European significance.

Doubtless the phenomenon is complex, and many distinct causes, both social and ethnical—that is to say, dependent upon social arrangements, or upon the national stock and its anthropological characteristic—may have combined to induce the catastrophe. To these must be added international causes, or those arising from the contact of nations differing in their genius and the character of their civilization, whether such nations be already strong and highly developed, or still in the process of formation, barbarous or semi-barbarous, but with peculiar customs and a social order of their own. It seems to me, however, that a large

number of these causes may be reduced to one,—the most comprehensive, efficacious and fatal in its effects of all—the cause to which I have already alluded and which may be expressed by the single word—*immobility*.

A rapid survey of the social institutions of the oldest Mesopotamian states—that is to say, of the Asiatic states and Egypt—reveals a system, or series of systems, under which religion, military organization, civil and political administration, art, science, manners and the daily life of the people took on a development and assumed a form totally different from that which they received under the systems of the two great Mediterranean nations, of Greece and Rome. Among the latter, the individual was active and free; among the former he was absorbed in an organic whole, commanded by a single ruler, who lived secluded and concealed from the vast mass of his obedient and servile subjects. These Oriental nations always resisted the introduction of new ideas and customs, and every transformation or modification, however minute, of existing social forms, preferring to cling to those which they already possessed, and to a form of civilization attained in their own way and adapted to their own tendencies. Contact with nations more advanced, more supple, more prolific in the germs of a new life, either was strongly resisted or remained unfruitful. The sovereign repelled all novel suggestions, and the people were equally inhospitable to every influence originating outside of their own boundaries.

Witness the Jews, who have persistently kept out of the general movement of civilization and evolution of social forms, and who still, though dispersed like the fragments of an exploded planet, resist not merely the impulses born of international relations, but even more obstinately those which are daily and directly received from

the peoples who surround them and the society amid which they live.

When human societies make progress, and civilization assumes new forms, the nations which resist the onward movement, and refuse to change, grow old and die. Their only way to escape extinction, or at least to resist it for a time, is to isolate themselves completely, repudiating, in their seclusion, the introduction of any new element, and carefully shunning all contact of international relations. China, with her closed ports and boundary wall, offers the most striking example of such a policy. By means of such expedients, her life as a nation has been marvellously protracted. She is the oldest of the nations, and her place is in the department of social paleontology. She is the Asian *Dinornis*, and as surely doomed to extinction as the bird of New Zealand. The symptoms of dissolution are already plainly visible. She has yielded, perforce, to attacks from without; her frontiers are all wide open; her days are unmistakably numbered. The difference in social structure between Europe and China,—between Occidental civilization which has been so many times transformed, and the unchangeable arrest of civilization in the Orient,—is so enormous that it is no longer possible for China to escape her fate by an act of immediate and rapid assimilation.

Immobility will inevitably, sooner or later, prove the destruction of any nation. Was this the cause of the fall of the Roman empire? I myself have no doubt of it; and I propose first to demonstrate the fact, and then proceed from the decadence of Rome to consider that of the so-called Latin nations.

II.

Nations which are small at the outset, and increase gradually, through

their own proper vigor, form for themselves, as one may say, a peculiar social climate; that is to say, they create institutions adapted to their own nature, their situation on the globe, and their relations with other peoples. The individuals who compose them assume a common type as regards all the forms and activities which are evolved in process of time; and thus there is created a national sentiment: a habit of mind which is shared by all; a common intelligence involving a common view of universal needs and the direction of political activity. Artistic and scientific tendencies may also be developed and even the desire of national acquisition, while all the time the base of the social structure and the forms involved therein remain absolutely unchanged. It was thus that Rome grew, and every nation which grows as Rome did is a highly vitalized nation; because this is the natural way with all things destined to become great and strong. It is analagous to the biological law whereby the period of growth in animals and plants is long in proportion to the mass and longevity of the subject; whereby man himself, the most intelligent of all animals, has a long formative period, comprising twenty years for physical, and more for mental maturity.

Unquestionably, during this period of growth, nations are subjected to influences of all sorts from other nations, neighboring or more remote, by means of different mutual relations. A civilization does not make its appearance like a phenomenon of spontaneous generation, nor is it nourished solely on its own native internal alimentary substances. External impulses, of which some are violent and some pacific—such as those imparted by commerce and other friendly international relations—are needful to its full development. If a nation have the germs of vitality within, its development is normal. Its

growth inevitable; with its hour of maturity will assuredly come the integration of all its forces. External influences will be assimilated, in accordance with the type and tendencies of the growing nation which receives them; that is to say, at the proper time, and conformably with the ethnic peculiarities of the nation.

Thus did Rome assimilate, more or less consciously, certain elements out of the Etruscan civilization, and certain others out of the Greek; that is to say, out of the civilizations prevailing in the Mediterranean basin about the seventh century B. C. But all these elements were transformed in the crucible of her own physical and mental activity, and there issued a product with characteristics of its own which still goes by the name of Latin civilization; and by virtue of which it became the great and enviable privilege of Rome to serve as a guide to the nations of Europe thereafter to be born.

As soon as Rome became adult, she felt the need of expansion in all ways and upon all sides, through conquest and colonization. In the way of expansion, she contracted ample and varied relations; conquered and destroyed old nations, conquered and subjugated barbarous tribes; made herself acquainted with their manners and customs, and made use of such knowledge in subduing them; had the practical good sense to unite the barbarians to her own legions as auxiliaries, and to aggregate them in colonies—into which she imported as far as might be her own institutions and her own social order.

But although respecting with a large tolerance the customs and religions of conquered nationalities, the Roman people preserved, wherever it effected a settlement and obtained an ascendancy, its own social forms and political character. It assimilated nothing from aliens; and refused to modify in the

least degree the form of its own civilization. Why should a sovereign people accept suggestions from barbarians? What had it to learn from them? The Rome of Italy was the Rome of the provinces, the Rome of the world-wide empire—invariable, immovable, in all its manifestations, both social and political. Nor is this a solitary phenomenon in the history of nations. It is common to all those which, like Rome, have obtained command of a considerable portion of the known world. All good they conceive to be within themselves; nothing outside is worthy of their consideration. The sole external influence to which Rome ever yielded, and that reluctantly, was the artistic and intellectual influence of Greece.

It may be objected that Imperial Rome did adopt from the barbarians, that is from the races whom she subjugated, certain customs, fashions in dress and other foreign luxuries; but things of this kind cannot influence the social, political, practical character of a people. They were harmful in her case because they were unconnected with any useful or substantial influence. Rome saw before her a series of peoples in process of becoming nations, and, such being the fact, her own social and political institutions might have been completely transformed by the introduction of fresh, novel, and relatively modern elements. Instead of this when, under the Empire, Rome had attained the summit of her greatness, she became as immovable as the Eastern nations had been before her; and this, notwithstanding the fact that her institutions, political and social, were both superior to theirs, and, apparently, far more supple and susceptible of progress and improvement than those of the older nations. When, at last, Rome received from the Orient the most novel impulse of all—that of Christianity, her immobility took on the aspect of a lethal rigor; she aban-

doned even her customary toleration, and became the ruthless tyrant and persecutress of free thought and feeling.

Thus did Rome lose the splendid plasticity which had characterized her period of growth, and become socially and politically immovable. But immobility is already retreat. Not to advance is to lag behind the universal movement; and it becomes increasingly difficult to hold a position which grows graver and more perilous from day to day. The contact with peoples unlike herself in genius and in manner; even with semi-barbarous peoples like the Celts and Germans, or depressed and subdued, but still highly civilized, peoples like the Greeks and Egyptians, or with peoples as remote as the Asiatics of the Mediterranean, ought to have convinced or at least warned the mistress of the world that nations are not all of one type, nor social institutions of one form; it should have convinced her that by adopting, even sparingly, the best from other peoples, and by modifying her own institutions to suit the new international conditions created by conquest and the establishment of the empire—rendering them thus more modern and hence more thoroughly alive—she would have kept her commanding position, but with new phases of culture and a modified social scheme. These however, are essentially modern considerations, the result of posthumous reflection. They do not occur to a people still subsisting at a given epoch in its own historic atmosphere. Such a people instead will inevitably follow the curve naturally described both by individual and national life, which attains its highest point at the adult period and thence declines, rapidly or slowly, gloriously or darkly. There comes into play, moreover, at this same fatal period, another factor which contributes powerfully to the immobility of great nations,—and that

is, their national pride, which, however, is equally a characteristic of primitive and savage tribes. Their own institutions are always regarded as the best, and for this reason to be preserved intact. Every nation values itself above all other nations, and ostentatiously repudiates all foreign influence; though much that is foreign is always unconsciously accepted and adopted.

Those who insist upon referring the decline of the Roman Empire to luxury, vice and domestic corruption, do not sufficiently realize that these facts are usually but the secondary and concomitant causes of a nation's fall; that license of manners, political dishonesty and such like miseries become noticeable only at an advanced stage of a decadence which may have been long in progress, but hidden from view by the dazzling splendor of national renown; just as the great solar spots are concealed by the overwhelming radiance of the star on which they appear. As wealth, greatness and glory decline, a nation's faults become increasingly conspicuous, and upon these descends the final blow. Nevertheless, if corruption of one kind or another be not the primary cause of decadence, an ever increasing corruption becomes the concomitant cause of a swifter and more complete ruin. And such was probably the case in imperial Rome.

The barbarians accomplished the material destruction of that ancient and colossal edifice which represented the Roman Empire, because that Empire had no longer the strength either to restrain them within their own proper bounds, or the conditions which fitted her to hold her own in a conflict of nations which had assumed new forms and demanded new methods—very unlike the antiquated and disused methods of her own prime. The new nations had perforce to establish themselves upon new social bases, and the

old Roman society to melt away; and at this point appeared corruption, administrative and military impotence, and all the other ills which accompany the decline of great states.

III.

The Middle Age has been variously explained and interpreted; but it was unquestionably an era of new national and social formations, and of transition from the old order to the new, which was to arise upon its ruins. When the first rays of the new dawn appeared, many nations were found fully constituted, and others were in process of formation. Italy existed as a series of fragments of that Roman Empire which now belonged as surely to the realm of social paleontology as that of the Assyrians or Babylonians. And here we must pause for a moment, in order to study the *trajectory* of the social and civic movement, as it became apparent among nations having a close affinity with one another.

Pending the discovery of new facts which may enable us more precisely to define the origins and prehistoric stages of our civilization, we may affirm in a general way that the latter, in most of its manifestations, was a gift of the East, and especially of the Mesopotamian Valley and the Eastern Mediterranean to the West. It involved all the populations of African origin, representing the so-called children of Ham, or Eur-Africans, who not merely occupied the whole Mediterranean basin, but had spread themselves northward over the greater part of Europe. Primitive civilization, neolithic in the first instance, but subsequently employing metals, progressed from the Orient to the Mediterranean, and thence to the centre and north of Europe. With the establishment of the great Oriental monarchies, civilization

assumed a more definite form through its fusion with social and political institutions; and the immense disparity between Oriental and Occidental or Mediterranean civilization became clearly apparent, when the latter came into prominence with the rise of Greece and Rome. As the great Oriental powers waned, the two Occidentals waxed in greatness, until the former received their death-blow at the hands of Alexander of Macedon and the Roman legions, and Rome was finally left alone, victorious and supreme.

The peoples who had created that more ancient civilization which shone over the Orient, were now but the disjointed and dispersed fragments of a colossal whole. As nations, they had ceased to exist. Their remote descendants are still to be seen roaming over regions all but depopulated, among the shapeless remains of Nineveh and Babylon, or in the deserts that surround Palmyra, subject to a dominion which retains not so much as the memory of their ancient glories. These people never recovered their lost nationality and never will recover it. Vestiges are to be found among them of the Assyrians and Babylonians of old;—an indelible stamp, which is but the seal of their social demise. They are the fossil remains of an extinct society.

Rome carried along with her all-conquering arms Occidental civilization to the ends of Europe, diffusing it among a chaotic herd of people variously known as Gauls, Celts, Britons, Germans, Dacians or Sarmatians. They were as barbarous as their names, but they were strong and had tremendous staying power. Subjugated, one by one, they assimilated the Latin civilization in different proportions, modifying it in each instance to suit their own inborn genius and peculiar institutions. As the Roman languages were born of the Latin, assimilated but at the

same time altered in accordance with different native dialects, so was it with the institutions, civil and social, of the new peoples. For then occurred something novel and most important in the history of modern populations, a new removal, namely, of the civil polity and social institutions of the Mediterranean toward the north and west of Europe; while in their original seats they were tending toward decline and extinction, as had those of the Orient before them.

But the movement in question was slow, even secular. It began in the Middle Ages with the fall of the Roman Empire, and is only now complete. We have here the decadence of the Latin races attested by indisputable facts and logically accounted for.

IV.

The Roman Empire perished under the repeated attacks of the barbarians, and disappeared from outward view; but from the traditions, affections and desires of the people who remained the representative of its glory, it never disappeared. If Italy, after the great catastrophe, had been left undisturbed by new invaders from all parts of the world, and if any one of the fragments into which the nation had been split, and which became the republics of Florence, Venice and Milan, etc., had been free to expand as ancient Rome had done, it might soon have become, by the help of new methods and new social and political institutions, a new nation in the true sense of the word, and escaped the dolorous vicissitudes of the next fourteen centuries. But one condition would have been essential to any such resurrection, or reconstitution:—the Roman tradition would have had to be a nulled,—and with it the unhealthy desire and ambition to restore the Empire. Unfortunately, this did not happen—say rather that,

by an unavoidable fatality, it could not happen. The past had been too glorious. The civilization of the country, in spite of all the changes it had undergone through violence, and of historic necessity, was still, to all intents and purposes, a Latin civilization; and none of those who thought and wrought for the restoration of Italy dreamed of a future better than the past. Those who labored for our national salvation saw in a resuscitation of the dead Empire the only possibility of Italian greatness. Dante is the type of them all; Petrarch and Cola di Rienzo imagined similar Utopias. It was the old nation—ruined and dismembered—which aspired to its old dominion, and had not the mental perspicacity which would have enabled it to see that the ages were moving by untried ways, toward novel institutions. It was the self-same immobility, or rather *immobilism*, that had ruined the Empire, not merely persistent, but intensified, surviving as a retrograde aspiration, and destined to lead the Italian peoples to fresh disaster, which possessed the soul of every mediæval Italian, and drew him backward toward a past forever dead.

It is not surprising that the barbarians of Central Europe, the Charlemagnes, Frederic Barbarossas and others, should have desired to wear a semblance of the Roman crown, and to restore for their own behoof the Empire in its ancient seat.

The name of Emperor had been too imposing, the state of the Empire too splendid, too far surpassing all that had been previously known, for a barbarous chieftain of Frankish or Tedescan tribes not to desire to be invested with the same prestige: not to dream that, by assuming the traditional title as a legitimate right and part of a grand family inheritance, he would get a better hold of his own subjects. But the Empire of Charles the Great

and his successors was made of other stuff than that of Marcus Aurelius or Septimius Severus. It was an empire involving quite other institutions:—a new fact with an old name. It had already achieved that displacement of civilization which we have noted above—its removal from the Mediterranean to the heart of Europe—where it was destined to receive yet further modifications and to furnish the beginnings of the civilization of to-day.

Nor need we wonder that the barbarians should have come to Italy to get rid of their barbarism, and subsequently trampled upon the land. They could not respect their fallen victim, though now so highly civilized, by reason of her weakness. They came, however, with no thought of imitating us in our political and social arrangements; on the contrary, they sought to impose their own, and among them feudalism; thereby yet further depraving our economic and social conditions. But the point is that the Italians, instead of assimilating the new ideas which they received or which arose out of the mere contact with peoples who were in the dawn of a new social order, instead of rejecting their own ineffective old ideals—ineffective because dead and merely traditional—*immobilized* themselves more and more by aiming at a revival of the ancient Latin civilization. The moment the hand of barbarian oppression was lightened, and they began to breathe a little more freely and shake off their habit of servitude, that is to say, in the time of the Renaissance, they coquetted anew with the tradition of an eternal Roman Empire, regarding the revival of civilization across a Latin past and as fostered by the gods of the Greco-Roman Olympus. The so-called Renaissance was in no true sense a rejuvenation, but rather a *re-vecchiation*. It was fated from the outset to fail, and it did fail. Social and civil

immobilism seemed to be justified by the late and transitory flowering of Greco-Roman culture, and thenceforth it was consciously accepted as the sole hope of Italy. Fortunately, however, this phenomenon of the refflorescence of old facts and ideas, like every such anachronism, proved superficial. There lay beneath it something wholly new,—a something too vital and energetic to admit of Italy's final and fatal submergence in the Dead Sea.

There were other deplorable influences tending toward social anarchy, especially in the south of Italy, and in the islands; and new burdens were laid upon the naturally mobile spirit of the Italian people, as if to accelerate their decay. The institution which retained most of life and activity,—I mean Catholicism—wielded mighty powers of arrest, and was the representative of conservatism *à outrance*, both in form and substance.

When we read of the wholesale slaughter practised in lower Italy by Byzantines, Normans, Popes, Suevi, Arabs and Bourbons, the only wonder is that any population whatever should have survived in those regions after so many ages of uninterrupted war. The invaders all wanted to be masters; all of them, without exception, sacked and laid waste cities, villages and fruitful fields, destroyed the existing social institutions, and rendered life and subsistence precarious; while at the same time they made it easy for all but the poor and weak to disregard the sanctions of law. If to-day we find the people of these provinces more backward in their civilization than the rest of Italy,—a likely enough prey for Norman, Arab or any other robber,—we need not marvel. The fact that life was unsafe there during many centuries, the barbarisms that were sown in the soil by the incessant inroads of barbarians of every type and race—the

inevitable social disintegration—these things are quite enough to have rendered recalcitrant to all civilization any people subjected to the like social, moral and economic disasters. Last, but not least, the tyranny of the Bourbons came to aggravate the misery of these ill-fated provinces, and to set the seal upon previous atrocities by thrusting their inhabitants completely aside from the great general movement of modern civilization. If they are backward it is not their fault. The mere fact of having survived the tempests of so many ages proves their inborn valor and their staying power.

To the north of this most unhappy portion of Italy—from Rome to Milan—the Italians of the Middle Ages fought furiously among themselves for two causes equally opposed to all social and civil progress:—for that of the German Emperor or for that of the Pope. Both parties were alike deluded, those who would have established an Empire, Roman in name but German in fact, and those who contended for the universal supremacy of a Pope, having his seat at Rome: which was but a new form of imperialism, no less antiquated and petrifying than the other.

When at last, after the Renaissance, the sovereigns of foreign nations came in to divide the spoil, the inert *immobilism* that pervaded the entire peninsula proved an effectual barrier to the acceptance of new forms of civilization imported from without. The history of modern times affords conclusive proof that our immobilism had taken the form, not merely of arrest, but of positive retrogression, since even that which had been acquired in former ages melted away, leaving among our populations mere fragmentary traces which served but to reveal their lapse from civilization. Meanwhile the displacement of civilization, alluded to above, had been fully accomplished.

Latinism, in so far as it had been assimilated by the nations of central and northern Europe, had been deeply modified, a new civilization had been engrafted on the old Latin stock, and the Protestant nations whom their very Protestantism rendered more free, more nimble of intellect and quick in feeling, emerged in the fulness of their strength. Italy lost her supremacy, and so equally did the other Latin nations, who had all absorbed the virus of Latinism, in accepting the sole and universal authority of Papal Rome.

I shall be reminded that one of the Latin nations, namely Spain, under Charles V. and Philip II. actually wielded an extensive sway, a species of lesser Roman imperium, and hence that my theory does not fully explain the phenomena of Latin decadence. But the true explanation of Spain's ephemeral greatness is this: the Spanish hegemony was extended far more by royal alliances than by actual conquest. The transient seeming supremacy was due to the fortunate discovery of America, which brought immense wealth and imparted a strong impulse to the Spanish people; and Spain might have kept her pre-eminence for a considerable time had not the religious fanaticism of Philip II. and his mania for the violent repression of independent thought, disgracefully seconded by the people themselves, swiftly prepared the way for the decadence of Spain. It was the everlasting sentiment of *immobilism*, common to all the Latin races, which induced the persecution of all those in any way inclined to new sentiments or opinions. It is a principle profoundly rooted in the Latin nature, which manifests itself in many forms; and in Spain, where, for the rest, there was never anything approaching the scope of the ancient Roman dominion, it took the form of Roman Catholic intolerance.

V.

Immobility in nations is virtually retrogression, because to cling to one's original position amid a universal forward movement is to fall behind the rest. This is precisely what has happened to the Latin races, first in Italy, the leader of Latin civilization, and subsequently in the other countries, which adopted from her the civilization that appealed most to their own feelings and formed themselves upon her model. Rome, who dazzled their senses, imparted to them both her virtues and her defects; and as the virtues declined and fell out of date, the vices became more prominent. Nor was this the case only in the social class, which is usually most conservative. The phenomenon was universal; and even now, when its destructive tendency has been clearly signalized by the few who view with unprejudiced eyes the civic advancement of Europe at large, Latin immobilism is everywhere manifested, but most of all in those scholastic ordinances, which tend not merely to perpetuate, but if possible to extend it. We may still hear our political representatives delivering harrangues of which the sum and substance is a eulogy of ancient Latin greatness, and an exhortation to the Italian people to develop itself along that line alone. Hence the obligation laid upon thousands of our youth, to pursue a course of classical study as the sole means of obtaining important posts under government, and a good social position. While what I have called Latinism is merely a historical phenomenon, through which and beyond which the really progressive and imperial nations, like England, have advanced to a new civilization, Italy endeavors to maintain it as a present fact: a continuation of that Roman life which is forever extinct. It is a fatal anachronism, a phenomenon of arrested motion. It has caused

the decline, and will assuredly, if persisted in, cause the death of those nations which, not venturing to issue from the orbit of the past, are on the way to become, like the great monarchies of the East, mere scattered specimens in the line of social paleontology.

The reason why Italy, after the fall of the Roman Empire, was not immediately involved in a destruction like that which had overtaken the Asiatic nations, was because there lay after all in Latin civilization the germs of a new order, capable of development, on a new soil and by the help of popular agencies, into new and living forms. In the absolutely rigid civilizations of Asia there had been no such germs. If in Italy, at the time of the Renaissance, a new principle of civic life appeared, it was because Latinism had been revived under a somewhat altered form, and because Art and Science had a principal share in the new movement. By this the nations of Central Europe were quick to profit. They availed themselves in their onward movement of Latinism indeed, but of Latinism transformed to suit the genius of the several peoples, and embracing the new elements which they had imparted to it. But Italy, hampered by the very exuberance of her own Latinism, made no progress. She was still dominated by the deadly old Roman tradition—as the Jove of mythology was dominated and eventually dethroned by overmastering Fate. And that tradition exalted into a sacred sentiment, perpetually stimulated and nourished by historic memories, would seem, in these days, more than ever to appeal to our aspirations after moral and material good, but can, in fact, only accelerate our ruin by tightening the bands and riveting the chains of immobilism.

The phenomena exhibited by the Latin nations, by Italy, by Spain, and by France as well, though the flourishing economic conditions of the latter ap-

peared for a time to mask the evil—and to give her an advantage over her sisters—are fraught with consequences the most disastrous, both political and social. While these nations are becoming impoverished through the civic and social paralysis which forbids their competing with more progressive and successful peoples, they insist upon keeping up the appearance of wealth and power. They rush into colonial expansion; thereby revealing yet more clearly both their impotence and their indigence. There is a desperate struggle to revive the old glories, to carry abroad the old standards, once the symbols of greatness, and the end is always an unforeseen catastrophe. Look at Spain in her last war! Look at Italy! The decadence induced by immobilism is becoming general; it invades every form of Latin activity—even the military. At the crucial moment everything fails us:—art, science, warlike spirit and staying power, and that for the reason that the form alone is left us, without the substance,—the simulacrum without the thing.

The experience of the Latin nations and of Greece, which also, like them, has remained rooted in the traditions of a glorious past, should furnish a warning to nations which are still in the vigor of their prime. The one thing, as it seems to me, which they have to

Nuova Antologia.

do is to keep moving *in new ways*. To attempt the revival of a dead civilization is a fatal error. Organic diseases are not cured. To imitate the old Roman civilization is to imitate a social and political system which has perished irrevocably under the action of historical and universal law. The teaching of history, however valuable from some points of view, may be positively detrimental to a historic people like ourselves, who, having a keen consciousness of their own past greatness, and a desire to restore the same under the old forms, are inclined to close their minds to every suggestion of political and social innovation.

The terrestrial orbit is never stationary in celestial space.

Italy, which survived the shipwreck of the nations of antiquity, and stands in history as the representative of the third Mediterranean civilization, might even yet, by abandoning immobilism of every kind, flinging off her vesture of decay, forgetting her Roman traditions and yearnings for the past, become truly regenerate, and impart a new form to European civilization. For nations die wholly, but peoples do not so; and if the collective existence of the latter be informed by a new vital principle they are capable of resurrection.

Giusseppe Sergi.

Professor in the University of Rome.

IN CHAINS.

It was rather more than nine years ago that I returned from leave of absence in Europe and took charge of the district which is the interior of the State of Pahang, and the exact core and center of the Malay Peninsula. It was a huge tract of country, and in those days was reckoned the wildest part of the protected Malay States.

It did not boast a mile of made road in all its vast expanse; it was smothered in dense damp forest, threaded across and across with little bustling streams or hurrying rivers—the latter the best of our highways; and a sparse sprinkling of Malay villages was strewn over its surface, shady clumps of palm and fruit groves,

adjoining wide stretches of glaringly green rice-fields and grazing-grounds. There were a few camps filled with Chinese miners engaged in fossicking for gold, a band or two of sulky Australian prospectors sorely discontented with the results which they were obtaining, and an odd thousand or so of squalid aborigines living in dirt and wretchedness up in the mountains. For the rest the population of my district was composed entirely of native chiefs—the overlords and oppressors—and of native villagers—the serfs and the oppressed. The power of the former had not yet been broken or fettered; the spirit of independence which now animates the latter class had not then been awakened; the world into which I was suddenly precipitated—an influence shot straight out of the civilized nineteenth century into a living past—was one as primitive as any which existed in Europe in the early middle ages.

I had a hut on the banks of the Lipis river, a single room staggering upon six crazy piles fifteen feet high, which was at once my dwelling, my office, my treasury, and my courthouse. The ceiling was formed by the brownish-yellow thatch, running up into a peak, supported upon a network of round wooden rafters, in which by day the great black flying beetles bored their holes, covering me with fine dust, while at night-time the rats chased one another about overhead, squeaking dismally. When I looked out of my window—a little irregular patch of sunlight, sawn unevenly out of the walls of ragged bamboo—I looked down fifty feet sheer into the olive-green waters of the Lipis, for the long stalk-like legs upon which my hut was built were canted dangerously riverwards. From under their feet the bank fell away in a headlong pitch, so that I lived in the expectation of seeing my habitation take a leap into the cool waters of the

stream; and when the wind came down in the heavy gusts which, in the spring, herald the daily afternoon downpour, I could feel the whole thing bracing itself for the jump with a creaking of timbers, and a noisy whining of the straining wattling.

It was not much of a hut, it must be confessed, but in those days I stood but little in need of a dwelling-place of my own. The district under my charge was a huge one, and seemed to be cut off from the rest of the created world almost as entirely as a portion of an alien star could have been, while I was set aside from my fellows to learn all that was possible concerning it, to win the shy confidence of my "new-caught sullen people, half devil and half child," to make myself a factor in their life of everyday, and thereby to establish a personal influence among them, the which, in a new land, is the first, surest foundation of the white man's rule. All this meant that it was my lot to rival the restlessness of the Wandering Jew; to sleep rarely more than a single night in succession in the same casual resting-place; to live on what I could get—and that was not always anything worth mentioning; and little by little to so familiarize the natives with my ubiquity that all should come to regard me as one of the commonest features in every village scattered up and down a countryside, which was some three or four thousand square miles in extent.

It would not be easy to conceive a life more delightful for a healthy youngster blessed with a keen interest in the much which he was learning, and in the little which he was slowly and cautiously teaching. A hurried meal soon after the dawn had broken; a long tramp from village to village while daylight lasted; a swim in the river; a huge plate of rice and curry, of a sort, eaten with a hunter's appetite; a smoke, and a yarn with the el-

ders of the village, picturesque figures grouped gravely in a circle chewing betel-nut as the placid cattle masticate the cud; a dispute or two, perhaps, settled between smoke and smoke, without any magisterial formalities; a little information picked up here and there upon matters which would some day be of importance,—and then sound, soul-satisfying sleep, an early waking, and another long day of labor and of life. By boat and raft on rivers great and small; tramping through gloomy depths of forest, or across rice-swamps sizzling in the heat; camping at night-time in a headman's house beneath the peaked roof of a little village mosque, or in some crop-watcher's hut among the standing rice; sleeping on a sand-bank, in a boat, on the ground in the dead jungle with a green palm-leaf shelter above my head to ward off the worst of the drenching dews,—however I travelled, wherever I stayed or halted, no matter who the strange folk with whom I consorted, I tasted to the full the joys of a complete independence, the delights of fresh open air, hard exercise, and enough work for the intellect to keep the brain as fit and supple as the limbs. I had been jerked out of the age in which I had been born, out of the scurry and the bustle of European life, into a wild unfettered freedom among a semi-civilized people, where nature still had her own way unchecked by man's contrivances, where the blood ran merrily, and the heart was made glad to overflowing.

I had had plenty of experience as a jungle-dweller long before I took charge of the interior district of Pahang; and since knowledge of how to travel and how to live in a Malayan forest-land is more than half the battle, I escaped, for the most part, the heavy troubles of which so many newcomers are able to tell such moving tales. None the less the jungles played their pranks with me more than once,

and the first trip which I took after my return to duty was packed as closely with small adventures as is the average boy's book with hair-breadth escapes and perils deftly overcome.

I left my hut early one morning with half a dozen of my Malay followers, trailing behind me in single file. A gladstone bag, a japanned despatch-box, and a large basket, carried knapsackwise, and filled to the brim with cooking-pots, plates, dishes, and miscellaneous kitchen utensils, were the three principal loads. A fourth man carried my bed. I remember as a small boy thinking that the facility with which the man sick of the palsy complied with the divine command, "Take up thy bed, and walk," was the major part of the miracle, and this impression was strengthened by the picture in the old family Bible, in which the whilom invalid was represented staggering away under the weight of a vast four-poster. It was not until I came to the East that I fully realized how simple a matter the Oriental's sleeping gear is. My "bed" consisted of a native mat of plated *mengkûang* palm-leaves, a narrow mattress half an inch in thickness, and a couple of European pillows. The whole thing did not weigh more than 20 lbs., unless it was saturated with rain-water, when it scaled anything you like to name. It had the additional advantage of possessing no sharp or prominent corners which might gall the bearer's back, and consequently it was the most popular piece in my baggage, and was usually annexed by the strongest and most violent tempered of my men. The unyielding despatch-box was generally borne by the man among my followers who was least capable of sticking up for his rights, and was naturally the least fit to bear the burden.

It was a bright cool morning when we started, with a little ribbon of

cloud-like mist showing above the tree-tops as one looked up the narrow valley of the Lipis, marking faithfully the windings of the river. The birds were noisy, and a few gaily feathered paroquets fluttered from bush to bush as we made our way through the low scrub jungle near the bank of the stream. The spiders had been busy all the night, and their slimy nets, stretched across the foot-path, clung to my face so unpleasantly that, contrary to my wont, I bade Akob, one of my followers, walk in front of me to keep the way clear of these frail barriers. In this manner we had trudged steadily for two or three hours, and the heat of the tropical day was already beginning to make itself felt, stilling the noisy life of the jungle, and drying up the fat dewdrops, when suddenly Akob halted abruptly and pointed with excited outstretched hand at something ahead of him. We were standing on the brink of a narrow creek on either hand of which a steeply cleft bank rose at a sharp angle from the water's edge. Leaning forward to look over Akob's shoulder, I saw that the bank facing us half a dozen yards away had a curious patch upon its surface, discolored a peculiarly blended black and yellow. Also I noticed that it had a strangely *furry* appearance, and a sort of restless shimmer over it which gave it an air of life. All this I saw in an instant, not realizing in the least the nature of the thing at which I was gazing; and then, without any warning, the patch rose at us, rose like a cheap black and yellow railway rug tossed upwards by the wind. A humming, purring sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it had precipitated itself upon us,—a furious flight of angry, vengeance-seeking bees. Akob, hiding his head in his arms, slewed round and charged away, nearly knocking me over. I followed him headlong, broke through my frightened

followers, tore out of the little belt of jungle which we had just entered, and sprinted across a patch of short grass as though for my life. For a moment I believed myself to have given the enemy the slip, and I turned to watch my people, their burdens thrown to the winds, tumbling out of cover, beating the air savagely with wildly whirling arms, and screaming lustily. The next moment I was once more put to hurried flight. I pulled my large felt hat from my head and threshed cloud-like squadrons of my foes with might and main. Still they came on and on, settling upon my flannel shirt, my coarse jungle trousers, stinging my bare arms and hands mercilessly, and making onslaughts unnumbered upon my face and neck. I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and was beginning to feel most uncommonly done, and to experience something very close akin to real fear, when suddenly I caught sight of the glistening waters of the Rengal, a little river which flows through these forests to the Lipis. I shouted to my howling men, "Take to the water! take to the water!" and only waiting an instant to slip my pistol-belt—a delay for which I had to pay a heavy price in stings—I plunged neck and crop into the shallow water. My Malays came after me—helter-skelter, like a pack of sheep following at the heels of a bell-wether, and with us all came the army of bees stinging, stinging, stinging for the life. I was thoroughly winded by the time I took to the water, and it was impossible to dive for more than a few seconds, yet when I came to the surface the bees were there still, more angry than ever, and I was driven under water again with painfully sobbing breath. Again I rose, again I was driven under; my lungs were bursting; my heart was leaping about in my body like a wild thing seeking to escape; I was becoming desperate. It flashed across

my mind that to be stung to death in a puddle by a swarm of insignificant insects was in its way about as ignominious a manner of shuffling off this mortal coil as one could well devise, and yet the possibility of having to choose between death by drowning and death by stinging did not at the moment appear to be exceedingly remote. As I rose once more, I heard Saleh, my head-boatman, cry, "Throw a bough for them to land on!" The words were in my ears as I dived again despairingly, and in a flash their meaning was made clear to me. I swam to the bank, tugged off a bough from an overhanging tree, threw it on to the surface of the stream and dived again. One or two of my men did the same. When I rose again no bees attacked me, and as I looked down stream I saw half a dozen branches floating off upon the current covered three deep by a struggling mass of furious insects.

It took me the best part of a quarter of an hour to get over my panting. Then we drew ourselves out of the water and bounted our losses. One man, a foreign Malay, named Dölman, was in a fainting condition. He had been stung in nearly two hundred places, his face was a shapeless mass in which no feature was really distinguishable and he vomited so violently that I feared for his life. We put him into a boat, and the neighboring villagers of Dölut undertook to send him back to my hut at Penjum. Then the rest of us limped across the grass to the village, and lay down to endure the fever which was burning in our blood. Our hands were like great boxing-gloves, our heads like inflated footballs, and we had to abandon all idea of going any further that day. We were profoundly sorry for ourselves, and were exceedingly annoyed when one of our number came in half an hour later perfectly unharmed. He told us that he

had seen the bees coming, and had sat still to await their assault. They had covered him from head to foot, he said; but since a bee is aware that to sting entails death to himself, he never makes use of his weapon unless he believes that it is necessary for him to do so. Therefore the clouds of insects had settled all over my Malay, had decided that he was harmless, and had passed him by leaving him unhurt. It was anything but encouraging to think that we had had our run, our scattering fight, our suffocation under water, and the pains we were then enduring, for nothing, when we might have avoided them all simply by sitting still. I felt uncommonly small and foolish as I listened to my follower's account of his proceedings while he picked six and thirty stings out of my felt hat, and more than a hundred out of my flannel shirt. The bees, he said, were unreasonable creatures. Their nest had been swooped down upon by a kite which had carried off a portion of the nursery before the fighting part of the population had become aware of the danger. Then the standing army had been called out, and since we chanced to be the next living thing to come along their path they forthwith declared war upon us. So we had been made to bear this punishment for the sins of the kite, and had run ourselves dizzy when we might have sat still. The situation was undoubtedly ignominious, and trying to the most even of tempers.

Next day we continued our interrupted march, and nothing worth detailed record happened for a week or so. At one village a stealthy visit was paid to me by three young chieftains, whose father had recently had a difference of opinion with the rulers of the land, which had resulted for him in a violent death. His sons, who had had no share in their father's misdeeds, had promptly taken to the jungle, and

all manner of wild rumors were afloat in the district as to the trouble which they had in contemplation. I had known these men intimately before I left Pahang on leave of absence to Europe, and as soon as they learned that I was once again in their neighborhood, they sought me out in fear and trembling, to offer their submission to the Government and to pray that no ill thing should befall them. They crept into my camp in the dead nighttime, armed to the teeth, with anxious roaming eyes, like those of some hunted jungle creature which fears a trap, and they ended by spreading their sleeping-mats by mine, and snoring lightheartedly till the daybreak woke us. Another night I passed in a mining camp, where a crowd of depressed Australians were squatting in a couple of makeshift huts beside a pool filled to the brim with dirty water, green with arsenic and duckweed. This was all that at that time represented the great Raub mine which now bids fair to become one of the big gold producers of Asia. From Raub I tramped on to the foot of the main range, where people of many nationalities were busy sluicing for tin, and thence I decided to cut across the forest to a river named the Sempam, which at that time had never been visited by a European, and was a *terra incognita* even to all save a very few of the Malays of the district.

Not without difficulty I succeeded in enlisting the services of a Sakai—a member of an aboriginal tribe of jungle dwellers—to guide me to the banks of the upper waters of the Sempam, but he stoutly declined to have anything to do with my proposed attempt to descend that rock-beset river. He moved along in front of my party like a flitting shadow, placing one foot exactly before the other with the noiseless cat-like gait peculiar to his people and to all wild forest creatures; and once he

complained that the "klap-klip-klap" of my canvas shoes behind him bewildered him so sorely that he feared that "the doors of the jungle would be closed to him," which was his way of suggesting that he thought it probable that he might lose his way. Like all his folk, he was quite incapable of comparing one thing with another, and when we were within a couple of hundred yards of our destination he still maintained obstinately that it was as far away as was our original starting-point. When this fact was disproved a few minutes later our guide was quite unabashed. It seemed to him, he said, that the difference between the two distances in question was imperceptible. They both were "a long way," and, viewed in this light, six miles and half as many hundred yards were to the limitations of his mind to all intents and purposes one and the same thing.

The banks of the Sempam river were at this point thickly grown upon with graceful clumps of bamboos, slender drooping stems, with countless feathery tufts of pointed leaves clothing them in soft loveliness. The river, some thirty feet in width, ran swiftly and almost silently—an olive-green flood flecked here and there with lithe splashes of sunlight. The forest around us was intensely still, for the hot hours of the day were upon us, and a sense of the wildness of the place, and its utter remoteness from mankind, filled me with a sort of awe as though I were intruding impertinently into Nature's holy of holies.

As soon as they had cast down their burdens, my men drew their wood-knives and set to work felling the bamboos for our rafts. The ringing sound of their blades upon the hollow stems carried far and wide; the bamboos creaked and groaned like things in pain, then fell earthwards with a whispering swish of rustling leaves

and bruised twigs and branches. A couple of hours' hard work saw four stout rafts floating high out of the water, the river fretting and fuming about their slippery green sides, the newly-cut rattans exuding white sap as my men bound the bamboos together with strong cross-pieces fore and aft and amidships. Small raised platforms were erected in the centre of each raft, and on three of these we placed our baggage. The fourth raft was reserved for me; and when I had rewarded the Sâkai for his pains with a wedge of coarse native tobacco and a palm-leaf bag filled with black rock-salt, I took my seat upon the platform prepared for me, and bade my men push out into the stream. "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" they cried, and we slipped across the glassy surface into the tug of the current, the three other rafts following us in single file.

Until you have had the good fortune to experience it, the full fascination of travelling through a belt of country in which no white, and but few brown, men have previously set foot, cannot easily be realized. Here is one of Nature's fastnesses, where she has worked her mighty will for æons upon æons of time; no human being has had aught to do with this untouched world; age has succeeded age; race has been swept forward, has surged up, and has obliterated race; history has been made and unmade a thousand times by myriads of puny men; but all the while the great Mother has been busy and unmoved in this her hidden nursery. It is old, old, old; older than record; older than speech; older than man; and yet, for you, it is newer than aught else, a secret kept faithfully through all the ages for your especial benefit. You look around you with a fresh delight, with eager eyes that find a new interest in all they light upon, with a heart chastened by the solemnity, the mys-

tery of the strange place. The awfulness of your surroundings, the aloofness from your fellows, the sense of your exclusive privilege give you something of the feeling that may be supposed to inspire the newly initiated priest who for the first time lifts the veil which cloaks the inner temple of his worship; but here there is no grinning idol to dispel illusion, but rather a little glimpse vouchsafed unworthy man of the vision of the true God.

For nearly an hour we slid down stream through long calm reaches, where the sunlight flecked the dancing waters, and each bend in the winding river displayed to my delighted sight yet another picture of beauty and forest splendor. We were heading for the Unknown, passing thither through untrodden ways, and at every turn we looked for some surprise, some difficulty to be encountered and overcome, some strange prank which the wild river might try to play upon us. It gave a fresh zest to our journeying, put an additional throb of excitement into the scanning of each reach of running water as the constant twistings of our course revealed them to us one by one.

On either hand low hills ran steeply upwards from the water's edge, smothered in vast clumps of bamboos, bunch above bunch of feathery plumes—the highest making a broken undulating line of dainty fretwork against the colorless afternoon sky. Near the river-brink huge *ngeram* trees leaned outwards clasping friendly hands above our heads, throwing a grateful shadow over us, and staining the waters a deeper green with their sombre reflections. From root to branch-tip they were festooned with innumerable parasites; great tree-ferns, smooth or shaggy, with their feet in deep rich mosses; orchids of many kinds, with here and there a little point of color marking where a rare blossom nestled cosily;

creepers and trailing vines, some eating into the heart of the boughs to which they clung, some lightly hanging from the branches like fine drapery, some twined about and worked in an inextricable network of tangled knots, others dropping sheer to the stream below and swaying constantly as the current played about their feet. It was a fairyland of forest through which the river bore us, and I lay back upon my raft drinking in the beauty of the constantly shifting scene with lazy eyes, fully conscious of my own supreme well-being.

The stream ran rapidly with a merry purring sound, and the rafts, kept straight by the polers at bow and stern, glided onwards quickly and evenly. Suddenly we whisked round a sharp corner, and, before we knew what was before us, we were caught in the jaws of a formidable rapid. I was aware of a waste of angry water, white with foam and fury, stretching away in front of us; of fifty blocks of granite, black with drenching spray, poking their sharp noses out of the river which boiled and leaped around them; of an instant acceleration of pace; and then I found myself grasping a spare boat-pole, standing at the bobbing bows helping my forward punter to fight the evil-tempered thing which but a moment earlier had been the smiling placid river. We were going at a headlong pace now, and the raft reeled and wallowed so that, even bare-shod as we were, it was no easy matter to keep our footing on the slippery rounded surfaces of the bamboos. Of the length and the extent of the rapid into which we had been so suddenly tossed, we of course knew nothing. What might lie below it we did not dare to think; for the moment we had all that we could do to avert complete destruction by deft punting with never-resting poles. At the end of the first hundred yards we came to a point where the stream

was split in twain by a great outcrop of granite, and in a second we had to decide which of the alternative routes to select. We took the likeliest, as it seemed, which was that upon the left hand, and on we whirled again at a perilous pace. The roaring waters broke above my knees; the uproar of the stream deafened me; the furious pace set my heart leaping gloriously; the excitement of each new danger successfully overcome filled me and my Malays with a perfect intoxication of delight. On we whirled, yelling and shouting like maniacs, plying our clashing poles, leaping down fall after fall, our raft under water, our souls soaring aloft in a wild tumult of many emotions. It was only for a few moments, and then the end came—came in a jarring crash upon a rock, a scream of agonized bamboos, a thrusting upwards of one edge of the raft, a sudden immersion in the hurrying river, and three short, sharp, stifled yells. The raft, bent double like a piece of folded paper, lay broadside on across a projecting wedge of rock—one side lifted clear of the stream, the other under water, the two ends nearly meeting on the far side of the obstruction. I and my two Malays were clinging to the rock itself, though we none of us had any very clear idea of how we managed to get there; and to our surprise, except for a few cuts and bruises, we were entirely unhurt. Such of our gear as had been placed upon my sitting platform had been whirled incontinently down stream, and I could see portions of it bobbing and ducking thirty yards away. Then it dropped suddenly below the line of sight disappearing in an upleaping wave of angry foam.

Looking up stream, we saw the second of our rafts plunging down towards us, the two Malays at bow and stern trying vainly to check its wild career; and even as we watched the catastrophe befell, and they were left

clinging to a rock in the same plight as ourselves, while their raft, breaking away, darted down towards us, scraped past us by a miracle, and disappeared in a shattered condition in the train of my lost baggage. The two other rafts had seemingly become aware of the danger in time, for we could see them making fast to the bank a couple of hundred yards up river.

Sitting stranded upon a rock in mid-stream, with the boiling waters of a rapid leaping excitedly up at us like a pack of fox-hounds, which sees its kill held aloft, we shrieked suggestions to one another as to what was to be our next move. The only thing was to swim for it, and cautiously I let my body down into the white foam waves of the torrent, and pushed out for the shore. The swift current tugged at my heels, fought with me manfully, seeking to bind my limbs; but the river was not wide, and a few minutes later I drew myself out of the water on the left bank, and sat there panting and gasping. I had come into violent contact with more than one rock during my short swim, and I was bruised and cut in many places, but it seemed to me then that I had escaped almost scot-free, and I and my fellows screamed congratulations to one another at the top of our voices above the roar of the rapids. Then we got up and made our way along the bank through the thick jungle to rejoin our companions farther up stream.

Here a blow awaited us. The raft which had been following mine proved to have contained the knapsack-basket of which mention has already been made, and its loss meant that our prospects of having anything to eat that night were most unpleasantly remote. We knew that there existed Malay villages on the banks of the lower portion of the Sempam; but what might be the distance which separated us from these havens of refuge we could not tell, and

had no means of ascertaining save by personal investigation, which for hungry men might well prove a most lengthy and therefore painful process.

The first thing to be done, however, was to find out the nature of the river immediately below the rapid, which had wrought our undoing, since we still hoped that it might be possible to lower our two uninjured rafts down the falls by means of rattan ropes. Those who have never seen a Malayan forest will find it difficult to realize the difficulty which "getting out and walking" entails upon the wayfarer in an unfrequented portion of the country. The rivers in such localities are the only easy means of locomotion, and the jungle upon their banks is so thick, so thorny, so filled with urgently detaining hands, that progress is not only very slow, but speedily wearies your nerves into a state of laceration. I bade Saleh, my head-boatman, follow me, and the other Malays stay where they were until I returned to them. Then I climbed back along the steeply shelving bank to the foot of the rapid in which the remains of my raft still flapped feebly, and thence scrambled through dense forest and underwood to a point where I believed that it would be possible to obtain a view of the next reach of the river.

It took us the best part of half an hour to gain this point of vantage, and then, clinging to a stout sapling with one hand, I swung out to the very edge of the forest-clad hill and looked about me. Then my heart stood still in my body, for I saw the terrible danger which we had escaped almost miraculously by coming to grief thirty or forty yards higher up stream. From where I clung to the hillside I looked up river to the point where I had watched my baggage and the second raft disappear, dropping seemingly below the line of sight, and the reason for their sudden vanishing was now

made plain. The Sempam ran here through a narrow gorge, enclosed by steep hills smothered in jungle, but at the top of the reach the river fell bodily in a glistening white curtain down the face of a precipice which was walled on either side by black dikes of granite, clean-cut as though hewn with a single stroke of some giant's axe. With an intolerable roar the whole body of the river leaped in a sheet of foam into the black abyss, casting blinding jets of spray heavenwards, splashing the rocks for many yards around, and churning up the waters of the pool into which it fell seventy feet or so below, till its surface was a heaving, tossing, restless mass of the whiteness of cotton wool. A little lower down stream the pool widened somewhat, and here it was a deep blackish green, gloomy, profound, terrible, mysterious, circling slowly round and round before shooting its contents off again upon its restless way down fall after fall with a mighty crashing roar and strife of contending waters. From where I was perched I could see for near a quarter of a mile along the river's length—a most unusually extended view for a man to obtain in the heart of a Malayan jungle—and at every yard of the way Death was written in unmistakable characters for any whom the falls might succeed in sucking into their grip. Had it not been for that providential capsize farther up stream, I and my companions would infallibly have been reduced in the space of a few moments to the finest of fine atoms; for once within the clutch of the upper fall, nothing in the wide world could have saved us from a dreadful death. It came as a shock, this reflection, as I looked out over the line of falls, and realized how closely we had gazed into the eyes of death but a few minutes earlier, all unconsciously, unthinkingly, with a light-heartedness so com-

plete, while half mad with the fierce joy of living.

I sent Saleh back for my fellows, and sat down where I was to await their coming. The insistent roar of the rapids filled my hearing; the wild beauty of the scene held me spell-bound; but most of all was I impressed with the wonderful *freedom*, the vigor, the completely unrestrained savagery of the river. Here was a stream which for countless ages had leaped and thundered down this granite-bound pass, had slain innumerable living things, perhaps, with the callous cruelty of the mighty, and had never known an instant's restraint, a moment's check, a second's curbing or binding. As the stream below me tossed its white mane of spray restlessly to and fro, it seemed to me to be in truth some wild monster of a strange world, charging down this rock-pent defile, instinct with life and liberty. The very roaring of the mighty waters seemed to cry to me of their freedom; the wild motion seemed to mock all bonds. It was free, free, free, and the noise of the falls made my nerves tingle with a strange restlessness.

When my men had rejoined me we pushed on through the thick jungle, and by nightfall we had succeeded in getting out of hearing of the resonant thunder of the falls. But there were other rapids all along the river, and the music of the troubled waters was constantly in our ears. We camped on a sandbank by the river-side, and we went to bed supperless; for we had paid tribute to the falls of our last grain of rice, and Saleh, who had been chosen for the post of head-boatman because he combined in a remarkable degree those valuable possessions, a short temper and a long vocabulary, expressed himself with the latitude which we all agreed in thinking the case required. The dawn came greyly and found us very hungry and unhap-

py. We made an early start, and we scrambled and swarmed along the shelving banks of the river, through those dense and dreary jungles hour after hour, to an ever-increasing accompaniment of hunger and fatigue. It was not until the afternoon was some hours old that we came to a point where we thought that it would be possible to again make use of bamboo rafts with some prospect of success. Accordingly we all fell to work in sullen silence, and an hour or so later set off down stream, looking eagerly for a village as each bend was rounded. The night shut down upon us again, but we did not halt for that. We might be any distance from human habitations for all we knew to the contrary, and we were already so spent that we did not dare to delay even for the sleep which we craved. At about half-past eight we saw a point of light ahead of us, and a few minutes later we were eagerly devouring all the available cooked rice in the village of Cherok.

"The falls in this river be very difficult, *Túan*," said a village elder to me, as I sat smoking and talking to the people of the place after a happy peace-bringing meal of fat new rice. "They be very difficult, and none may pass up or down those which are of the largest size. Even those which are smaller may not be approached even by the children of the river"—viz., the natives of the valley—"unless fitting offerings have been made to the spirits. The fall at the head, which is full twelve fathoms in depth, is named the Fall of the Kine-cleft Bank, for it is a narrow pass such as giant kine might make at the spot where they were wont to go down to drink of the waters of a pool or river. The next fall is named the Fall of Dew, for by reason of its spray the rocks and trees surrounding it are perpetually drenched as it were by dew; and the last of all is the Fish-Trap, for from out of its

grip not even a fish can escape. Ah, *Túan*, it was not well thus to tempt the spirits of the Sempam, for they are very vengeful, and had they slain thee a great shame would have been put upon our people. Our spirits are free folk, *orang merdhéka* who care not at all for *râja* or overlord, and have no respect even for the white men, *Túan*, before whom the *râjas* themselves must give way if all men tell us be true. And this too, *Túan*, the Sempam hath taught thee in hunger and travail. It will bear no chains, *Túan!*" And the old fellow chuckled, well pleased at his jest, and at the prowess of his native stream.

Verily, I thought, his words are true. The river is free, free, free—free as the wildest of savage creatures; instinct with unrestrained life, and a fierce, splendid liberty.

A few weeks ago I visited the Sempam Falls again. I was driven thither from the foot of the mountains in a small dog-cart by the manager of a mine, and I spent the night in a well-appointed bungalow, after dining at a table which fairly groaned beneath the good cheer which it bore. From end to end of the Falls a made road skirted the right bank of the river for a distance of about a mile. Below the bungalow in the valley was a square power station covered in with a hideous roof of corrugated iron; from it, running upwards upon a sort of staircase of wooden sleepers, a line of great, bulky, black pipes climbed a succession of steep hills to the sky-line half a mile away. This line of pipes communicated with a reservoir made of solid concrete, which in its turn was fed by a large square wooden flume, which burrowed through the hills like a tar-smearing snake, and rose upon a gentle incline to the Fall of the Kine-cleft Bank. At the head of this fall the Sempam had been dammed across from

bank to bank with a solid wall of concrete; a portion of its waters, their services not being for the moment required by the tyrannous white men, was suffered to flow down the old channel, but the rest of the stream was cribbed and confined by the wooden walls of the flume, was stalled like a tame ox within the solid reservoir, was forced unwilling but obedient into the unsightly piping, and at the power-station, three hundred feet lower down, was made to yield up its angry strength to the service of man, its master, in order to work and light the huge mines seven miles away at Raub. I listened as the engineer in charge told me, with the air of a lecturer upon anatomy, how many gallons of water per minute went to the pulsing of that once free river; how much of its strength was taken for the electrical works, how much left to the diminished volume of the torrent. The scene, as I stood looking down at it, was wonderfully little changed from what it had been that day long ago, when I, first of all my kind, gazed in fascination at the boisterous falls. On the left bank, where I had clung, the jungle still ran riot to the sky-line; an outcrop of white limestone, which I remembered to have noted, stood out prominently as of old upon one of the higher hills at the foot of the falls, glaring, and bare of vegetation; through the deeply cleft walls of granite the river still danced and leaped wildly, though with sadly diminished volume, and a voice which was like a mere whisper of the roar and thunder of other days; and save when my eyes rested upon the works of man upon the right bank, all was as beautiful as in the past. But the supreme freedom of the river—the quality which for me had had so over-

mastering, so mysterious a charm—had vanished utterly. The stream was no longer the strong, unfettered, vainglorious monster of my memory. It was in chains, a thrall to man, and to my thinking it seemed to bear its gyves with a chastened sadness which was none the less most unutterably bitter and heart-broken.

The next day I left the Falls of the Kine-cleft Bank and rode fifty miles to my home at Kuala Lipis. My way took me through country which had once been wild, where now the great trunk road joined village to village, the whole line of my journeying being marked by newly-occupied plantations, and signs of the progress and the advance which white men and civilization bring in their train. Then as I neared my home, and turned my thoughts to the vast piles of official correspondence which I knew must be awaiting my return; caught sight of the hurrying telegraph peons, and remembered how at the end of the taut wire there sat one whose business it was to make me dance when he jerked the string; as I heard the "pat, pat" of the tennis-balls on the court within the dismantled stockade, and saw the golfers driving off from a neighboring tee,—suddenly the memory came back to me of what my life had been wont to be in that same district less than ten short years ago; and though this progress and advancement were the things for which I had worked and striven wholeheartedly, somehow it seemed to me for the moment that it was not only the river and its angry waters which had lost their well-loved freedom. Together we had shared the wild life which we had known and loved in the past; together in the present we went soberly working in chains.

Hugh Clifford.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The general characteristics of the Trans-Siberian Railroad may be described in a few words. It will be by far the longest railway on earth. It is very much more solidly constructed, for the most part, than is generally supposed. The road-bed is perfectly firm, and the track is well ballasted. Though in certain of the sections far to the east great engineering difficulties have to be contended with, the gradients on the greater part of the route are remarkably easy.

Uniformity of gauge is the keynote of Russian railway engineers. Accordingly, in possessing a five-foot gauge the Great Siberian is uniform with all the railroads throughout the Russian Empire. Thus, the ample breadth of the cars harmonizes with the luxury which astonishes the traveller who visits Russia for the first time, no matter in what region of the Empire he happens to be touring. The great height of the carriages, proportionate with the width, adds to the imposing aspect of the trains. It is necessary to bear these considerations in mind, for the idea prevails throughout the world outside Russia that this colossal road is being carried through not only with great haste, but also on a flimsy and superficial system. The bridges are necessarily very numerous, for Siberia is a land of mighty rivers with countless tributaries. All the permanent bridges are of iron. Those which were temporarily made of timber are being in every case reconstructed, and the Great Siberian will include some of the most magnificent bridges in the world.

The bridge over the Irtysh is unrivalled. Being nearly four miles long, it is on that account phenomenal; but its stupendous piers, designed specially to resist the fearful pressure of the ice,

would alone convince any sceptic of the determination of the Russian administration to spare none of the resources of the Empire in order to make this railway absolutely efficient, alike for mercantile and military purposes. The Trans-Siberian Railway is intended to create a new Siberia. It is already fulfilling that aim, as I shall show. The most potent of the civilizing factors of the twentieth century will in this enterprise be presented to the world, and in a very few years people will realize with astonishment what this railway means.

The Trans-Siberian nominally begins in Europe. It is inaugurated by the magnificent iron bridge which spans the Volga at Samara in East Russia. The Volga is here a giant river, and this noble bridge joins the European railway system with the new Asiatic line. But practically the Asian line commences in the heart of the Ural Mountains, if that long and broad chain of low and pretty hills ought to be dignified with the name of mountains. Here lies the little town of Cheliabinsk, which five years ago was the terminus of the European system.

The effect of this wonderful undertaking will be the opening up of Siberia, making it easy of access in any spot, and the development of its incalculable but splendid resources and capabilities. During my own wanderings in Russia I saw nothing which so much surprised me as that large section of the Pan-Russian Exhibition at Nijni-Novgorod which was devoted to the display of Siberian products. I found that few foreign visitors to Russia who inspected that extraordinary exhibition were prepared for the revelation to which they were treated. All with whom I had any conversation

seemed amazed at the evidences of the wealth of Siberia. Not only natural products, but also artificial commodities and manufactured articles of almost every class were shown in the grand Siberian Halls at Nijni. So great are the potentialities of Siberian development that the Russians are fully justified in the romantic expectations they cherish of the results of this enormous railway extension. Too many critics of Russia, otherwise accurate enough, leave out of consideration the all-important fact that she is about to become, in a predominant sense, an Asiatic Power. In a few years she will be able to supply all her essential needs from her territories beyond the Ural. The facts to be taken into account, are that Siberia is the greatest country in the world so far as mere magnitude is concerned; and that this huge territory is one vast repository of undeveloped resources, both mineral and agricultural. Before the middle of the next century, millions of the posterity of the poor "moujiks," the peasants now dwelling in the European districts of the Don, Samara, Toulá, and the Ukraine, will be occupying countless "mirs," or village communes, which will dot the forests of the Siberian Tundra, the Steppes of South Central Siberia, and the lovely valleys between the mountain ranges that make the regions towards Kamtchatka one of the coming playgrounds and hunting paradises of the near future.

It is an interesting fact that Americans and Englishmen were the real authors of this splendid and romantic scheme for spanning the Asiatic continent with a railway from west to east. Here and there in the Russian provinces I met Englishmen very successfully engaged in trade. These were, however, almost invariably working on their own account, or for firms in their own countries which had com-

missioned them to go out. The time is almost past when the Russian Government will engage a foreigner to direct public works. Only two generations ago nearly every position of responsibility was committed to some clever man from the universities, laboratories, engineering works, or counting-houses of Britain or America. For the construction of the Great Siberian Railway the Russian promoters are relying entirely on native engineers. Nevertheless, it is certain that the scheme would never have been ventured on but for the impetus given to Muscovite enterprise by Anglo-Saxon brains.

In 1857 an American named Collins came forward with a scheme for the formation of an Amur Railway Company, to lay a line from Irkutsk to Chita. Although his plan was not officially adopted, it was carefully kept in mind, and it actually forms the main and central part of the present line. An English engineer offered to lay a tram-road across Siberia, after Muravieff had carried Russia to the Pacific by his brilliant annexation of the mouths of the Amur. In 1858 three Englishmen offered to construct a railway from Moscow through Nijni-Novgorod to Tartar Bay. Though all proposals by foreigners have been courteously shelved, they have in reality formed the bases of native enterprise. It is to the credit of Russia that she has determined to depend on the energy and ability of her own sons to carry out this colossal undertaking. It took forty years to think out the ideas now being executed, and meanwhile another great system of Russo-Asiatic railways has been mainly completed. I refer to the Trans-Caspian, by which a passenger can now travel continuously, with every luxury, from St. Petersburg to Merv. This fact alone must convince the thoughtful observer that a revolution has commenced in many of the conditions of civilization hitherto re-

garded as perfectly stable. A great disturbance of things is at hand, as the nations of Europe are about to realize. Great awakenings await our statesmen and our merchants. Splendid possibilities are at hand for those who may know how to use them. Russia will need peace, and she will seek to secure it on terms advantageous to herself. Why should she not? But it will ere long be more difficult than ever for even the most powerful foes to wage war with her, with the idea of making any impression on her impassive bureaucracy. Contingencies will arise which will seriously affect the international equilibrium, and many of these will be occasioned by the completion of the Siberian Railway. Any who think that this enterprise will constitute no very important factor in the world's progress are dangerously out of the true reckoning.

One of the chronic troubles of the Russian Government arises from the uneven distribution of the population. It happens that those are the most thickly inhabited districts which are the least able to support a dense population. For instance, immense numbers of villages are scattered through the vast forest regions of Central and Western Russia, where birch trees grow by millions, while the great wheat-growing plains of the west centre and southwest are but sparsely inhabited. Then again, the infatuation of the military oligarchy has been evidenced in the plan by which all the railways except this new Siberian line have been designed for purely military purposes. The Emperor Nicholas insisted on all the lines being developed without the slightest regard to the wants of the towns and the conveniences of commerce. Even the natural facilities for engineering operations were not allowed by that autocrat to be for a moment taken into consideration. His engineers were once consult-

ing him as to the expediency of taking the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, by a slight detour, to avoid some very troublesome obstacles. The Tsar took up a ruler, and with his pencil drew a straight line from the old metropolis. Handing back the chart, he peremptorily said, "There, gentlemen, that is to be the route for the line!" And certainly there is not a straighter reach of 600 miles on any railroad in the world, as every tourist knows who has journeyed between the two chief cities of the Russian Empire. Even the Siberian line will scarcely contain anything direct enough to compare with this, though the perfectly straight sections are in some cases extraordinary. For instance, not very far beyond the Urals there is one magnificent stretch of perfectly straight road for 116 versts, or nearly 80 miles.

The traveller who expects that on the great Siberian route he will speedily find himself plunged into semi-savagery, or that he will, on leaving Europe, begin to realize the solitude of a vast forlorn wilderness, will be agreeably disappointed. This great line is intended to carry forward in its progress all the comforts of modern civilization. Every station is picturesque and even artistic. No two stations are alike in style, and all are neat, substantial, comfortable and comparable to the best rural stations anywhere in Europe or America. In one respect Russian provision for travellers is always far in advance of that of other countries. Those familiar with the country will know at once that I refer to the railway restaurants. The Great Siberian follows the rule of excellence and abundance. There, at every station, just as on the European side of the Urals, the traveller sees, on entering the handsome dining-room, the immense buffet loaded with freshly-cooked Russian dishes, always hot and steaming, and of a variety not at-

tempted in any other land excepting at great hotels. You select what fancy and appetite dictate, without any supervision. To dine at a railway restaurant anywhere in the Russian Empire is one of the luxuries of travel. Your dinner costs only a rouble—about two shillings, and what a dinner you secure for the money! Soup, beef, sturgeon, trout, poultry, game, bear's flesh, and vegetables in profusion are supplied *ad libitum*, the visitor simply helping himself just as he pleases. I mention these little details to prove that the longest railway in the world is to push civilization with it as it goes.

Readers who will glance at the map of the new line will notice that the track runs across the upper waters of the great rivers, just about where they begin to be about easily navigable. This will enable the navigation of the Obi, Yenisei and Lena to be taken advantage of for the extension of commerce throughout their entire length. When all is finished there will not be in the world so splendid a system of communication by rail and river combined as in Siberia. It is fully understood by English authorities that the great valley of the Lena will become one of the chief granaries of the world, especially for the benefit of England. Captain Wiggins, by his famous voyage round the Arctic as far as the mouth of the Yenisei, by the Kara Gulf, has already demonstrated that we can for commercial purposes tap Siberia during most of the months of the year.

All through the summer, at any rate, America and England will, by the Arctic passage and by these mighty rivers, communicate with the heart of Asia, the railway in the far interior completing the circle of commerce. Other results will follow. Siberia at present contains a population of four millions—less by more than a million than London reckons within its borders. Mil-

lions of the Russian peasantry in Europe are in a condition of chronic semi-starvation. Ere long thousands of these will weekly stream to the new Canaan in the East. Within the borders of Siberia the whole of the United States of America could be enclosed, with a great spare ring around for the accommodation of a collection of little kingdoms. In the wake of the new line towns are springing up like mushrooms. Many of these will become great cities. There are several reasons for this development. The first is that the railway runs through South Siberia, where the climate is delightfully mild compared with the rigorous conditions of the atmosphere further north. The next reason is that all the chief goldfields are in this southern latitude.

The Russian Government is, of course, in most matters of administration the narrowest and most exclusive in the world; but in some directions we must give it credit for being liberal. For instance, it has thrown open the goldfields alike to native and foreign enterprise. There is absolutely no restriction, except that all gold gathered must be assayed at the Government offices, and that 10 per cent. of the net proceeds must go to the Crown. I was not a little astonished at the Nijni Novgorod Exhibition to see the enormous gilded pyramid representing the mass of gold that has been taken from Siberian mines. When these vast goldfields are rendered more accessible by the completion of the railway, all the gold needed by Russia will be extracted from mines in her own territories.

One characteristic worthy of note is the absolute security aimed at by the administration of the line. Train and track are protected by an immense army of guards. The road is divided into sections of a verst each, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile. Every section is marked by a neat cot-

tage, the home of the guard and his family. Night and day the guard or one of his household must patrol the section. A train is never out of sight of the guards, several of whom are employed wherever there are heavy curves. There are nearly 4000 of these guards on the stretch between the Urals and Tomsk. All sense of solitude is thus removed from the mind of the traveller. The old post road through Siberia is one of the most dangerous routes in the world, being infested by murderous "brodyags," or runaway convicts; but the Siberian line is as safe as Cheapside or Oxford Street. With the fact of perfect safety is soon blended in the mind of the observer that of plenty. All along this wonderful route grass is seen growing in rank luxuriance that can hardly be equalled in any other part of the globe, Siberia being emphatically a grass-growing country. It is the original home of the whole graminiferous stock. Wheat is indigenous to Siberia. Here is the largest grazing region in existence. Through this the train rolls on hour after hour, as in European Russia it goes on and on through interminable birch forests. Countless herds of animals in superb condition are everywhere seen roaming over these magnificent flowering Steppes, over which the Muscovite Eagle proudly floats.

Parts of the great railway, however, traverse regions other than these. To make the reader understand the general characteristics of Siberia, and the importance of the railway in the light of these characteristics, a few words must be said about the three great zones which make up the country. The first is the Tundra, the vast region which stretches through the northern sub-arctic latitudes. This desolate belt is not less than 5000 miles in extent. In breadth it varies from 200 to 300 miles. In winter the Tundra is, of

course one vast frozen sheet. In the brief summer it is swampy, steaming, and swarming with mosquitoes. Treeless and sterile, the Tundra is the home of strange, uncouth tribes, but it is a valuable training ground for hardy hunters. To the minds of most people the Tundra is Siberia. This mischievous fallacy is difficult to dispel. In a few years the Siberian railway will have completely dissipated it. Much more valuable is the far wider zone called the Taiga, the most wonderful belt of forest on the surface of the earth. I can testify to the profound impression of mingled mystery and delight produced on the mind by riding a thousand miles through Russian forests as they still exist in European Russia, where myriads of square miles in the north and centre of the land are covered by birch, spruce, larch, pine and oak plantations. Where do these forests begin and where do they have an end? That is the traveller's thought. He finds that they thicken and broaden, and deepen as they sweep into their majestic gloom across the Urals, and make up for thousands of miles the grand Siberian arboreal belt. In this Taiga the Tsar possesses wealth beyond all computation; and the railway will put it actually at his disposal. The third zone, the most valuable of all, is that which mainly constitutes Southern Siberia. It is the region of the Steppes, that endless natural garden which again makes Siberia an incomparable land. Sheeted with flowers, variegated by woodlands, it holds in its lap ranges of mountains, all running with fairly uniform trend from north to south, while in its heart lies the romantic and mysterious Balkal, the deepest of lakes. Through the spurs of the Taiga, running irregularly through the lovely Steppes, passes the new railroad, which thus taps the chief resources of the land. It will open up the forests, the arable country land,

the cattle-breeding districts, and, above all, the mineral deposits. Here is a fine coming opportunity for the capitalists of the world.

Various speculations have been made concerning the probable cost of the Siberian line. The official estimate at the beginning was 400,000,000 roubles, or about £40,000,000. But in such a colossal undertaking the ultimate actual expenditure must far exceed all anticipation and all initial intention. It is not likely that the two termini can be reached without a total outlay of £80,000,000. It must be remembered that for an immense distance in the far eastern section the line branches into two. The original scheme is totally altered. The proper Siberian portion has been diverted, and a Manchurian branch is to be added. How this has come about, and what profound issues depend on the alteration and ramification, we are about to note. But it must be remembered that, as the land belongs entirely to the Government, and therefore costs absolutely nothing, the original estimates might well be based on very economical calculations. Contingencies have arisen which involve enormous modifications, both in policy and in expenditure.

The Siberian Railway starts at Cheliabinsk, just across the Ural Mountains, which it reaches through Samara on the Volga from the European side, coming over the boundary hills through Ufa, Miass and Zlatoust. Shortly after leaving the latter town, which is the centre of the Urallian iron industry, the train passes that pathetic "Monument of Tears" which marks the boundary between Europe and Asia. The triangular post of white marble, which thousands of weeping exiles every year embrace as they pay their sad farewell to Europe, is simply inscribed on one of its three sides, "Asia," on another, "Europe." Passing down the eastern slopes of the

Urals the train soon reaches Cheliabinsk, running beside the Isset, a tributary of the Irtish, one of the main branches of the grand Obi river. On leaving Cheliabinsk, the traveller begins to realize that he is in Siberia. In the near future this section of the line will be traversed by many an explorer and many a hunter, who will in summer come to seek fresh fields on the course of the Obi, to track out towards the north the haunts of the seal, the walrus and the white bear. The line crosses the Tobol at Kurgan, the Isham at Patropavlosk, and the Irtish at Omsk, where the majestic new bridge spans a stream of 700 yards. The three fine rivers are confluent of the Obi. Kurgan lies embosomed in the finest and richest, as well as the largest, pasturage ground in the world. The magnitude of this undertaking may be imagined from the fact that the Yenisei river is only reached after a ride of 2000 miles from Cheliabinsk, and then the traveller has not traversed half the distance across the Continent which this railroad spans.

We arrive at the main stream of the Obi when the train rolls into the station at Kollvan. Thus Tomsk, one of the chief cities of Siberia, is missed, for it lies further north on the Obi. In the same way does the line ignore Tobolsk, the Siberian capital, as it touches the Irtish far south of the city. These important places will be served by branch lines. Indeed, the branch to Tomsk is already finished. It is 80 miles long, and runs down the Tom valley northward to the city, which is the largest and most important in all Siberia. Tomsk will become the "hub" of Asia. It lies near the centre of the new railway system. It has a telephone system, is lighted by electricity, and possesses a flourishing university with thirty professors and three hundred students. Tomsk, Tobolsk, and Yeniseisk would be difficult to reach by

the main line, as they are surrounded by vast swamps, and therefore the line is thus laid considerably south of these great towns. They are accessible with ease by side lines down their respective rivers.

The Siberian line is designed to run through the arable lands of the fertile zone. The adjacent land will be worth countless millions of roubles to a government which has not had to pay a single kopeck for it. On for many hundreds of versts rolls the train through the pasture lands of the splendid Kirghiz race. The Kirghez are by far the finest of the Tartars. They are a purely pastoral people, frugal, cleanly, and hospitable, living mainly on meats and milk and cheese, the products of their herds. Both for pasture and for the culture of cereals, the vast territory between the Obi and the Yenisei will be unrivalled in the whole world. Kurgan is the capital. It will become an Asiatic Chicago.

On the Shim river, a fairly important though minor tributary of the Obi, is Patropavlosk, with a population already of 20,000. It is growing rapidly, and fine buildings are springing up, in attestation of the immense influence of the new line. The city was once the frontier fortress erected by Russia against the Kirghiz. It was of commercial importance before the railroad was thought of, as the emporium of the brisk trade with Samarcand and Central Asia; great camel caravans constantly reaching it. All the old towns which are traversed by the Great Siberian are being transformed as if by magic. From Patropavlosk to Omsk is a distance equal to that between London and Edinburgh, about 400 miles. New and promising villages are frequently espied in the midst of the level, fertile, flowery plains, varied by great patches of cultivated land. All along the track the land is being taken up on each side, and crops are

being raised. We are in the midst of the great future granary of the whole Russian Empire, and not of that Empire alone.

Reaching the Yenisei river, the grandest stream in Siberia, the train crosses by a bridge a thousand yards in length. But some time before this a stoppage is made at the town of Obb, which is a striking sample of the magical results of the railway. Three years ago not a house stood on the site of this city of 14,000 people, in which are to-day many handsome buildings, including several churches. The whole country was till recently a scene of wild desolation. The thriving community, busy with a prosperous trade, is typical of the coming transformation of Siberia.

A short distance beyond Irkutsk the line reaches one of the most remarkable places in the world—Lake Baikal. It is at once the pride of Siberia and the despair of the railway engineers. It is here that the really formidable difficulties begin, and from that point they do not cease, for it is the western section of the railroad which was comparatively easy of construction. From Baikal to the Pacific the work is much more troublesome and costly, both on the Amur branch to Vladivostock, and on the Manchurian to Newchwang. The Russian engineers dislike tunneling, in which they are anything but experts. Baikal and the surrounding district they have found a terrible bugbear. This grand lake is as long as England. It is nearly a mile deep, and covers an area of 13,430 square miles. Its surface is 1500 feet above the level of the sea. On every side it is hemmed in by lofty mountains covered with thick forest. Only a few tiny villages relieve its dreary solitude. The early Russian settlers, impressed by the mystic silence and gloomy grandeur of Baikal, named it the "Holy Sea." It abounds in fish of many species, and

every season thousands of pounds worth of salmon are caught and dried. At the north end great numbers of seals have their habitat, the Buriat hunters sometimes taking as many as a thousand in a single season. Baikal is the only freshwater sea in the world in which this animal is found.

The Circumbaikalian section of the line offers stupendous difficulties. The track has to run round the south end of the lake, from Listwinitza to Mysawaya. Many torrents have to be bridged where the shores are rocky, and where they are flat they are very marshy.

The Transbaikalian section takes the line from Lake Baikal to the great Amur river. The line gradually ascends to the crest of the Yablonoi Mountains, reaching a height of 3412 feet above the sea level. This is the greatest altitude of the Siberian railway. In this province of Transbaikalia lies the interesting city of Chita, the far-off home of the most famous and estimable Socialist exiles sent from Russia. From this point to the Amur, where Manchuria is reached, the line is carried down the Pacific slope, through one of the wildest and most romantic tracts ever penetrated by railway engineers. Political events have revolutionized the original scheme for the eastern portion of the line, which is now to have three branches, touching the Pacific at the three points of Vladivostock, at Newchwang, and ultimately at some spot on the coast of Korea. The Vladivostock end is already finished as far as Khabarovski, the town which stands at the junction of the Ussur and the Amur. This last section of the line is called the Ussurian, and it covers a distance of 483 miles. It is not generally remembered by Englishmen that the Great Siberian Railway was begun at the Pacific end, and that the present Tsar Nicholas II., when Tsarevitch, inaug-

urated the colossal enterprise by laying the first stone of the eastern terminus at Vladivostock, on May 12, 1891, after the publication of the Imperial rescript solemnly decreeing the work on March 17 of the same year.

It may be a matter of mystery to many readers how the rapid performance of the undertaking can be ensured. The process is very simple. Seven sections are being made simultaneously. These are (1) the West Siberian, from Cheliabinsk to Obi, 880 miles; (2) the Central Siberian, from Obi to Irkutsk, 1162 miles; (3) the Circumbaikalian, from Irkutsk to Mysawaya, round the south of the lake, 194 miles; (4) the Transbaikalian, from Mysawaya to Strietensk, 669 miles; (5) the Amur, from Strietensk to Khabarovski, 1326 miles; (6) the North Ussurian, from Khabarovski to Graphska, 230 miles; (7) the South Ussurian, from Graphska to Vladivostock, 253 miles; giving a total length of 4714 miles, or more than a thousand miles more than the length of the American line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The chief troubles at present are encountered in the Amur section, where labor and the necessaries of life are most difficult to procure. The first train reached Irkutsk in August, 1898, an astonishingly early date considering that the distance of that city from Cheliabinsk is 2042 miles.

The future possibilities of this railway are little dreamed of by the world at large. The Russians tell us that when their grand line is open throughout, the journey from Moscow to Newchwang or Vladivostock will be made in four days, and Shanghai may be reached from London in nine days. As to the fare, it will certainly be possible to go from London to Shanghai, by using this Russian line, for £40 first class, about half of the present fare to China by the cheapest sea route *via* Brindisi. As Russia now has increased

complications on her hands with regard to both China and Japan, she is determined to accomplish with the utmost rapidity the task of completing the two branches into which the line forks off in the Far East. Into the political difficulties connected with the Manchurian branch I do not here enter. They will be overcome by compromise with England. There is room

The Contemporary Review.

for the working out of the interests of both Britain and Russia in the remote East. The fate of China is settled. She may not be partitioned, but she must at any rate come under the virtual suzerainty of the overshadowing occidental Powers, which may put new life into her effete civilization without necessarily coming into collision with each other.

William Durban.

THE RECENT FUSS ABOUT THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

There is nothing more interesting, more amusing, and perhaps more melancholy than the recent fuss about the reviving of the Celtic speech of Ireland. The public discussion of it arose somewhat accidentally, in connection with the inquiry concerning the working of intermediate education in Ireland. A very few independent men gave it as their opinion that it was not practical or sensible to appoint courses, examinations and prizes in Irish for boys and girls seeking a general education to fit them for practical life. The number of candidates who speak it as a mother tongue is infinitesimal; to such candidates it is most important that they should study other languages; as regards those who take it up merely as an examination subject it was urged that the knowledge of it was not very serviceable, and it was asserted that the papers usually set were puerile and the books appointed not literary and otherwise objectionable. But even if this were not so, it was urged on the ground of economy of time that such knowledge was, to the crowd, useless, and that there was not sufficient time for the learning of far more important subjects.

The men who spoke out their opin-

ions in this direction were but a handful; the storm of opposition which their evidence before the Commission excited was such that a large number of discreet persons who sympathized with them, and had said so in private, either observed a prudent silence or declared themselves, for popularity's sake, on the other side. And, in any case, the great body of protest and of indignant vindication of the dignity and importance of Irish as a subject for Irish study was such that few will blame the Commissioners if they retain the subject in the programme of intermediate examinations. In fact, the only effect produced by the objectors seems to be that they have galvanized into life the well-nigh extinct study of the spoken tongue, and have set a number of people to establish a regular propaganda of the so-called native tongue of the country. That it is not so, and has not been so for a long time, is considered of no importance. The few thousands who were till recently ashamed of it as a mark of ignorance are now likely to dream that they have a nobler heritage than the millions in Ireland who know not a word of it and who have never even heard it spoken, and so we may possibly (though

not probably) have a serious recrudescence of Irish speaking, which will have even worse effects than the maintenance and cultivation of Welsh in Wales. And the indignation which any such statement excites among Welshmen is exactly parallel to the indignation produced in Ireland by the recent criticism of the Celtic craze. But indignation is not argument; violent charges against men of character because they despise the study of Irish in schools are not good reasons for convincing independent observers; so much so that if a calm critic were to decide the matter by the respective temperatures of the combatants—not a bad test in most controversies—he would conclude that the cool and sceptical few have possibly a good case against the heated crowd who are pelting them with every missile that comes to hand. As a specimen of these missiles I may mention the letter received from an indignant Irish editor enclosing from his paper a violent attack upon my views (I cannot call it a refutation) by a hysterical student of Irish, and telling me, “for my satisfaction,” that while this article had obtained wide circulation, he had taken care to suppress my arguments, to which the article was a reply.

It was said just now that this recrudescence of Irish might possibly do even more harm than the maintenance of Welsh, though that is bad enough when we find a sympathetic Welsh orator declaring upon a Dublin platform with pride that whenever he spoke English he felt he was speaking a foreign language. No doubt his hearers felt so too: I can answer for it that his readers did. When such a person begins to descant upon the vast superiority of his native tongue, we feel that his personal conviction loses all weight as a general argument. But that the outcry for Irish in our schools is more dangerous than such movements else-

where will perhaps appear obvious when we have briefly analyzed the various classes into which the agitators may be distributed.

First in dignity and importance, though very few in number, are the genuine enthusiasts, who think that by preserving and disseminating the use of Irish they will preserve that distinct national flavor which makes Ireland—indeed, which makes any country—interesting. Within my own acquaintance I know at least two such people—one an ex-Rebel, just as conscientious in his former as in his latter state, a man of letters and of high education, whose opinion cannot but command respect from all who know him. The other is a Western landlady, who promotes Irish among her tenantry and dependents, and who told me with pride that they were beginning to appreciate it as no mere spoken idiom, but a speech that can be printed and studied in books, so that she hopes for a large development of interest in the subject throughout her district in the West. She is a woman of a large heart, who has lived in the world, and in the midst of her enthusiasm has retained that strong sense of humor which will protect her from the absurdities into which the advocates of her project continually stray.

If we had only to deal with such people as these genuine and cultivated enthusiasts, none of us would have a word to say against their arguments. No one, moreover, has a word to say against the philological study of the language by scholars and for scholarly purposes. As a matter of fact, Trinity College, Dublin, to which some of the critics of the movement belong, not only contains the best theoretical students of Irish in the country, but maintains a chair to promote the use of modern Irish.

The second class are politicians and political ladies, chiefly English, who see

in this movement a cheap and harmless boon wherewith to humor the people to whom they have refused Home Rule. Let anything or everything sentimental be conceded, let the people be humored with every toy, provided they attain no separate Parliament. It is, perhaps, the most signal instance of the stupidity of the ruling nation that they should expect a clever people to owe them any gratitude for this contemptuous civility. If they had the smallest insight they would know that these sentimental concessions will be accepted with scorn, and taken for admissions of incompetence; such things will all be used to strengthen and consolidate the larger and deeper claims which England and some of the Irish have determined to refuse. Not a single Irish malcontent was ever conciliated by such childish pretences of concession.

The third class are those Welshmen who, having made Welsh the vehicle of their religion, and so kept it alive, have persuaded themselves that the use of a barbarous jargon which hardly a civilized man understands is a high title to national importance and the distinctness of their province from England. In this, as we shall see in the sequel, they are by no means unique, but express a tendency showing itself with dangerous force in many parts of Europe. To any one who recognizes that the Welsh are in a lower state of civilization than the Irish and Scotch, and therefore have contributed far less to the greatness of the Empire, it will seem obvious that some part, at least, of such inferiority may be ascribed to want of a proper knowledge of English—the Imperial language—among the peasants of Wales. In any case the association of religion with the language of the people distinguishes the case of Wales from that of Ireland, where religion in two foreign languages, first Latin and

then English, was thrust upon the people. The former succeeded, the latter failed, because the former, backed by the strong organization of the Roman Church, had conquered the mass of the people.

But in earlier days the Roman clergy in Ireland were by no means advocates of Irish, though I may reckon them as the fourth class of those who go with the stream, and come forward now to demand the recognition of Irish in popular education. There is no evidence in the history of Maynooth College that any attention—even as much as in Trinity College—has been paid to Irish, though it is not unlikely that the present movement will compel some recognition of it there. But in former years the Roman clergy frequently set themselves in opposition to Irish, and very rightly compelled the peasants under their charge to learn English at school as a necessary preparation not only for emigration but for a fuller life at home. Perhaps the most interesting passage in this history was the attempt of the once well-known "Irish Society" to convert the people by sending among them Scripture readers versed in the Irish tongue. The Roman priesthood, more particularly in the County Meath, felt this attack so dangerous, and were so unable to meet it, owing to their own ignorance of Irish, that they set themselves to insist upon the use of English among their flocks.

Now we hear a very different story. To discourage Irish is to brave unpopularity, and so we have many wild pronouncements in its favor, all of which can hardly be genuine. One Prelate went so far as to say that of all the languages he knew (even including Greek) none was so powerful and expressive as his mother tongue. But for his exalted position, we might have ventured to ask him how many languages he really *knew*, how far Greek could be fairly included, and whether

he did not mean that Demosthenes addressing the peasants of the North-Western wilds would have no chance against the Prelate speaking to his fellow-natives in their common mother tongue. In this last sense his statement was no doubt strictly true.

But the learned Prelate does not stand alone in these absurd laudations of Irish as a language. There is another class of enthusiasts whose profession it is to teach Irish, who expect either to live by it or to gain notoriety by leading the new movement, and of these many have lashed themselves into the firm belief that Irish is not only the noblest tongue in the world, but has a literature second to none. There is no hope of mending, or even of moderating, these self-developed enthusiasts, whose trade is to shout, whose only argument is to attribute sordid motives to their opponents in addition to charging them with lack of patriotism and with ignorance. The former charge does not even depend upon the definition of patriotism, both the assailants and assailed agreeing that a patriot is a man who loves his country and desires its permanent good. I, for example, may protest that I am Irish of the Irish, that I have lived all my days since boyhood in Ireland, striving to help young Irishmen to get on in the world—yet because I have the firm conviction that it is unpractical and mischievous to make Irish children spend their time studying this no longer literary language, and express this opinion publicly, I am at once set down as an enemy of my country, or at any rate as no Irishman.

I ask, is this reasonable? Are we to have no liberty of saying what we think regarding the proper education of our fellow-countrymen? And even supposing we are mistaken, even if we have judged the matter wrongly and have under-estimated the value of this study, are we therefore to be spoken

of as renegades or aliens in sentiment? How easy would it be to retort the calumny and charge with treachery to their country those who seek to starve and provincialize the intellects of the youth of Ireland by urging them to pursue obsolete and unprofitable studies as a privilege of their nationality!

We come now to the charge of ignorance—that is to say, that those who speak slightly of Irish are ignorant of the language and its literature, and have therefore no right to offer an opinion. This, at least, does seem a reasonable objection. But is it founded upon facts? The two Irish scholars known to me as men of learning and of high cultivation in other respects—as men who have thoroughly mastered other languages—appear among the witnesses in the recent Blue-book who are against the study of Irish in schools. As I know perfectly well that the education and the judgment of these men far exceed those of the fervent advocates on the other side, what can I do but follow them? They tell me that there is no body of literature in the so-called classical Irish, which they have studied for years, and that nothing valuable is to be learned from it except philological facts, and perhaps some folk-lore, neither the former nor the latter being fit for school purposes.

The reply of the other side at once showed its weakness. First they said that these scholars were ignorant of the spoken dialect, and could not talk with a native in the West. Not only was this irrelevant, but it was open to a ruinous retort from the ignorant man. He said to them, "Well, then, as you do know this modern tongue, which you say has a literature equal to the Greek, will you please translate some of it into English, that we too may enjoy it and know how elevating it might be to the youth of Ireland?" But then we are told, to our surprise, that the modern speech is a mere semi-gram-

matical colloquial idiom, but that in older books lies the real splendor of this literature. Yet it was from a knowledge of these very older books that the scholars formed their adverse opinion! And when we press the speakers and teachers of modern Irish to give us at least some specimens of this great national heritage, we discover that they are unable to translate it, the mediæval written tongue differing widely from the spoken language of to-day.

But the challenge of the ignorant man is not to be evaded, and until the advocates of Irish literature have shown us by copious translations some of its quality we are justified in believing the sceptics.¹ Let us not be put off with the evasion that the delicacies of the language are such that they evaporate in translation. That is partially true of all translations. Much of the splendor of the Hebrew poets evaporates even in our Authorized Version. None of the myriad English versions of Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, and other foreign poets can possibly reproduce the original splendor; but that splendor is even still visible through these translations. Let the Celtic party give us some versions that we can read—let them even put into these versions their own genius, as MacPherson did with his "Ossian;" we shall not weigh the matter nicely, provided they give us good literature. But till they have done so the ignorant critic is justified in believing that the Irish language contains but scanty reading of any importance.

But the class of professional Irish

students is not large, and would rather be important for its noise than its numbers, were it not that behind it is a great mass of opinion which keeps comparatively silent, and yet is known to every Irishman. It is the mass of those who dislike or who hate England and the English, and who favor any movement which will lead directly or indirectly to a severance between Ireland and Great Britain. We need not wonder that such a class should exist, and should even be very large. It is the case of a stupid nurse alternately bullying and petting a wayward and troublesome child, until the child discovers that the nurse will allow it to do almost any mischief provided it will not bellow and kick and make a public scene. This mass of Irishmen who have been refused political separation have the intelligence to know that such is only a question of time, provided they can nourish separation in sentiment, and revive the hitherto decreasing sense of contrast in race by establishing contrast in language. They know that a sentimental grievance, which to the Englishman is tantamount to no grievance at all, is the only real, lasting and dangerous grievance. They have little love for the Irish language—very few of them know it or care to know it: in secret they probably laugh at the movement, and know that it is born out of due time so far as any healthy development is concerned. But it serves as an Irish cry, the *keen* over the corpse of Irish speech, the opportunity for exaggerating the merits of the dead and the vices of the living. And they must surely feel that the at-

¹ Upon asking a literary friend well versed in the literature of translations from the Irish, I was informed that there are not unfrequently legends which show a fine feeling and a certain poetic beauty, and I was referred to the following specimens, which I gladly here indicate to the curious reader. I will not dispute the judgment of my revered friend, but these few isolated swallows can hardly be held to make a summer. The references are to Dr. Douglas Hyde's Lit-

erary History of Ireland—viz., p. 342 sq., "The Death of Cuchulain;" p. 370, "The Sailing of Owen Mor;" p. 383, "Lament of Crede for Her Husband;" p. 437, "Death of Brian Boru;" p. 528, "Life in Bardic Schools"—and some passages in Mr. Whitley Stokes' "Goidelica." I will add that Sir Samuel Ferguson's Irish poems are translations in a higher sense of rude legends into epic poems.

tempted revival has come too late, and must deplore that they never thought of it even twenty or thirty years ago.

Men and women of the departing generation have often told me how the peasants, even in the rich countries of Meath and of Tipperary, who lived around their places all spoke Irish, and how it was often difficult to obtain domestic servants who knew enough English for ordinary purposes.

So things lasted till the great famine of 1846-47, which swept out of Ireland, either by death or emigration, a large part of the population—to a great extent the very part which spoke Irish in everyday life.

Then came the great and successful system of primary education governed by the National Board, which, with the consent and even approval of the Roman Catholic priesthood, ignored Irish from the outset, and insisted upon English as the *sine qua non* in every child's education. From that time the use of Irish rapidly decreased, though in my younger days, say twenty-five years ago, I often heard it spoken even in towns on the eastern coast. I have heard the Irish cry at a funeral in Navan; I have heard buying and selling in Irish in Dundalk, whither the inhabitants of Slievegullion (Co. Armagh) and of O'Meath (Co. Louth) used to gather; I have heard it in the district of Bonmahon (Co. Waterford), not to speak of the West and South-West, where it now lingers pretty generally.

For many years back I have noted these linguistic facts with interest, and with a real love for the people, who will always be to me the most charming peasantry in Europe. No one desires more than I that they should preserve their delightful peculiarities. Even the frieze *frac*, with knee breeches and blue stockings, which was the usual dress of old men twenty years ago, and which was, of course, not really Irish, but borrowed

from England—even that costume I should desire to preserve: it is picturesque in its way, and is now at least a sign of old times in Ireland. But to maintain these things, which are or had become natural to the people, is one thing—to revive them, and teach them artificially to those who have laid them aside and forgotten them, is quite another. To insist upon our Irish youth re-learning their nearly extinct language is, as it seems to me, even more unpractical than to insist upon their resuming an old national costume which has gone out of use.

Let us now rise to broader considerations.

By far the most interesting feature in this attempted revival, and that which raises it into a question of philosophical history, is its connection with a general movement throughout Europe which is now tending to reverse the Imperial tendencies of former days. Once more agitation in Ireland has been the breaking of the swell upon our coast which indicates a far distant storm. It was so in 1798; it was so in 1848. The political excitement throughout the Continent set Irish minds in ferment, and led to an imitation, often unconscious, of foreign ideas. It is very likely that the most fiery of the revival party know or care nothing about the parallel agitations in Eastern Europe, and yet there is surely an unconscious propaganda from one to the other. In the Middle Ages Europe seemed to have settled the question of the intercommunication of men by adopting Latin as the *lingua franca* and allowing everybody to speak his own language in peace. But then arose Empires which welded together diverse nationalities and induced them to adopt the tongue of the conquering and predominant partner. In this process France is the most remarkable instance of success; but though all official and literary work in that country

employs French, a large proportion of the peasantry of France speaks habitually languages very alien to French—Breton, Béarnais, Provençal, Walloon and, till recently, not a little German. Were it not for the great centralization effected first by Louis the Fourteenth, then by Napoleon, the various provinces of France might now be emulating the newest Welsh and Irish agitation; nor should I be astonished if we yet saw a recrudescence of their tongues in antagonism to the dominant language. When we move eastward, and consider Germany, we see her taking somewhat tyrannous precautions against this danger, and using every care to repress the use of French or of Danish in her newly acquired provinces. In the same way Russia is forcing her uncouth tongue on German and Finnish districts, and seeking to assert her nationality as a whole against the invasions of French and German.

The instance of Austria is the most signal of all. The Hungarians have been successful in ousting German and re-establishing their Tartar speech throughout their country. The Czechs are following suit. This is being done on the very principles now advocated in Ireland, but it was begun in time, and by a very important section of the Austrian Empire. What are the actual and probable results?

When I first visited Hungary, in 1862, the people were still "downtrodden" by Austria, and I witnessed instances of violence and oppression on the part of Austrian officials. Yet everybody was ready to speak the German language, though everybody was full of national and patriotic sentiments. Pesth was an utterly original, charming, hospitable city, but outlandish and unlike other European cities, and no place could be more intensely Hungarian in sentiment. The contrast when I saw it recently was very painful. The use of Hungarian had indeed been so thor-

oughly re-introduced that it was constantly a matter of difficulty to find out what one wanted. The people had become self-conscious and self-important, and devoured with the idea of making a fashionable (and vulgar) capital out of Pesth. Hospitality had sadly decayed. People who had kept house with the open-handedness of primitive people had since eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and had sewed themselves fig-leaves to hide their ordinary life. The contact with intelligent foreigners was being impaired, and the whole place was becoming a shoddy, second-rate quasi-European town, instead of being a quaint, slightly barbaric, slightly Oriental, but thoroughly national and hospitable city.

I have had no opportunity of studying the Czech movement in the same way, but suppose the tendencies are similar. It seems to be a profound mistake that distinct nationality can only be sustained by distinct language. The greatest patriots Ireland has produced were English-speaking men, and not even bi-lingual. The city of Dublin, in whose streets Irish has not been spoken for a couple of centuries, and where English has been at home for six or seven, is still as distinctly an Irish town as Galway. If Irish could be re-introduced and spoken in Dublin as Hungarian is in Pesth, if all the announcements and titles of the shops and streets were set up in Irish, it would produce vast inconvenience to all visitors and to natives who spoke English only; it would mar intercourse and so injure the education of the people; and I am perfectly convinced it would not make Dublin one whit more Irish at heart than it is at present. It would, in fact, set up a false test of nationality instead of a true one.

The present controversy shows this clearly enough. There are plenty of men who have lived all their life and

done all their work in Ireland, who love the country and the people, who are to any external spectator redolent of the soil, who are, in fact, Irishmen in every natural and reasonable sense; and yet if they happen to be seriously convinced that the resuscitation of Irish is bad for their country and should not be encouraged, they must keep a discreet silence and acquiesce in all the mendacities or exaggerations about the question. For if any one of them speaks out his mind, the whole posse sets upon him: he is denounced as unpatriotic, as dishonest, as a disguised enemy, from every point of view as no Irishman. And yet he may have declared himself owing to an earnest desire to do his country good.

It is hard to speak with patience of such attacks, and of the policy which they presuppose. What chance is there for Ireland if those of her sons who think independently are to be bullied into silence? Are the few men of learning who live in the country to be set upon with calumnies because they see in the revival of many isolated tongues throughout Europe a retrograde step, a return to the dark ages—nay, even to the famous Tower of Babel in Hebrew legend? Is the great republic of letters throughout Europe, which since Latin went out of use has used at most three literary languages, to be broken up again into cabals representing the severed elements of this great accommodation, and are we to spend our lives learning the various jargons which have either absolutely or rela-

tively no literature, in order to humor foolish people whose pride consists in provincial isolation? Surely, even those whom these objections cannot convert must at least recognize that there is something to be said for imperialism, not only in politics, but in language, and that the advantages of a common and ready means of communication in speech are not less than those of a ready communication by high roads and railways.

If we could preserve in the few remote glens or moors the Irish which is still the natural speech of the natives, it would also preserve a peculiar and a charming type of man and woman, and I for one should be ready to make considerable sacrifice to do so. But I can only see one effectual method. The high roads leading into such a sanctum must be broken up; no light railways must be allowed to approach it by land, or steamers by sea; that noxious animal the tourist must be rigorously forbidden to profane it with his modern vulgarities and his demands for modern comforts. Such a policy might be effectual; it would at all events be honest; unfortunately it would also be absurd. I cannot think likewise of the attempt to resuscitate an artificial Irish language by means of teaching children to smatter it from bad grammars and bad text-books. Such a policy may not, indeed, at first sight seem absurd; but I do not believe it to be honest, and I am convinced that it will not be effectual.

J. P. Mahaffy.

NEW WINES AND OLD BOTTLES.

I.

The Hon. Arthur Chalmers, only son of Lord Winborough, narrowly missed being an original man; he wanted the persistence of genius: he was often commonplace for such very long periods that his happy sayings when they came were apt to be considered quotations: this he thought hard.

At the time at which I write he was just on the point of attaining his majority, an occasion which was to be celebrated with great festivities on the large Essex estate of his fathers. Arthur would have several speeches to deliver and was anxious to make his mark.

This, in passing, was one of his originalities; the real ambition of his soul was to be thought an intellectual man. "Is he a clever chap?" was a question that was constantly on his lips. He did not pursue this ideal in a mean or vain spirit; he did not want to gain a flashy reputation for wit and sharpness to which he had no title; he could not bear to be superficial; but he wanted to have intellectual weight; he was conscious, not ostentatiously, of taking different and higher views of ordinary things than those who surrounded him; then he set no store on his rank which was assured, nor his family which was ancient, nor his wealth which was great. It hurt him to think that these adventitious advantages were what gave him consequence. He liked them well enough as conveniences, as bladders to swim easily by, not as a life-belt forming his only excuse for floating.

There was at Oxford a society of young men, self-styled the Evangelists. Their existence was a secret of which every one knew. Their object was se-

rious conversation with the Regeneration of the World as an ulterior aim. One advantage they certainly possessed: they were for the most part men of intellectual fibre, and spoke their mind at the weekly meetings.

To this society Chalmers had a year before been elected. It was the fact which, in the whole of his Oxford career, gave him high pleasure. It elated him perpetually to think of it. It never occurred to him that young men of virile mind, whose linen was not always clean, and whose trouser-ends were a little shady, liked for very human reasons to be on a footing of intimacy with the probable representative of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in England. Arthur had, of course, a keen interest in small-talk on abstract topics, and that justified his election. At this society Chalmers heard some striking things said, and learnt to speak fluently, vowing, somewhat to the disappointment of his fellows, at the last meeting he attended, never to prostitute his fluency to the deliberations of that effete institution, the Upper Chamber, of which it was so probable he would be a member. From this it is clear that he at least fancied himself a Radical.

At this time he was a tall young man, with an expression that was sometimes called "fatuous" by those who had not been introduced to him, "simple" by his acquaintances, "open" by his friends. His eyebrows, which were large and black, met. His eyes had a kind of melancholy. His complexion was fresh and clear. He dawdled in his walk and kept his hands in his coat pockets. He played moderately at several games of skill. His favorite authors were those whose wit condenses into proverbialities. In talk he was a

little apt to be sententious. He was anxious to quote, and did so, on occasions, with success, rarely, however, supplying the name of the author right; and lastly he had a curious vocabulary of his own, many of the phrases of which were never explained, short characterizations of people or situations in various languages. Thus he called a man who was fond of a display a "sheriff," a person replete with information and anxious to impart it a "governess," and lastly (these are mere examples of a great number), if any member of the company with a beard was so unfortunate as to lodge food or fishbones or sauce upon it during a meal, Chalmers would say to his next-door neighbor with a grave air "*plusieurs hiboux.*"

II.

On the day of the great festivities at Chalmers' End, as Lord Winborough's house was called, Arthur rose very early, and, in the grey of the morning, looking out over the park whose rolling woods and knolls were covered with a faint bluish haze, studied with considerable care a number of slips of paper which contained quotations, headings and, generally speaking, the lines of his projected speeches. He was a little wrought up by this occasion and decidedly nervous. He was determined not to be ordinary, upon any consideration, but to say something that should more or less make the ears of his audience tingle.

On the table lay a gorgeous dressing-case—open, with its gold-topped bottles and all its barbaric apparatus—his mother's gift. Various other luxurious trifles were piled on the tables of the room. He looked at them without much pleasure or interest. They were not the kind of things he cared about. At last the bell rang, and he descended in his fine linen and purple to his moth-

er's room. He found her very placid at her prayers, and went and knelt by her. She put her arm inside his, and, on finishing the last Amen, kissed him quietly on the cheek, and murmured little sentences in his ear as she held him in a close embrace, sentences which made his heart beat none the less fast because they were nearly unintelligible. He loved his mother very dearly. Then the door of his father's dressing-room opened, and that worthy gentleman came out, with his face the color of new blotting-paper and his frock coat very much too large for him. He took his son's hands in both his own. "Arthur, my lad," he said, "it does my heart good to see this day. Kiss me, Nora, my dear, and let us go down, or we shall be late for breakfast and the Duke will be kept waiting." And he went briskly off, while mild Lady Winborough followed, clasping her son's arm, down the passages which had so often re-echoed to his shouts and laughter and his childish grief: the presence of the years was thick about them: past the pictures of his ancestors, smiling at him from every wall came the young heir; and I am glad to think that he gave them all a thought. He included them in his jubilee; but he did not repeat to his mother the remark he meant to make about them, because it was intended for his mid-day speech.

The tenants' dinner took place at one, in the great hall—a dark species of cavern in the centre of the old house, scantily lighted from the roof and dim with tapestry, banners and suits of armor. His speech was a clever one; he avoided all catchwords and party cries. He announced his belief in the surpassing value of principle and his adherence to it, and having thus quieted the apprehensions of his father and his father's friends, and the stiffer intelligences, he made what was really a democratical speech, almost socialistic,

dwelling on the equality of man, and the strange accidents of birth. This the unprogressive party looked upon as all very commendable modesty in a young man and nodded very approvingly; and in point of fact the only fault of the speech was that it was a little too elaborate. It did as well as any other fluent speech would have done from a young gentleman with a prepossessing countenance and of the name of Chalmers. The old weather-worn farmers, chuckling over their sweet champagne, with their legs tucked in under the forms, rapped the table with a kind of proprietary sense in the young heir, as each of the intricate paragraphs worked itself safely out; and the roars of applause that made the roof ring and the banners seem to wave, and brought tears to Lady Winborough's eyes and a deeper tinge to his lordship's cheeks, would have greeted a far less intelligent speech. Indeed, the only auditor who saw past the cautious exterior into the flaming centre was young Oliver, an ardent Evangelist, and the chosen guest of the hero of the day, and he was the only person present whom the heir's principles did not concern in any direct or material way.

In the evening there was a dinner of some sixty friends and county notabilities. The Duke of Essex, the Lord Lieutenant, the Bishop of the Diocese, all the friends of the family, quite a crowd of gentlemen called Chalmers, with blotting-paper faces, brothers of the reigning sovereign, with more or less unemphatic wives. Arthur was in his militia uniform. It was to be followed by a universal ball and fireworks in the park.

Arthur sat between his mother and the Duchess of Essex, a lady who received every communication made to her with a brilliant smile—the same that had won the Duke's heart—and at least five inclinations of the head.

She was a thoroughly good-natured woman who did not want to talk, but liked to see people enjoy themselves. She was an old friend of the family, and had insisted on kissing Arthur that morning at breakfast before all the assembled guests. It was in fact generally supposed that her grace, through the medium of Lady Harriet, aspired to the post of mother-in-law.

Arthur's speech in reply to the Lord Lieutenant certainly did produce a sensation this time. He began by some delicate compliments to his ancestors and all they had done for him. He would go so far as to say that he wished he could see them round the table, were it not for the fact that his own presence would in that event become rather otiose. Then he alluded to the fact that he had posterity also to consider, at which the Duchess hit Lady Winborough several times with her fan behind the speaker's back, and nodded an inconceivable number of times. He then broke into a different vein. He deprecated his remarks being received in a personal light, and assured them that his statements were purely general; but that in considering the portraits of his ancestors and all the opportunities they had had, he noticed with considerable pain the lack of originality or greatness among them; they had had leisure, and they had not written or thought; money, and they had spent it on themselves; influence, and they had not employed it except to do a few family turns and smooth a few rough corners. A race of squires for four hundred years, then ennobled for sheer respectability; wealthy in later times almost by an accident (Lord Winborough's property in and near Bradford had thirty years before become fabulously valuable), they had been the creatures of circumstance all along, tossed fortunately high upon the beach by the tide of things, with no spring or mastery of their own.

"There is but one way," said Arthur, tapping the table impressively, "by which this lack of greatness can be compensated. Either we must be unfortunate and have to remake our own fortunes—which may heaven forbid"—Lord Winborough audibly shuddered—"or else some talent must be grafted upon the family; the heir must marry a clever woman."

He sat down amidst some confused and half-hearted applause, rather horrified at the gloom which he had produced: he had been too serious—if he had played over it a little more and smiled a little more, it might have been passed over—but he had said it emphatically, ostentatiously, almost contentiously. It was not pleasant fooling; it had a savor of ideas about it—and the Chalmers mind, from long unfamiliarity with ideas, had come to regard them with sensations of something like disgust.

A very short time after this, Arthur quitted Oxford and made his *début* in London society. He found it as pleasant as healthy young men, who are clever enough to see the humorous side of things, and are moreover blest with great expectations, are wont to find it. People had heard of his speech; it had made a little sensation, and he was rather elaborately thrown into the company of the fair and wise aspirants to marriage and a coronet. But they none of them pleased him. They were not natural—either they were commonplace, and shivered on the brink of good talk, or they floundered hopelessly in the deep waters into which they flung themselves to please him.

"They think of *me* first," as Arthur confided to good-natured Lady Bruce, his aunt, "and of what they are saying afterwards; now what I want to find is a person who is genuine,—to whom thoughts and not things are the end of life."

At last he found her; she was the

daughter of a Dean. The Dean himself was pale, delicate, *spirituel*. He had been one of those fascinating London priests who are said by the hopeless laymen of their congregations to take captive silly women; for all that he was a great and a good man, singularly unworldly, with the manners of a courtier; bringing about with him to any one who chose to receive it, the sense of a higher, tranquil atmosphere where hurry and striving had no place. His daughter was very like him. She had an indefinable touch of *wisdom* about her ways and words. She was quiet, showing that this attitude was a deliberate choice, not a tame acceptance; not beautiful, but dignified; stately, without being self-conscious: she evidently neither knew nor cared *who* (in the limited sense) Arthur was: and with the perverse contradiction of our natures and with something like a pang of disgust at his own unexpected vulgarity, he found himself half-wishing that he could make her realize his great importance. He felt for the first time that his innate unassisted merits did not carry him so very far: nevertheless, before the end of the evening he was conscious that this young lady had a considerable attraction for him; strong enough to make him wish to pursue the acquaintance; but not too strong to prevent him from confessing the same to Lady Bruce. "High marks," he said to that lady at the end of the evening, "I should like to follow her up."

And follow her up he did with complete success; when he announced his engagement, his mother took refuge in tears and embraces, far too genuinely fond of her boy to wish that he should consult her tastes in the matter. Even Lord Winborough, whose courtship and marriage had been the one touch of higher sentiment in his life, did not formulate to Arthur or to his mother the faint disappointment he experi-

enced; he would have liked, he confided to the Duke, a good sound match, strengthening family ties and linking on the Chalmers, by one more string to the big families of the kingdom; but when the Duke said humorously that he thought the Chalmers had on the whole done fairly well for themselves, Lord Winborough at once admitted that Arthur was eminently in a position to please himself—for which he thanked Providence—and that he wouldn't spoil the lad's pleasure for all the heiresses in Christendom: and really the way in which the worthy pair welcomed Miss Wentworth was very touching and beautiful, and made poetry out of what bid fair to be a very awkward interview. The tone in which Lady Winborough said "Oh, my dear, I am so glad . . . you must try to think of me as a mother now," was not only kind—it was tender; and when Maud, in the secret conclave which followed between the two pure souls, confessed that since she lost her mother many years before, it was one of the sweet relationships that she had hungered for every day, Lady Winborough's last defence was won. And Lord Winborough had kissed her and held her at arm's length and kissed her again in a gentle paternal fashion which had gone straight to the young lady's heart, and straighter still to the heart of the happy young lover who stood beside her, who could find no better words than to hold out his hand to his father and say, "Thank you, papa," with a suspicion of emotion that made that worthy gentleman hurry from the room.

There was a tremendous wedding in due course. The circumstances demanded that; and things were made still more pleasant by the Dean being offered and accepting a bishopric, and consequently taking precedence of Lord Winborough, a fact which that worthy man with his Tory instincts

felt was somehow appropriate to the situation. Even Uncle Peter quite fell in love with the bride, though she was a kind of tangible symbol to him of his dethronement from possible succession to the honors, and poking Arthur in the ribs said, "Well, my boy, is *she* clever enough? Why, you'll be able to talk about Plato and Trigonometry all evening now" (those two subjects being to that gentleman the pinnacles of literary and mathematical attainments).

About a year after this there was another great event: the bells of Chalmers Church were set furiously ringing about nine o'clock one summer morning in honor of a lusty son and heir who lay very regardless of his honors in a cradle of state in one of the tall bedrooms of Chalmers' End.

The years began to pass with the rapidity of placid monotony; one other child was born to Arthur—a daughter, who did not survive her birth many days; and hopes and longings began to centre about little Victor—so named from a royal sponsor—as they had done about big Arthur; and his doings were duly chronicled and laid away in various hearts. He was certainly a clever child; he could draw easily, he had a good natural taste for music, he wrote little ghost stories to frighten grandmamma—who was easily frightened by Victor's ghost stories—and poems about home events, which he wrote out in his best hand—which was very indifferent—in a volume called Victor's Works, and gave to his mother:—the fact was that his mother's wisdom and his father's sense kept him simple. They encouraged him, but did not over-praise him; and he grew up by means of a sensible selection of nurses and governesses, and a dependable butler and coachman, almost ignorant that he had a much larger silver spoon in his mouth than many lads of his age. The only thing that

gave his mother any anxiety was an affectionateness almost morbid, and at the same time capricious, for certain persons, and a very considerable willfulness when he had really set his mind upon a thing; in his tenth year, in fact, he told his grandfather that his behavior was unchristian, because he had given orders that a pet dog of Victor's, which had become afflicted with a painful and incurable disease, was to be shot; but on his mother's remonstrance, he went and made a grave apology to grandpapa, with his childish face so careworn and sad, that that soft-hearted gentleman had a dreadful pang in thinking that he might have been cruel, especially when the lad added that he might shoot Addie, his collie, also if he thought fit.

He was a pretty lad, curly-haired and clear-complexioned, with his mother's grave eyes, yet strong and agile enough to please the most exacting sportsman. When he was twelve, he went to Eton, and during his first half, his grandfather died suddenly in his chair. Poor Lady Winborough, who had long been ailing, was utterly prostrated by this, and became a permanent invalid; and a new Lord Winborough reigned at Chalmers' End. Arthur was not sorry to go to the House of Lords; he had sat in the Commons for three years as a Liberal, but his speeches were of the kind that people describe as always containing "something worth listening to," and yet do not think of attending to—in fact, he had not been quite such a success as had been expected, or as he had himself hoped. A native indolence began gradually to assert itself; he still felt conscious, over his after-dinner claret, of great power, of great epigrammatic force, but it began to display itself less and less. He became one of those silent people whose intellect leads them to be discontented with ordinary conversation without supplying them with

a better quality; he began to think a little more of his position and his claims, to be complacent because he was named among the twenty richest peers in England. He was as fond as ever of his wife and mother, and a good trustworthy man; but the fibre of originality began to melt out of his texture, and he signed the roll with an air.

III.

It is a dismal task to trace the decay of a character. Fathers and mothers find it so easy to believe of mankind in general, that they are gluttonous and impure, so impossible to feel it true of their own offspring. Even when little Charlie has coarsened—it is true—into an ill-favored, high-colored man, yet for his mother something of the bright, childish lineaments still underlies that thickened visage, such as was there when he first went off, innocent and light-hearted, to the big, careless, public school which gave him his first taste for evil things.

Little Victor's mother—my lady now—had agonized many a night over her absent, curly-headed boy; prayed and longed and yearned over a life and development which seemed commonplace and direct enough at the other end. Prayers are such high crises, whereas school-life is so apparently aloof from crisis, that the two do not seem to cohere—but she had not been rewarded. Little Victor, "charmer" as his friends called him, by the time he went to the University, was in no sense a good man or likely to become one: whether something in his father's tacit coupling of religion and respectability, or something in his mother's passionate love of goodness had rebuffed him, cannot be known; but he had lost his faith. He had no principles; he was full of strong passionate impulses; he was not depraved; he was not vicious; but any

rational man, not prejudiced by an attachment to the doctrine of Free-will, might have been absolutely certain that a collapse of some kind was imminent: he was not armed against Apollyon.

And, of course, he gave them little anxiety; he detested coarse company, and he hated loud animal-songs and horse-play, and drink, and boisterous company. He had no low tastes; he never went to Newmarket; he did play cards and lose money, but he never came a serious cropper in gambling—so his father never knew. He liked curious things—lonely walks and night rambles, and to be abroad at dawn, and sleeping in woods and by waters at night. If only this inflammable young temperament could be linked on to some healthy enthusiasm, even a personal affection, all might yet be well. But his mother, with the keen-scented prescience of love, was almost daily anxious for what might happen. Trouble she fully thought would come, but, like a wise and brave woman, she neither shuddered at it, or sank it out of sight.

His movements were now rather erratic; he insisted on having a lodging in London all the year round; it did not suit him to depend upon the family mansion in Grosvenor Square; he wanted a place always ready, where he could come and go as he pleased. His father was particular about smoking; did not like it out of the smoking-room; and this irritated Victor. Then he said that he hated a family breakfast—he never wanted to talk at breakfast; so he slept and breakfasted in his lodging, even when the household were in town—in fact, he was getting capricious; and he had long periods, too, of gloomy silence which troubled them; at times, too, he was intensely irritable.

The last time they had seen him was down at Chalmers' End, where his visits were getting scattered. Things had

not gone well: his father had refused to allow smoking in the dining-room, which Victor stigmatized as "local and unreasonable." In fact he had left the gentlemen in order to smoke alone, and did not rejoin them. He had endeavored to create a mutiny.

"I know," he said, "that some of you are dying to smoke. Father, you are a mere tyrant—you will not release them."

Arthur smiled, but frigidly, and said that he hoped any one who wished would adjourn with Victor, and that they would excuse his old-fashioned prejudices. This was hardly a permission, and no one stirred.

Arthur was annoyed at this; he spoke to Victor after the guests had gone.

"I don't think it was very good taste," he said. "I don't want to exercise authority over you in such matters; but you ought not to do at home what you wouldn't presume to do in another's house; you should at least be consistent."

"I should never think of staying in such a house," said Victor. "But the most lamentable confession, father, was that you were 'old-fashioned,' and had prejudices: I had always thought you above that."

Lady Winborough's entrance suspended the conversation; Victor did not accompany her to her room that night as was his custom, and the next morning at breakfast the old butler informed Lord Winborough that Victor had left by the early train.

They had no letters of any kind for four or five weeks; this had, however, ceased to surprise them. Lady Winborough sent her piquant little weekly budget to town for Victor's benefit—the only kind of letters he had ever professed to like—Arthur didn't write much to his son, and he didn't feel inclined to just then.

Breakfast was always a cheerful meal at Chalmers' End. Neither my

lord or my lady were people inclined to morning dumps; that is the disease of high-strung, hard-worked people whose brain is abnormally restless after sleep, and who want a good dose of hard hum-drum work to make them equable again; Arthur did not know what moods were, and if my lady did, she kept them to herself like the unselfish philosopher that she was.

There was a large party staying in the house: some landed relations, an ex-minister and his wife; a certain Lord Stapylton, who held some mysterious office at the Board of Green Cloth, and having no country place of his own, was generally glad of a respectable invitation. Arthur did not, as many hosts are wont to do, keep his letters by his plate, cast hungering glances over them, turn one up to examine the superscription, or hold another up to the light; thinking it, as they seem to do, inhospitable to open them, but at the same time consistent to talk in an absent-minded manner, with a wandering gaze. No; he opened them and encouraged his guests to do the same; in fact, he was wont to enliven the conversation by reading out extracts of general interest or occasionally throwing one across to his wife to fall in the slop-basin or skim dangerously past some high-born nose. This morning, among a mass of prospectuses and packets, there was a dingy-looking newspaper with foreign stamps upon it, and directed in a foreign hand to M. le Baron Winborough. He read this out with a genial air and opened the packet leisurely.

In a moment the whole table became aware that something had happened. "Good God, what's this?" he said in a choked voice, for once forgetting himself before his womankind. Lady Winborough left her place and came hurriedly round; even Lord Stapylton, who was engaged in giving the minister a sketch of what he would

have done under some trying political circumstances, broke off in the middle of a sentence and wheeled round on his chair. All that Miss Verschoyle, who was sitting on Arthur's right, could see, as she told Mrs. Bigge in the library, was a cross drawn in blue pencil against something in the first column; but whether it was a birth, death, or marriage, or merely an agony advertisement, with the most active scrutiny and with a pair of the sharpest eyes in the world, she could not detect; for Arthur folded up the paper, thrust it into his pocket, made a desperate attempt to talk, sate a moment or two drumming on the table with his fingers, with poor Lady Winborough, who had resumed her place, looking at him in mute wonder, and finally muttering an excuse and pleading some sudden business, pushed back his chair and went out of the room. Then her ladyship made a fine womanly effort; she begged everybody to do what they were going to do. She told Mrs. Bigge that the carriage would be at the door at eleven, and that she hoped to accompany her; and then she said that if they would excuse her she would go and speak to her husband.

At half-past ten she came out of the study, and was met by Mrs. Bigge, dressed for driving, who hoped that nothing had occurred; that she trusted that Lady Winborough would not hesitate to tell her if they would rather be alone; that the three-forty train would suit them admirably to go by, if necessary, and so forth; while Miss Verschoyle, burning with innocent curiosity, hovered in the background and gently endorsed Mrs. Bigge's words. Lady Winborough did not attempt to conceal the fact that something had happened, but assured her that it was only a business matter, which might take Lord Winborough away for a day or two; but that it was out of the question that any one should leave the

house; it would make her very unhappy if the party were to break up; if she might stay at home instead of accompanying Mrs. Bigge for the drive, there were one or two little things she would like to attend to.

Meanwhile, Lord Winborough, after performing the same hospitable offices to his male guests in the smoking-room, and scribbling a line to his agent to come to stay in the house during his unavoidable absence, to see that the gentlemen were amused, had a port-manteau packed and was driven to the station to catch the mid-day train to town.

Meantime, Miss Verschoyle had not been idle. She returned with laudable curiosity to the dining-room, and possessing herself of the wrapper of the paper and discovering that the post-mark was Nice, dashed off a line to a cousin there to beg her to discover if anything affecting the Chalmers interest had been occurring there, and then thinking that uncharitable, tore it up and merely begged that all the Nice newspapers of a certain date—allowing for the times of postage—might be sent to her at Chalmers' End—and then joined Mrs. Bigge with the genial consciousness of having done her best to set her own mind at rest.

Meanwhile, Lady Winborough went to her sitting-room, and sat for nearly half an hour, pen in hand, but writing nothing, only looking, looking at a little row of photographs that serpented in and out among the little costly knick-knacks there. There was her little Victor as a baby, as an Eton boy in broad collars, with his pretty hair and eyes; there was Victor as an undergraduate, with collars as high longitudinally as they had been latterly extensive, and last of all Victor in his shooting coat with his favorite dog by him—and as she looked she wondered and a tear stole down her cheeks. And at what was this high-minded lady cry-

ing? Not that she had been deceived and tricked by the light-hearted being that was not half worthy of her pure love, but that she had been wilfully shut out of her boy's confidence in a matter where the motherly feelings are most profoundly stirred and moved, for as she told Mrs. Bigge that night in her quiet stately way—so that Mrs. Bigge, a lively excitable woman, wondered if she had a heart at all—they were afraid that Victor had made a very imprudent match, without consulting them, and Lord Winborough had gone to see if anything could be done. The ready words of condolence died on Mrs. Bigge's lips at the very unwonted crisis of which she was the first recipient, and after all it was as well, as Miss Verschoyle said the next day, that she *had* told them plainly, for it was bound to be—and indeed it was—in the society papers that very morning, and the only drop of bitterness in that charming young lady's heart was that she had not been the first to announce it in town; however, she was partly consoled by the thought that she could give a detailed account of how the news had come, and how the Winborough folks had taken it, and we may be sure it did not suffer in the telling.

The paragraph was very brief. It announced the marriage at the British consulate of the Hon. Victor, only son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Winborough, with Mlle. Rosalie Deschamps. How well did Arthur know those hateful syllables as they slowly burnt themselves into his heart as he rolled slowly south. The country was at its very sweetest; near Marseilles the purple Judas trees rose out of sheets of meadow-gold into the serene blue; the very loveliness of everything made him sick and sore. He had never loved travel, and now he hated the voluble French tongue, as it bubbled round him, with a desperate loathing; it seemed as if it had forced

itself into his life: his pride was touched though he did not know it; to himself he called it outraged confidence; he felt as if he could have forgiven anything if he had only been prepared for it. Why he was going out there he hardly knew, only he felt that his presence on the scene was necessary; that there was anything practicable to be done he did not really believe, but he wanted to find out all about it, to know the very worst of it, to be certain in his heart that it was as bad as he feared.

At Nice he had no difficulties; his card brought out the consul in a truly obsequious mood: at other times Lord Winborough would have felt a sense of mild elation at the magic influence of personality, but now he was only bored and hurried. The consul insisted on driving with him to the house. It was a small pretentious villa, that stood on some elevated ground not far from the sea; there was a neat flower-garden about it, but no trees. The tamarisks in the hedge did their poor best to shield the place, but only served to accentuate the French tawdriness of the flimsy house. A vague thought of Chalmers' End with its endless lawns and immemorial elms came over him.

The door was opened by a smart French maid, to whom the consul explained in an instant that this was Mr. Chalmers' father, M. le Baron, and that he wished to see M. Chalmers at once; the pert little body flourished her hands, shrugged her shoulders, hesitated once, and then ushered Lord Winborough—too much preoccupied even to shake the consul's hand or thank him—into the salon.

The first thing he caught sight of was Victor himself in a white suit, lolling in a chair; close to him in a deep deck chair was a little creature, dark-eyed, graceful—that he saw. If he had had time to analyze his sensations, he

would have seen that she was strangely, radiantly lovely, but she was brandishing in one hand a fan and in the other—oh, horror, a cigarette, whose smoke curled up in scented wreaths into the face of a man, a smooth, dark, feline-looking individual in a velvet coat, who was standing over her, looking fixedly down. He was arguing, it seemed, some minute social point, but at the sight of Lord Winborough, rather haggard and travel-stained, and oppressively and obviously British from top to toe, she stopped in the middle of a sentence, glanced over at Arthur as if to enquire what strange compatriot of his had fallen from the clouds, and fixed her eyes on his lordship's face. Something in the anxiety visible in his whole manner, or the unconscious dignity of which he had never been able to discover that the secret was pre-occupation, struck her, for she gathered herself up, and, stepping to the floor, swept him a low curtsy.

As she did so Victor, transfixed by the vision which he had always been accustomed to regard with affection, even deference, except in his wilder moods, rose hastily and awkwardly, turning very pale as he did so. He went up to his father, shook him by the hand, and then looking round in an undecided manner, oblivious of the evident wish of madame for an introduction, said—

"I didn't expect you. Will you step into my room?"

He ushered him across the hall and into a little dining-room brightly furnished. Through the open window came the sound of the sea. All the fine phrases and pathetic turns that had been present in the father's mind forsook him. He walked to the window, turned round, and then coming up to his son put his hand almost shyly on his arm, and said—

"We didn't think you would do this, Victor—your mother and I—without

telling us. It has been a great . . . surprise, I may say . . . shock to us."

The extraordinary inadequacy of his expressions to represent his feelings acted strangely on Victor. He had been living in a kind of delirious dream for a week or two and had resolutely banished the thought of his father and mother from his mind, vaguely trying to persuade himself that they didn't care very much for him. He smiled—a rigid, set smile—and then his mouth quivered and broke—

"I didn't think you would take it like this," he said; then, half-ashamed, "There is nothing wrong about it—I married her, you know; there's no harm in her. I didn't think you cared so much what became of me." He faltered here and looked away from his father's face, who was devouring the words as they came from him. There was a silence. Lord Winborough leaned heavily on a chair-back. Any one not used to British self-control would have said that they were probably having a conversation, not very satisfactory perhaps, on business matters.

"Cared?" said Lord Winborough at last. "Why, my lad, what else do you think we live for?" He gulped down a sob which was audible in his voice. Victor broke down. He came up to his father, and taking his hand in both his own looked at him.

"Can you forgive me?" he said. The sight of the young man's face, his eyes so like his mother's, the touch of the young hands, washed for one precious moment the trouble and anger out of Arthur's soul. He did what he had not done since the boy had gone to Eton: he leant forward and kissed him on the forehead.

"You shall see that we can," he said.

In men of Lord Winborough's tem-

perament, the reaction after a moment of very unrestrained sublime emotion is a very dreadful thing. He would have preferred to leave the house at once, even go straight back to England; but he was possessed to a certain extent by the instinct of perfection. He made up his mind that he would go through with his forgiveness; he was solemnly introduced to his daughter-in-law, and even went so far as to attempt to kiss her—Lord Winborough kissing a very lively Parisienne on the forehead was a very solemn thing to any one who understood the magnitude of the sacrifice he was making; but there were also comic elements in the picture of which he was himself painfully conscious. He felt that he was behaving like a third-rate melodramatic actor, and *déjeuner* afterwards with the odious French gentleman whose English was so much better than his lordship's French was one of the most humiliating episodes in his life. Madame, in spite of all her assurance, was not at her ease. Victor was feverish and gloomy by turns; Lord Winborough felt painfully the lack of light small-talk of the kind that came so easily to his lips at the head of his own table. However, it was soon over. Father and son had a short talk in the garden; after which a large cheque changed hands; there was not much more to tell. Madame was the daughter of fairly respectable parents. It was true that she had been on the stage, but only for a very short time. Arthur vaguely gathered that her career had been on the whole a respectable one; but he had sunk into a dazed and unreal condition of mind—the fatigue of the journey had told upon him—and he found himself at intervals faintly wondering where he was, and what was going on; he began to wish to be assured of his own identity; and he finally said farewell, having become painfully conscious of a failure of physical

power, and an intense craving for sleep between a pair of sheets—so he trailed back to his hotel with Victor, after extorting a promise from him that he would follow him to Chalmers' End within a fortnight. Victor was too conscious of extreme relief that things had gone so easily to oppose any resistance, and Lord Winborough got back to find the party just broken up, and all his neighbors greeting him with downcast looks and murmuring voices, as if he had suffered some great bereavement, and yet painfully incapable of putting their condolences into words; and all this was profoundly irritating. Lady Winborough was the only sustaining influence in these dismal days; she had never been more sweet and serene. Her gift of accepting the situation came to her aid, and she forgot her own trouble in the consciousness that her husband was so much in need of support. She listened to his irritable monologues; she made light of his brooding fears; and only the recording angel knows what her thoughts were in the long wakeful nights when her husband, whose sturdy out-door temperament triumphed over the vexations of the spirit, slept peacefully by her side; and she did not even contradict him when he declared morning after morning that he had been unable to get a wink of sleep.

IV.

They came: but it was not a success. Madame found the stiff English ways, the calm, uneventful, household life too much for her; she had a hammock under the lime-tree on the lawn, where over her cigarette—which she was induced to confine to the open air—she bewailed herself to her husband, still under the spell. Once or twice she forgot herself, and behaved to younger visitors, who thought it a capital joke, in

a way that made Arthur's hair stand on end. The only person she really took to was her mother-in-law. She was never fretful, never outrageous with her.

"Your mother is a saint," she said to her husband; "and yet never allows it to make her disagreeable." But it was the only gratifying touch in an episode which was profoundly distasteful to almost every one concerned.

Lord Winborough never knew whether there might not any evening be some agitating incident. The servants were unhappy; twice the gray-haired butler gave warning, and was only induced to recall it by overtures which Arthur felt inconsistent with his dignity. Things were a little more lively perhaps, but a good many of the old humdrum visitors, whose wives and daughters had accepted their first invitation there with great curiosity to see what the new *ménage* would be like, began to discover a marvellous facility for inventing excuses. There was never a word of reproach, but Victor felt that his father's uneasy look, and the shrugging of shoulders that was plainly visible among the domestics from time to time, were infinitely hard to bear; and yet no one liked to propose a change. Arthur felt that he was carrying out his program heroically; and Victor felt that while such sacrifices were being made for him, it would be hopelessly ungracious to suggest that they should go away; besides as the year drew on a certain event became imminent which made their continued residence at Chalmers' End almost a social necessity; for an heir to be born anywhere but in a certain sacred room would have seemed almost like a profanity.

The bells rang again one March night, but the poor little humming-bird whom fate had driven into such cheerless chimes, paid the penalty. It was not known if she had ever even seen

her son, and the strange, gaunt, Scotch specialist, who came down from London and brought with him such a sombre atmosphere of tragedy with his stiff, silent ways, could do nothing more than stupefy senses into passive quietude.

That is the history of the startling picture of the young fragile Frenchwoman that hangs among the blunt gentlemen and solid ladies in the great hall at Chalmers' End; and that is the story of that dark-eyed, melancholy little boy, who is so anxiously guarded by his grandfather from anything continental, who plays about with his light-haired half-brothers—for Victor

has married a genial English spouse after his father's heart, and has begun to feel that the whole year of his first marriage has something dream-like and intangible about it. In fact, almost the only person who keeps a tender corner in her heart for the poor alien is Lady Winborough, who goes every week to lay some flowers on the grave in the little churchyard, and who cannot forget how, in the last agony, the tiny hands clasped themselves round hers, and the last words that came from the convulsed lips—

"I am so frightened. What is this?
... Are you there, mother?"

Temple Bar.

YOUTH AND AGE.

NEW VERSION.

With anxious eyes and rigid arms,
With failing breath and odd grimaces,
I rob the cycle of its charms
In quiet places.

But, like a swift and sudden gust,
My grandson, with a smile seraphic,
Goes past me in a cloud of dust
To find the traffic.

He's just a shrimp a girl could toss;
His legs the size of Roman candles,
He wears them mostly thrown across
His battered handles.

At every hill where I dismount
He coasts—or, stay! I think it's "cruises."
One day I tried in vain to count
The youngster's bruises.

Ah me! but I am riding down
The Hill that leads into the Distance,

While he is rising to the crown
Of dear Existence.

A word while yet the pace is slow,
From one, my boy, who seldom meddles:
In tempting hills you do not know
Retain your pedals.

Chambers's Journal.

E. H. Begbie.

THE ART OF DINING.*

Sir George Trevelyan remarks in his volume on "The American Revolution" that, if mankind were candid, gastronomy would be acknowledged as the most universally interesting of all the arts. The late Mr. Hayward, like most wise men of the world, was much of the same opinion. "'Tis sixty years since" he struck the world-wide chord in the pages of this "Review." The articles excited so much interest that twenty years afterwards he revised and expanded them in the little volume entitled "The Art of Dining," which reappeared the other day in graceful and attractive garb with annotations and additions. Writing as a man of the world and a practical philosopher, Mr. Hayward informed the ignorant and challenged the prejudiced. The study of gastronomy had been under a cloud, for notoriously the English are no nation of cooks, and comparisons with our French neighbors were sadly to our disadvantage. Mr. Hayward ran counter to prejudices, for

popular Pharisaism had been in the habit of confounding the *gourmet* with the *gourmand* and the *gourmand* with the glutton. Mr. Hayward has himself defined the nice shade of distinction which divides the first from the second. No one would have recognized more readily than in his brilliant articles he had merely touched the fringes of a vast subject. For perhaps cookery as much as climate has shaped the destinies of nations, and it would be easy to illustrate the point by tracing the history of conquest and the consequences of invasions. Even in our own days, we have always seen the clue to the triumphs of British colonization in the dinners served in the steamers of the P. and O. On the Messageries Maritimes, the *menus*, as one nears the tropics, shade down into the light, the piquant, the provocative. The sturdy Briton disdains to desert his solid island fare, with the joints, the heavy side dishes, and the heady wines. He dines much the same, and does his work equally well, at Aden or Kurra-
chee as at Aldershot. That he can venture on such liberties is well for the race, but nevertheless, as the conditions of life become more artificial, considerations of cookery become of greater importance.

Mr. Hayward touches another point to which he might have devoted vol-

* 1. The Art of Dining. By Abraham Hayward, Q. C., with annotations and additions by Charles Sayle. London, 1898.
2. The Cook and Housewife's Manual. By Mistress Margaret Dodds. Edinburgh, 1829.
3. Artistic Cookery. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.
4. The Encyclopaedia of Practical Cookery. Edited by Theodore Francis Garrett. London, 1898.
And other works.

umes; and few men were better fitted to embellish it with the pearls of social history, for his charm is in the innumerable anecdotes and reminiscences stored up in a singularly tenacious memory. Doubtless he shrank from undertaking a task so formidable as Austin Caxton's stupendous "History of Human Error." Nor could it be given to any man to do reasonable justice to the intimate and intricate relations of the table with diplomacy and the revolutions of empires. The older diplomacy was founded upon social intercourse, and on convivial confidences, real or apparent. Talleyrand was a past master in the arts of courtly deception and gastronomic seduction. That great man's favorite manœuvring ground was the dinner-table; and, even when he had ceased to interfere actively in public affairs, he still practised, from sheer force of habit, the splendid hospitality of the old *régime*. His kitchen under the *bourgeois* monarchy was modelled on the lavish traditions of the ancient *noblesse*. He had four *chefs* for as many different departments, and there were six capable *aides* to assist them in serving the repasts. An enormous eater, though a helpless cripple, he had to compromise with his digestion; but he knew precisely what suited him, and made the best terms with his stomach. Apart from his personal tastes, he had always given his cooks *carte blanche* on grounds of diplomatic policy. He knew well how much he had been helped by his table and cellars in manipulating the reconstruction of Europe. It was this modern Machiavelli who impressed on Napoleon the value of gastronomy as a means of government and corruption. Had Napoleon been more addicted to good company and the table, he might never have reigned in Elba or been exiled to St. Helena. He ate irregularly and on impulse; all he cared for was to have meals always ready, and he paid the penalty in the diges-

tive complications which paralyzed him on the mornings of momentous engagements. But if he could not himself entertain, he had the wit to devolve the task on a responsible representative, admirably fitted to undertake it. Cambacérès, whose soul was in his stomach, devoted himself with loyal enthusiasm; and Hayward has sundry piquant anecdotes of the interest the Imperial Chancellor took in his *casseroles*. "Go and dine with Cambacérès" was a favorite form of dismissal when the Emperor was in high good humor with some foreign envoy; and he would not have had reason to express himself so cordially had not the envoy often dined with the Chancellor before.

Mr. Hayward glances back at the culinary art of the Romans only to dismiss it contemptuously; and every intelligent student of history must agree. Ostentation is generally foolish—as it is always vulgar. We may be touched by the tragic death of a Vatel, who felt that life was worthless when honor was lost with the shellfish that had gone astray, and who would have scored a crowning triumph had he been less precipitate. We can have little sympathy with the shortsighted suicide of an Apicius, who put an end to himself because but a modicum was left of the vast fortune he had devoured. His strength was failing, his digestion enfeebled, but had he been philosopher enough to have simplified his *menus*, he might have prolonged and even increased his pleasures. He had, however, been brought up in a vicious school, and was demoralized by its corrupt traditions. The rude simplicity of Roman Republicanism was logically followed by the excesses of an Empire which had monopolized the wealth of the world. The Imperialists of the Decline were gluttons, but they knew nothing of the refinements of dining. The Roman epicures had deserved their

fate when their tables went down before the irruption of the barbarians, who sacked their cellars and pillaged their plate.

In the dark night that settled upon Europe previously to the dawn of the Renaissance, as the Church was the refuge of the helpless, so she was the solitary retreat of the Arts. The lamp of letters burned dimly in the convents, throwing fitful flashes through the pervading gloom. Sculpture and painting had alike retrograded; but gastronomy suffered less than its aesthetic sisters. The kitchen fires were always blazing: the tables in the refectories were liberally supplied. The monks extended their domains and enlarged their buildings. Their fishponds were rarely dragged except by themselves: they might hope to reap where they sowed, and their flocks and herds were seldom driven. The head of such wealthy communities as Cîteaux, Cluny, or Saint Bénigne of Dijon, with a treasury far better filled than that of his sovereign or the Emperor, prided himself on the exercise of a magnificent hospitality. Cluny, on one memorable occasion, as the chroniclers tell us, entertained the Pope, the King of France, and many princes of the blood with their suites, without disturbing its domestic arrangements. But monasteries in less favored regions than Burgundy maintained the saintly reputation for fair welcome and good living till the eve of the French Revolution, which, turning the genial fathers adrift, condemned them to apostolic poverty. Brillat-Savarin has recorded with grateful animation a visit he paid with a party of friends to the Bernardine Abbey of Saint-Sulpice, situated five thousand feet above the sea-line, and surrounded by storm-swept desolation. Seldom, even when shooting in the American backwoods, had the connoisseur of the Parisian restaurants so rare a chance, and he made the most of his

opportunities and a mountain appetite. A Homeric breakfast was a worthy prelude to a dinner where, after a long succession of courses, all sorts of fruits, brought from a distance, figured at dessert. Supper succeeded, after vespers, in due course; the abbot had discreetly retired, leaving the brethren license which they used or abused: the wine-cup went round with jest and song: and then came a grand bowl of blazing punch, with a Gargantuan and conventual equivalent for broiled bones.

The English and all the greater Scottish abbeys were also richly endowed. Cookery had every encouragement under the benignant rule of such large-minded prelates as Scott's Aymer of Jorvaulx or Boniface of Kennaquhair. Talent was sought out and genius was fostered. The favored *élèves* of the monastic schools had opportunities and advantages denied to their lay *confrères*. They studied in seclusion and worked in peace. Leisure, calm meditation, and an unruffled mind are essential to the practice of the higher art. The storm of civil broils might be raging without, but the kitcheners cared nothing for it as he stooped over his stew-pans. Nor did anything give a greater impulse to ingenious dining in that barbarous age than the austerities prescribed by the Church. On the Fridays, when the flesh was to be mortified, and in the prolonged fasting of Lent, the artists exhausted invention in their *soupes maigres* and other light Lenten dishes; and to do them justice we must remember the difficulties with which they had to contend, for there was a lamentable lack of vegetables.

In fact, it may be safely inferred that down to the dissolution of the monasteries the higher cookery was never a lost art in England. It came with the Conquest, and was fostered by the clergy. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the England of the Middle Ages did not compare favorably with

either Italy or France, though, strange to say, there was a later time when Spain took the lead: the first treatise on culinary science was published at Madrid. Church property was confiscated; but the good works of the fathers survived in the colleges, which more or less took over monastic traditions along with monastic property. In the universities high days and holidays were religiously and festively observed. Orthodoxy was identified with generous fare: sound doctrine came to be synonymous with strong heads and imperturbable digestions. But the Protestantism which had revolted against the ritual of Rome discarded the refinements of its tables. The college cooks were a class by themselves, and gravity was the characteristic of their handiwork. They shared the insular antipathy to the *entrées* they contemptuously denominated kick-shaws. A striking passage in Michelet throws philosophical light on the prejudices which handicapped their undeniable merits. Contrasting the French and English soldiers of the Plantagenet wars, he describes England as a manufactory of meat. From time immemorial a nation of cattle-breeders had been nourished upon animal food, till with full feeding it grew gluttonous and wasteful. There is much of truth in that, and the careless abuse of the best material in the world has undoubtedly been disastrous to the national cookery. The colleges set the fashion with a false gastronomic ideal. They formed the tastes of the landed gentry and pluralist divines, who deemed they had done their duty to themselves and their guests when their tables were groaning under saddles and sirloins.

But the Revolution in France proved the regeneration of England, and a new era began under French influences with the emigration of the nobles and their *chefs*. Since the allied sovereigns were entertained at the grand banquet

at Devonshire House, and Lord Alvanley won the wager of a free dinner at White's by devising the most expensive of the competing *menus*, the science of cooking has continued to shine with ever-increasing lustre. Victor Hugo, in his rhapsodical vein, has sung the praises of Paris as the beacon-light of the universe. Had he confined himself to asserting its supremacy in cookery, no one could have disputed his thesis. As the radiating centre of culinary genius, Paris is the cosmopolitan Pole-star—so much so that it has become an article of popular faith that every Frenchman has intuitive talent for the kitchen. We are rather inclined to believe that his undeniable skill and resource come of evolution and the force of circumstances. French and English started fair in the Darker Ages; but the English, safe from invasion after the Conquest, even through the ferment of their civil strife, lived in tolerable plenty. On the other hand, distracted France was frequently reduced to extremity of famine. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery of the lower orders under the exactions of the Crown and the Barons, when the land was being ravaged by Shearers and Flayers. Dire necessity was the mother of strange resource; the starved peasant took to dressing snakes and frogs, snails and beetles: for his pot-herbs he gathered docks and nettles from the ditches: he scrambled for acorns and beech-mast with the swine of his *seigneur*, and threw scruples to the winds. Everywhere the rustic was learning the first principles of cookery in the hardest of schools, and the burghers in the cities, constantly besieged, enjoyed almost equal advantages. They made *salmis* of rats, and *fricassées* of mice; they feasted on horses, cats, and dogs; they became experts in the manipulation of carrion. When in more tranquil times the great nobles kept princely households, the lu-

crative and honorable career of the professed cook opened new and hitherto unknown potentialities to undeveloped talent.

It is interesting to note the almost identical effect of similar influences north of the Tweed. Scotland was naturally a poor country, exposed to frequent invasion and distracted by feudal wars; yet, thanks to its associations with France, Scotland developed a culinary system of its own, infinitely superior in breadth, conception, and originality to that of its more favored southern enemy. Its very barrenness and savagery gave it advantages. The crops might be fired and the cattle driven from the straths. But there were deer and black bullocks on the hills: the burns swarmed with trout and the rivers with salmon. There were mul-fowl on every heath: there were wild-fowl on every tarn and sea-loch. The French came to teach the Scot how to dress these delicacies. We can still trace the French influences in the nomenclature. The "gigot" of mutton is served on an "ashet," and the haggis, the national dish *par excellence*, is simply the old French *hachis*. There was profusion of game and fish, but in everything else severe economy was to be practised. The sheep's head, which elsewhere is thrown to the dogs, became a national dainty. The stomach was utilized to contain the haggis, a primitive receptacle for rich materials, among which the pluck and the liver played important parts. Even the blood was mingled with toasted oatmeal to make such savory black and white puddings as Caleb Balderstone carried off in triumph when he descended on the coopers' christening feast. But perhaps the most notable achievement of resourceful frugality was the cock-a-leekie, when leeks and kale were the only vegetables, and even onions were imported from Holland. It was the poverty and not the will of

the Scots that consented to these compromises. When rents went up and stall-feeding came in, when vegetables of every kind became common, then the immemorial hospitality was more lavishly displayed, and they made the reputation for soups and side dishes, in which they have only been surpassed by the French. Taking the Scotch cuisine seriously, there is no safer authority than "The Cook and Housewife's Manual," by Mistress Meg Dodds. It was written by Mrs. Johnston, a novelist of some repute in her time; and, besides the sterling merit of the matter, it shows no little of the literary *verve* of Brillat-Savarin. There is plenty of good eating in the Waverley novels, but there is nothing more seductive in those immortal works than Mrs. Johnston's story of the institution of the Cleikum Club, and of Dr. Redgill's sumptuous entertainment by the crochety nabob at St. Ronan's.

Hayward tells us that his "Quarterly" articles were overpraised, as he could only claim credit for getting up a brief. There he was over-modest, though that was not generally supposed to be a weakness of his. His sympathetic sketches of recent and contemporary celebrities in the cooking world are admirable; he has outlined with graphic intelligence the growth and progress of the French *cuisine*; but nothing is more noteworthy than his rare acquaintance with the special gifts of the artists of talent who had only a limited reputation in London society. How he obtained that exceptional knowledge we cannot pretend to say: we only know that his inquiring mind was not easily satisfied on subjects that fascinated him. He had a vast fund of reminiscence to draw upon. In his middle age he had seldom dined at home: as indolence grew upon him with the infirmities of age, he rarely went out to dinner. Five days out of six he was seated at the table in the

north-eastern corner of the Athenæum dining-room. Years before, he had withdrawn from the Carlton, chiefly because he had been changing his politics, but also, as he once said feelingly, because he preferred the Athenæum cuisine. He remarks that the reputations of clubs and restaurants are forever fluctuating with the changes in their kitchens. Refined as he was in his culinary taste, he was also dainty as to his company. Latterly, the chief members of the select coterie over which he presided were Kinglake and Bunbury, Chenery of the "Times," and Sir William Gregory, when in town; with some stray statesman, ambassador, or colonial governor who had just turned up on furlough. He had outlived any laxity of indulgence: his repast for the most part was simple, though he was fastidious as to the dressing and serving. But it was a standing, although generally a silent, grievance, that one of his best friends and most familiar cronies was what he sorrowfully called a very free feeder. He would look askance at indigestible dishes casually introduced. He was a man of moods, and in silence he would sometimes sit, but no one could talk more eloquently when the reverberating chord was touched. The sure way to awaken him was judicious contradiction, as his friend Mr. Kinglake knew well, when he would let fall some slyly provocative remark, with a humorous droop of the eyelids. Hayward's writing is sparkling, but his table talk was more brilliant still. He had known almost everybody worth knowing. Political recollections and social reminiscences blended themselves naturally with the *menus of recherché* dinners. As he relates with honorable pride, he had often been charged with the ordering of these memorable repasts. Standing up in his animation after dinner over the coffee, he would almost walk "into" his interlocutor, laying out

the tables again, recalling the reparates, and repeating the *bon mots*.

He was nearly as much at home in Paris as in London, and he knew the Paris of the Boulevards and Palais Royal well. Much that he says of the restaurants might have been written yesterday. Many that were famous then are famous now, though others have risen into fashionable repute, chiefly by catering for the passion of the travelling American for ostentation and exorbitant charges. But we marvel at one remarkable omission, as we note melancholy changes. Hayward says nothing of the Café Voisin. Its popularity with French connoisseurs is great; the cookery has always been unexceptionable; it possessed the choicest and best assorted collection of Burgundies, till its cellars were laid under contribution in the sieges of Paris; and its Gascon *poitrine de mouton à la sauce Bernaise*, a frequent *plat du jour* at the *déjeuners*, would have sufficed of itself to give honorable distinction.

Hayward prints a letter from his old friend Count d'Orsay, containing "an accurate classification and description of the principal restaurants." The three first mentioned by the Count are the Frères Provençaux, Philippe's, and the Café de Paris. All are gone, and how are we to account for it? Not by any decline in the cookery, for they maintained their reputation till they startled their patrons by suddenly closing their doors. An explanation may be suggested in the case of Philippe's—that it was situated somewhat aside from beaten tracks; but the Frères was in the very centre of the Palais Royal, and the Café de Paris, on the Boulevard des Italiens, was unrivalled as to locality. Philippe's, in particular, was an irreparable loss. Mr. Hayward truly remarks that it was easy to run up a high bill there; but on the other hand in no place could a frequenter who knew the ropes dine

at once so well and so economically. Deaf old M. Pescal, always on the prowl among his tables, was ready enough to recommend some special dish, without condescending on the cost. But he was equally willing to offer friendly counsel as to frugal *plats* of exquisite flavor. Nothing in soups could be more savory than the familiar *purée aux croûtons*; and the *moules à la poulette*, that dainty dear to the *lorette*, was, in its simple style, an approach to perfection. Mr. Hayward relates how a conscientious waiter, after obvious searchings of heart, recommended a party with satisfactory results to try a cheaper Burgundy than the wine they had ordered. M. Pescal used to give a Beaune at three francs, which might content any man, and was superior to anything now obtainable for twice the money. We are surprised to see that Mr. Hayward selects the *potage à la Bagration* as a *specialité* of the *Trois Frères*. On the contrary, it was Philippe who had the secret of that inestimable soup, and anything you got at the *Frères* or elsewhere was a disappointing imitation. One dish in which the *Frères* excelled was a dream of delight that haunts us still—the *faisan à la Sainte Alliance*, stuffed with snipes and truffles, a *plat de prédilection* of Brillat-Savarin.

That triad of renowned restaurants has disappeared, but Paris is still the *chef-lieu* of epicurism. The windows of Chevet suggest some faint idea of the impulse given by *gourmandise* to French industries and commerce. Eugène Sue has eloquently enforced that economical fact in his "Sept Péchés Capitaux." The delicacies of the world are to be seen in the great Parisian *magasins de comestibles*, from the birds' nests of Chinese caverns to Burgundian snails. Standing in contemplative admiration before Chevet's fruit festoons and game trophies, we have often dreamed of going on a serious

gastronomical pilgrimage. For the intelligent tourist can do no better than give his travel an engrossing purpose, with the assurance that his investigations will prove a boon to humanity. There are stages where the epicure is sure to rest happy, and he is ever animated by the hope of some blissful discovery. Mr. Hayward has interesting notes on various European hotels of reputation in his time, and there is nothing more instructive than his allusions to local specialties. Hotels, as he has said, are forever changing. Till latterly Berlin was the most benighted of capitals, and Jäger's, which he praises, would seem to have vanished. But the Prussian *cuisine* was greatly indebted to Urbain Dubois, who long superintended the royal kitchens; and with the rise of the Hohenzollerns and the unification of the Empire came a marvellous revival in hotels and restaurants. Hayward has pleasant recollections of dinners at the France at Dresden, sent up by a patriotic Parisian who had never thought it worth while to learn a word of German, because there was no culinary literature in the Teutonic. We should say that the Hotel de France has now been eclipsed by the beautifully situated Bellevue. At Vienna the Grand-Duke Charles still asserts its supremacy over more fashionable and extravagant upstarts. But we are reminded that it is sixty years since Hayward wrote, when he tells every tourist to ask for *paté de chamois* at the little hostelry on the Simplon. In Switzerland the chamois is now as rare as the rhinoceros in the Transvaal, and the innkeepers have long ceased to imitate Jacob's device—serving goat steeped in vinegar for chamois venison.

It would be easy to map out the lines of a gastronomic tour. Crossing the Channel, we should stop at Boulogne for the soles; the fishing-boats come in

just before the French breakfast hour, and a Boulogne sole, served with a squeeze of lemon, is certainly superior to the estimable flat-fish of Folkestone. Brittany is a rugged and inhospitable country, but there are few more enjoyable meals to be had than in its quaint old inns, with the game from the heaths and woodlands and the shellfish from such rocky bays as those of Douarnenez or Auray. In richer Normandy the cooks have inherited the genius of their ancestors who introduced the science in England. Campbell's "Life in Normandy," though published in 1853, ought to rank as a classic. It shows what finished work may be accomplished with the humblest appliances; how exquisite *bouillabaisse*s and water *souchés* may be evolved by peasant hands from their *fours de campagne*; and how delicious *salmis* may be made of guillemots and fishing birds, if you are careful to get rid of the essential oil by cutting away the lower section of the backs. Starting from Paris for the south the tourist appreciates the attractions of the buffets. On all the great lines they are good, but the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée is *facile princeps*. We know nothing pleasanter than breaking the fast at Dijon or at papal Avignon, though at Avignon the phylloxera has latterly made sad work with the celebrated Château Neuf des Papes. At Nîmes, in torrid summer, when the appetite must be tempted, we fondly remember the green tomatoes, with the piquant stuffing seasoned with sprigs of thyme. At Vaucluse the trout and the crayfish have attracted more pilgrims than the sonnets of Petrarch. Then, turning westward, at Toulouse you are in a sensuous city which has perpetuated the prodigal traditions of its Counts of the Middle Ages, whose names were synonymous with Oriental luxury. At Périgueux there are the truffled turkeys and the truffled *patés de perdrix*:

at Bordeaux are the *pré-salé* mutton, the *cèpes*, most luscious of mushrooms, the *royans*, most delicate of sardines, and the *foies de canard aux olives*, which are the envy of enfeebled digestions.

Beyond the Pyrenees it is a pitiful contrast. Yet even in hungry and thirsty Spain, scarcity of food and firing has stood sponsor to the stew of the savory *puchero*; the hams of Montarghes, from swine said to fatten on snakes as well as acorns, surpass those of Westphalia; the rabbits of the *dehesas* of Estremadura are unrivalled; and the *perdices escabechados* of the semi-subterranean Madrid wine cellars are not to be despised: they give an admirable flavor to the *copa* of light Montilla or Manzanilla. Though the Renaissance originated in Italy, in that favored peninsula the cookery has deteriorated; for hospitality is as little an Italian as a Spanish virtue. But there is good eating to be found there with diligent research, and no cooks are more painstaking. Failing ortolans or beccaficos, we have known a superannuated artist, pottering the livelong day over a tiny charcoal furnace, produce *entrées* of liver and bacon of a flavor almost identical with that of those dainty birds. The Romans have always risen superior to prejudice, as one may see by a glance at their markets; and national dinners at the Minerva or Falcone used to be eccentric revelations. The Florentines are masters in *risottos*, as are the Neapolitans in *maccaronis*; and the simplicity of these dishes never falls.

The olives and cypresses of the Ionian Isles are associated with mullets and fish soups, with cabobs and eggplants, with lamb or kid stuffed with pistachio nuts, and with pastry almost transcending that of Rome or Seville. But we shall travel no further to the East, though Constantinople in its Turkish quarters is tempting. We have adverted already to the Archduke

Charles at Vienna, where, as at the Münsch or the Goldener Lamm in the Leopoldstadt, you have Bohemian pheasants and Austrian venison in perfection. The restaurants are somewhat expensive, but you may save on the wines, for the cheaper Austrian and Hungarian vintages go excellently with *rôtis* of game. In Munich the late Herr Sleich had made a name and a fortune. His house was a resort of the nobility, and renowned for its Bordeaux. The Bavarian *cuisine* is decidedly inferior to that of Austria, and there is a marked change for the better when you pass into Tyrol: but the refreshment-rooms at the junction of Treuchtlingen have always been noted for their sausages. Remarking, in passing, that there are no better *tables d'hôte* in Central Europe than those of the hotels at Wildbad, and that the trout of Heidelberg are at least equal to those of Vauluse, we scarcely care to linger at Frankfort, though there was a time when the cookery at its Russle and Römische Kaiser was the best in Germany. Every one breaks the journey at Cologne, and the Rhine salmon and the *Reh-rücke* are as well worth waiting for as the Domkirche. But connoisseurs who know the town will seek out Bettger's, in the Kleine Budengasse, celebrated for its oysters and its wines, and for sundry other specialties. Unpretentious almost to meanness, it is much patronized by the Westphalian aristocracy. The Low Countries have always been a land of good living: nowhere is rarer Burgundy to be obtained—Romanée, Conti, and Clos Vougeot, floated thither by river and canal—if you can prevail on some of the old-fashioned hosts to unlock their reserved cellars. Food in the Brussels hotels used to be embarrassingly abundant and fabulously cheap; but, as tourists have poured in and charges have run up, it has deteriorated both in quantity and quality. Still

the *gourmet* will have reason to be satisfied in such restaurants as the Café Riche and the Rocher de Cancale, no bad imitations of their Parisian prototypes, and consequently apt to be overcrowded. Another excellent dining-place is Allard's, in the near neighborhood of the Rocher.

We can only cast a glance at recent culinary literature. When Hayward wrote, Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer were the authorities. Sincethen Gouffé, Kettner, and many others have given valuable books to the world, but Urbain Dubois claims the foremost place. Chief of his works is the sumptuously illustrated quarto on "Artistic Cookery," which appeared in 1870. A consummate master of his art, he professes to practise economy and he preaches simplicity: indeed, he may be said to have set a fashion in the latter respect, and gone far towards originating a revolution. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the refined moderation of his Court *menus* and the intolerable and interminable agglomeration of dishes at our City feasts and great company festivals. With the self-respect of the fastidious artist he sets his face against mixing wines and liqueurs, from the Sauterne of the oysters and the Madeira of the turtle to the Chartreuse or Benedictine that chase the coffee. His treatises are both practical and scientific, though perhaps he devotes excessive attention to the decoration and ornamentation of his chief dishes. Elaboration implies delay. But the cosmopolitan *chef* pays a graceful compliment to the progress of art in England, nor is it possible to quote a more unimpeachable authority:

"English cookery, considered in its practical results and its rich splendor, stands much higher than its former reputation; it has in every respect improved, and advanced towards perfection. The tables of the nobility and

gentry are served with uncommon opulence, but, above all, with the nicest care and attention."

He adds that "it is worthy of notice that in England culinary art is more studied than in any other country," which holds out hopeful prospects of further development. Of minor treatises written more especially for use in moderate kitchens there have been many. We know of none more practically useful than Cre-Fydd's "Family Fare." The numerous writings of Mrs. de Salls are amusing and instructive, though sometimes inexact. Lady Harriet St. Clair's "Dainty Dishes" is not undeserving of its attractive title: "The Cookery Book" of Margaret Sims is no unworthy sequel to that of the classical Meg Dodds: Mrs. Henry Reeve's "Cookery and Housekeeping" is the fruit of rich experience and refined hospitality. We have left to the last the colossal "Encyclopædia of Practical Cookery," edited by Mr. Garrett, with the assistance of celebrated and decorated specialists. It appeared last autumn, it brings everything down to date, and extends over two thousand quarto pages. Not unreasonably does it boast itself "A Complete Dictionary of all pertaining to the Art of Cookery and Ta-

ble Service," and we marvel at the multiplicity of the details. Here again compiler and contributors are agreed that "simplicity and economy are the spirit of artistic cookery." The book is interspersed with pregnant quotations from standard authors. Listen, for example, to Kettner, on the abuse of the truffle. The truffle served fresh in the winter time, in France or Italy, is exquisite. Kettner says that "at its best, it is beyond praise," but that "a fresh mushroom gathered in English fields is worth more than all but a sprinkling of the truffles that cross the Channel." We single out that dictum because we have long felt assured that the craze for the bottled and shrivelled truffle is the curse of pretentious English *entrées* and sauces.

In dismissing the subject of satisfactory dining, we would offer one closing word. As patience is the paramount virtue of a cook, so punctuality should be the considerate response of his employer. There are few men we admire more than Curran. We admire him, not for his wit, not for his eloquence, not for his sturdy independence or ill-regulated patriotism, but because he always dined precisely at his fixed hour of five, and would never wait a second, even for the Lord Chancellor.

The Quarterly Review.

NOONTIDE.

The high stars over at night
Are under at noon;
And a young soul's vision of Heaven
Passes how soon!

He climbs; and the clear seen goal
Is gone—ah! where?
Whispers a voice from the Infinite,
Climb! I am there!

The Spectator.

F. W. Bourdillon.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.*

It is not customary on an occasion of public mourning to dwell much upon one's personal feelings—motives of delicacy and discretion generally forbid it—but in the present case I cannot help saying, first of all, and very distinctly, that I have myself experienced a heavy blow in the sudden death of Victor Cherbuliez. At that critical age when a man is still seeking his true vocation, the simplest, wisest, most trustworthy, most affectionate advice which I received came from him. Never once in twenty-five years has his indefatigable friendship failed me; in more than one difficult strait, it has been my chief support, encouragement and guide. The only way I had of showing my gratitude was to identify myself with all his troubles and triumphs, and he always assured me that I had fully paid my debt; but I knew better. Did he realize that gratitude was with me no less a pleasure than a duty? I hope so; but if I had had any doubt about my own sentiments, gentlemen, I should have been enlightened by the feeling of stupefaction almost more than of sorrow which came over me when I heard of his sudden decease.

So much I have felt constrained to say, before speaking of the author, and the contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Nor do I know why we should not permit something of ourselves to enter into these discourses which we deliver above the graves of our comrades; why we should not give way to our natural grief; why we should not say to all those who loved Victor Cherbuliez that what we also most regret in the brilliant and prolific novelist, the profound yet amiable philosopher,

the publicist whose name and opinions carried weight in cabinets and embassies, is the man himself and what he was; the "moral value," gentlemen, which has disappeared with him.

His first appearance was a brilliant one. On the 6th of January, 1861, Amiel wrote in his now famous *Journal*: "I have just attended Victor Cherbuliez's opening lecture, and I am dumb with admiration. If he read from the manuscript, it was exquisite reading; if he recited, it was admirable recitation, but if he improvised, it was simply astounding." All Geneva shared the opinion of Amiel; the *Causeries Athéniennes* were already making known to all Europe the name of Victor Cherbuliez which "Comte Kostia," "Paule Méré," and "L' aventure de Ludislas Bolski," had placed on a par with those of Feuilleton and Flaubert: and for thirty-six years, as you know, gentlemen, the novelist held his own, and never fell below his original reputation. I need not allude to "Meta Holdenis," "Samuel Brohl," "Miss Rouel," and a score more of romances, where keen observation and an instinctively poetic treatment of cosmopolitan customs were curiously blended with flights of fancy at once daring and graceful, and pungent satire of the incorrigible vices and absurdities of our common humanity.

At that time Victor Cherbuliez was still living in Geneva; a coin of vantage unique in its way for the observation of that army of adventurers, Poles, Russians, Englishmen, and Germans, conspirators, great ladies and lady-teachers, who were perpetually passing through the place. Many of these strange people he had met personally and known well. He had visited some of them, and the only re-

* Funeral oration delivered on July 4, 1899, by M. Ferdinand Brunetiere. Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.

proach which could ever properly be brought against him was that of having lavished upon them too freely the charms of his mind and the graces of his conversation.

This was, in fact, the distinguishing mark of the man. He could no more divest himself of charm than he could refrain, up to his latest day, from dashing off likenesses of commonplace people. You know how it was when, after 1871, he, the descendant of French ancestors, exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, claimed the privileges accorded by an act of restoration and came to live among us for good and all. If "*L'Idee de Jean Téterol*," "*Noirs et Rouges*," "*La Ferme du Choquard*," "*Olivier Maudit*," and other novels, were cosmopolitan tales no longer, but essentially French, and even Parisian, they all displayed the same keen observation: only now the observation was carefully selective, and the reasons of its choice were not disguised. If the fable was no longer quite as romantic as formerly, it was because the romances which travel past along the shores of Lake Lemman, so far from shunning observation, love rather to parade themselves before the world; while in Paris or the French provinces, they withdraw as much as may be from observation. Moreover, if the imagination of the novelist had possibly lost a little of its first freshness, how enormously, gentlemen, had his irony gained in smoothness and grace, his satire in penetration, his information in extent, and his manner in breadth! I need but mention in proof of what I say, his more recent stories: "*Après fortune faite*," and "*Jacquine Vanesse*," the latest but by no means the least original or captivating product of his indefatigable pen.

Indefatigable is indeed the word, for it is barely a week since he signed his last article with the pseudonym of Val-

bert; and Valbert's work is no less considerable in amount than that of Cherbuliez. Nor is it at all inferior to the latter in interest and value; though an ill-natured public has more than once taken occasion to contrast Cherbuliez with Valbert. It is not for us to compare their merits. Were we to announce a preference for one or the other, we might plausibly be accused of desiring to divide and apportion our gratitude, whereas it concerns our honor to preserve that sentiment one and indivisible.

No doubt the test was a severe one; and readers who knew the novelist only, might well fear lest the very memories of the author of "*Comte Kostia*" should impair the authority of the writer on public affairs. But those who knew him best, those who knew the man, and the multifarious learning, solidity of method, and universal aptitude which he had inherited from a family where they sought relaxation from their studies in Political Economy by re-reading Thucydides and Plato—those acquainted with the essays of Victor Cherbuliez on Spanish politics and the relations of Germany and Prussia,—those, finally, who had enjoyed his intimacy and heard him talk politics, and even finance, with the same mastery of his subject as he showed in discussing the Jerusalem Delivered or Tensing on the Drama—these, I say, felt no anxiety; and what they expected of him Victor Cherbuliez continued for a quarter of a century, not merely to equal, but to surpass. The least that we can do is to bear this testimony. Few men in our day, have been more familiar with the whole range of European politics, or treated the general subject with more lucidity, precision and wit.

No question was foreign to him, and he was equally well prepared to discuss the progress of Russia in Central Asia, and the reconciliation of Prince

Bismarck with the Holy See. The novelist—nay, more, the moralist and the psychologist—reappeared in his estimates of character and his masterly analysis of the motives of men: of Gladstone and Disraeli, of Bismarck and Cavour, of Alexander, the Emperor William, Gordon and Garibaldi.

He delighted to follow in their explorations of unknown Africa, the bold and tireless pioneers who were opening the dark continent to European enterprise; his interest being due in part to his own passion for heroic adventure, but still more to his habit of forecasting the future, and his constant preoccupation with the influence, the greatness and the prosperity of France. For he did indeed love with all his heart this country which had been restored to him—or which he had reconquered—and it was for her he labored. He had chosen her for his own in her hour of defeat, and he loved to explain the reasons for his preference; being ever prompt to reassure us, when, with that mania for self-disparagement which is the counterpart of our sometimes excessive national vanity, we professed ourselves appalled at the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxon," or the growing preponderance of Germany in the affairs of the world. "Oh how exasperated I am at times with Victor Cherbuliez," cried one of his oldest and staunchest friends, Edmond Scherer, "and what might he not have been if circumstances—*fata aspera*—had permitted him to attain his full development!" Scherer was thinking especially of Valbert; and what higher praise, gentlemen, can we give the departed, than to say that while he was all that he was, all that I have tried to describe him, there were some who always felt that he had missed his true destiny?

But, no! The men immersed in active politics who thought thus failed to understand the singular disinterest-

edness of Victor Cherbuliez. I do not remember ever to have heard him express any other ambition than that of remaining to his latest day a "man of letters." It never occurred to him that there was any more enviable rôle in the world, than that of arresting, enlightening, and guiding public opinion. To every man his business; and Victor Cherbuliez did not conceive that it was his to mix in the strife of the forum. It was not that he despised public life or affected to undervalue those who were actively engaged therein. He was too clever for that, and he loved his country too well. He perfectly understood that, as has been said, a nation's policy is bound to busy itself, in the end, about those who refuse to busy themselves about it. But in the hot mêlée of hostile parties he felt that it devolved upon the man of letters, the philosophic observer, to play the part of moderator; and he considered that one of the first requisites, for that part, was the renunciation of all personal ambition. He had learned by the light of history that the writer's influence,—the consideration and confidence which it enjoys—depend, first of all, upon a conviction of his absolute unselfishness. Persuaded of this, he early shaped his own course in accordance with his exalted ideal; and I make bold to say that those who regretted that course were unable to comprehend either the elevation of his mind or the greatness of his renunciation.

They equally failed to appreciate the depth of feeling which he had in common with many of the masters of irony, who use that faculty as a defense against idle curiosity and the indiscretions of the unfriendly. It was the same in his novels where, under the form of mockery, we feel pulsating so much of pity and indulgence and genuine goodness of heart. And never were these qualities more conspicuous in him than when he was overtaken by

sore misfortune. When, after doing all that was humanly possible to dispute the tyranny of death, he lost his beloved wife, that fond companion whose untiring vigilance had so long secured him from interruption in his prodigious labors, he felt utterly disabled. And when to this irreparable loss there was added, only a few months ago, that of the son who was his pride and joy, his heart was broken, and it might have been said of him with some truth that he considered his life a failure. Forgive me, gentlemen, for dwelling upon these sorrowful details. They complete the portrait of the man and show him as he was—loving and sensitive, magnanimous and tender. They bring me back to the point from which I set out, and explain to those who never knew Victor Cherbuliez what it is that we most regret in him—the alliance of rare talent with a completely rounded humanity. They will also explain and excuse the personal character which I have given to these few words of fond farewell. For the name of Victor Cherbuliez will survive, and his place is already secure in the hierarchy of French letters. No one will ever be able to write the history of

our time without consulting Valbert's notes; and it is not his ideas only that will be borrowed, but often the very form in which they are expressed. His novels, contemporary with those of Feullet, will mark along with the latter, but otherwise than they, by different qualities and innovations, an epoch in art. Some of them will rank among the masterpieces of French prose. Men will say, when they re-read them, that Cherbuliez put more of thought and wit into romantic fiction than any man had ever done before him. But I trust I shall be pardoned for having indicated but slightly, if at all, what formal criticism has said or may yet have to say concerning Victor Cherbuliez, for the reason that my express aim has been to set my grateful appreciation of the man before my admiration of the *litterateur*. Such is ever our first duty to those whom we have known. Posterity assigns grades and passes judgment upon works, but only a man's contemporaries can truly tell what kind of a human being, of what moral and social worth, worthy of what remembrance and what regrets—once dwelt within the writer.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

TO WILLIAM BLACK.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE MEMORIAL BEACON.

We fain would let thy memory dwell
Where rush the tidewaves of the sea,
Where storms will moan or calms will tell
To all the world our love for thee,
Whom all men loved in this old land,
And all men loved across the sea.
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,
And light the Beacon light for thee.

Archibald Campbell.

FIVE LETTERS BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The following letters of my uncle, the late Cardinal Newman, written in the year 1875 (three years before he was made Cardinal), form one—that is, the defensive—side of a correspondence which I had with him in the course of that year. I had ventured to put to him certain questions, to which he (as I felt sure would be the case) was willing to reply. I had asked whether the real conduct of the visible Church—*i.e.*, in his view, of the Church of Rome—had been in accordance with that spirit of morality and goodness which should mark a divine example and a divine teacher. I pointed to facts in the history of the Church which appeared to me to be symptoms of a faulty nature. I referred to the condition of the countries most obedient to Rome—Spain under Philip II., France up to the first Revolution, Italy up to the middle of the nineteenth century—as exhibiting a tremendous total of misdoing, partly traceable directly to the influence of the highest authorities of Rome, partly permitted by them without protest or repudiation. How came it that the visible happiness and harmony of the several countries of Europe should be almost in the reverse proportion to the degree of their belief in the authority of Rome? How came it that the members of an organization, to which the divine promises were believed to have been entrusted, should not only have committed such grave offences in the past, but should be so unwilling to confess them in the present, except as bare facts, and without any sense of the disrepute thereby attaching to themselves, and to the society they looked upon as divine?

The Cardinal's answers to the questions of which the above is a summary will certainly be found extremely interesting.

With respect to my own share in the correspondence I have but one regret; that, however, is a serious one: it is that in replying to the Cardinal's last letter (that dated December 3, 1875) I was overpowered by the magnitude of the subject, and perhaps also by the personality of my opponent in argu-

ment, and missed the true point. Hence, this was the end of continuous and sustained argument between us; though, of the letters which I had from him in later years, two certainly are of very high interest.

Let me, as far as is possible, repair my error by indicating the central point in the Cardinal's letter of December 3, 1875, from which, were the opportunity ever to offer, the argument might be resumed. It lies in the following sentence: "The *ethos* of the Catholic Church is what it was of old time, and whatever or whoever quarrels with Catholicism now, quarrels virtually, and would have quarrelled if alive 1800 years ago, with the Christianity of Apostles and Evangelists."

The question, it will be seen, is this—and truly it is an important one—whether the spirit of St. Peter and St. Paul can be shown to differ, in any material respect, from the spirit of the Church of Rome at the present day.

J. R. Mozley.

The Oratory,
April 1, 1875.

"My Dear John:—

You open a subject too large to be dealt with in one letter; but I shall be able to get a certain way in it to-day.

I consider your letter to be addressed to me personally, as if you said, "I am perplexed and even curious to understand how a man like you, who have had time and opportunities for observation and thought, should be able to put up with a one-sided view of the Church of Rome—nay, with an abstract view and a paper representation of it, a mere conclusion, congruous or compulsory, from premises dependent on certain first principles, such as 'there must be a visible Church,' instead of going into the world of facts, and seeing and judging of the Roman Church by what it is seen to have been in history."

My reply to your objections, then,

shall take the shape of accounting for my own responsibility to them as objections. But anyhow, as I can only answer you in my own way and from my own standpoint, the substance of what I shall say would be the same, whether I argued with you directly or explained to you the arguments which convince me.

First, then, I grant that I do assume certain first principles as the starting points from which my convictions proceed, and I don't see who can arrive at any conviction without making assumptions. I assume that there is a truth in religion, and that it is attainable by us: that there is a God, to whom we can approve ourselves and to whom we are responsible. On the other hand, I find, in matter of fact and by experience, that there are great difficulties in admitting this first principle; but still, they are not such as to succeed in thrusting it out from its supremacy in my mind. The most prominent difficulty of Theism is the existence of evil: I can't overcome it; I am obliged to leave it alone, with the confession that it is too much for me, and with an appeal to the *argumentum ab ignorantia*, or, in other words, with the evasion or excuse, not very satisfactory, that we have not the means here of answering an objection, which, nevertheless, if we knew more, we should doubtless have the means of answering: that we can at least make hypotheses to help the difficulty, and, though all those which we can make be wrong, still they open a possibility and prospect of other hypotheses as yet unknown, one of which may be the true explanation.

When I come to Christianity I find this grand difficulty untouched, yet fully recognized. This coincidence is to me an argument in favor of Christianity, if Theism be true, as falling under the argument from analogy. And, though Theism were not yet

proved true, still, from the fact of the coincidence, an argument in some sort is to be drawn in favor of both systems, that is, supposing the coincidence is independent of themselves—I mean, if Theists and Christians have not borrowed their recognition and non-explanation of the fact of evil from each other.

Our Lord's death to destroy evil is as tremendous and appalling a confession of the (its?) existence and of its power, as can be conceived.

From this central doctrine of the Gospel, the Atonement, may be drawn two contrary conclusions. The first is that from the moment of our Lord's death upon the cross all evil would be annihilated; or secondly, that since He did not in His own Person destroy it instantaneously, no wonder if He should take time in destroying it in the world or in His Church. The former of those conclusions is perhaps the more natural; but the interval of gloom and sadness which overwhelmed His followers on His death, and still more their history, as contained in the Acts of the Apostles, is sufficient to show that it is not the right conclusion.

I confess, then, that it was natural, very reasonable, to expect, that an annihilation of sin and a millennium period would commence with our Lord's Sacrifice; but, unless we unravel our convictions and run back to belief in nothing, I must give this thought up, and must admit, on the contrary, the pregnant conclusion that evil will pass away from this world and from the Church very slowly—nay (if we are to imagine that the moral system advances after the analogy of the advance in the physical system of the universe), so slowly that one or two generations or centuries afford no available measure for calculating the rate of advance. I own I should have fancied, *a priori*, that the lamb and the lion would lie down together from the

date of the Crucifixion; that at least that Elect Society which our Lord left behind Him would show forth in its extension as a kingdom of righteousness from the first, simple and absolute holiness extending with its extension, whereas, in fact, the history of the Church contains in it the history of great crimes.

I allow, then (and for argument's sake I allow more than facts warrant), the existence of that flood of evil which shocks you in the visible Church; but for me, if it touched my faith mortally in the divinity of Catholicism, it would, by parity of reason, touch my faith in the Being of a Personal God and Moral Governor. The great question to me is, not what evil is left in the Church, but what good has energized in it and been practically exercised in it, and has left its mark there for all posterity. The Church has its sufficient work if it effects positive good, even though it does not destroy evil, except so far forth as it supplants it for good.

Of its greatest and best achievements it cannot, from the nature of the case, leave memorials, that "hidden man of the heart" of which I spoke in that former letter to which you refer. It is not necessarily seen in school teachers or in every specimen of a secular priest, even though, did you know them, you might find that your first impressions had been unjust to them. Nay, I have always laid great stress on St. Paul's words, "I endure all for the elects' sake;" they lead me to reflect that, even though there were no high religious fruits of the Church's special sacraments generally, ordinarily and *primæ facie* visible to the world, that would not necessarily be a refutation of its claim to come from God. The Church would indeed, if it had no visible tokens at all, be a secret society: but, since it is a light set on a hill, and I grant it must

have visible tokens that it is divine, and contrariwise to what you hold, I think that it and its tokens are visible for the very reason that God is invisible—viz., because they are to manifest Him. However, though I grant that there must be visible tokens of sanctity in the Church if the Church is to be considered divine, still, as the Spirit bloweth as it listeth, so its manifestation in works is according to no law and cannot be reckoned on.

As to the virtues of Catholics, I have lately been reading the following words of Lord Russell, an impartial witness, from his "Essay on the Christian Religion:" "There is among Roman Catholics, in their relations to each other, a pure essence of affection which does not appear in the moral writings of Greece and Rome. The Roman Catholics, who have never practised or have relinquished the vices of erring youth, are humble, loving, compassionate, abounding in good works, kind to all classes of their fellow creatures, ever ready to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' ready to give of their substance to the needy, ready to forgive others their trespasses, and kneel in humble devotion to their Maker." He speaks as if there were no middle class among us; but, if we were not living in sin, we were almost saints.

But leaving the highest and truest outcome of the Catholic Church and descending to history, certainly I would maintain firmly, with most writers on the Evidences, that, as the Church has a dark side, so (as you do not seem to admit) it has a light side also, and that its good has been more potent and permanent and evidently intrinsic to it than its evil. Here, of course, we have to rely on the narrative of historians, if we have not made a study of original documents ourselves it would be a long business (assuming their correctness), but an easy

business too, to show how Christianity has raised the moral standard, tone, and customs of human society; and it must be recollected that for fifteen hundred years Christianity and the Catholic Church are in history identical. The care and elevation of the lower classes, the championship of the powerful, the abolition of slavery, hospitals, the redemption of captives, education of children, agriculture, literature, the cultivation of the virtues of piety, devotion, justice, charity, chastity, family affection, are all historical monuments of the influence and teaching of the Church. Turn to the non-Catholic historians, to Gibbon, Voigt, Hurter, Guizot, Ranke, Waddington, Bowden, Milman, and you will find that they agree in their praises, as well as in their accusations, of the Catholic Church. Guizot says that Christianity would not have weathered the barbarism of the Middle Age but for the Church. Milman says almost or altogether the same. Neander sings the praises of the monks. Hurter was converted by his historical researches. Ranke shows how the Popes fought against the savageness of the Spanish Inquisition. Bowden brings out visibly how the cause of Hildebrand was the cause of religion and morals. If in the long line there be bad as well as good Popes, do not forget that long succession, continuous and thick, of holy and heroic men, all subjects of the Popes, and most of them his direct instruments in the most noble and serviceable and most various works, and some of them Popes themselves, such as Patrick, Leo Gregory, Augustine, Boniface, Columban, Alfred, Wulstan, Queen Margaret of Scotland, Louis IX., Vincent Ferrer, Las Casas, Turibius, Xavier, Vincent of Paul—all of whom, as multitudes besides, in their day, were the life of religion.

I have hardly begun my answer to your question, yet I have written all

this—but it is hard to be short on such a subject. I shall stop here, and hope in a few days to come to closer quarters with your main difficulty.

Yours affectionately,

John H. Newman.

The Oratory,
April 4, 1875.

My Dear John:—

Thank you for your letter of this morning, which leads me to say that I did not use the word "curious" in a sense inconsistent with earnestness in inquiry, though I cannot be sorry for an accident which has been the occasion of your sending me so frank and *ex animo* an explanation.

I wish I could be shorter, but it is easier to ask than to answer questions. In what I wrote to you the other day I said that both good and bad were to be expected in the Catholic Church, if it came from our Lord and His Apostles, whereas you had ignored the good altogether, and had insisted there was in it an actual tradition or abiding system of bad, forming a whole and giving the Church a character; and worse, that, though it was so, Catholics would not confess it and renounce it. Now I do confess that bad is in the Church, but not that it springs from the Church's teaching or system, but, as our Lord and His Apostles predicted it would be, in the Church, but not of it. He says, "It must needs be that scandals come;" "many are called, few are chosen;" "the kingdom of heaven is like a net which gathereth of every kind." Good men and good works, such as we find them in Church history, seem to me the legitimate birth of Church teaching, whereas the deeds of the Spanish Inquisition, if they are such as they are said to be, came from a teaching altogether different from that which the Church professes.

It is on the Inquisition that you mainly dwell; the question is whether such

enormity of cruelty, as is commonly ascribed to it, is to be considered the act of the Church. As to Dr. Ward in the Dublin Review, his point (I think) was not the question of *cruelty*, but whether persecution, such as in Spain, was *unjust*; and with the capital punishment prescribed in the Mosaic law for idolatry, blasphemy, and witchcraft, and St. Paul's transferring the power of the sword to Christian magistrates, it seems difficult to call persecution (commonly so called) *unjust*. I suppose in like manner he would not deny, but condemn, the *craft* and *cruelty* and the wholesale character of St. Bartholomew's Massacre; but still would argue in the abstract in defence of the magistrate's bearing the sword, and of the Church's sanctioning its use, in the aspect of *justice*, as Moses, Joshua, and Samuel might use it, against heretics, rebels, and cruel and crafty enemies.

I think such insane acts as St. Bartholomew's Massacre were prompted by mortal fear. The French Court considered (rightly or wrongly) that if they did not murder the Huguenots, the Huguenots would murder them. Thus I explain Pope Gregory's hasty approbation of so great a crime, without waiting to hear both sides. After a period of luxury and sloth, the sudden outburst of the Reformation frightened the Court of Rome out of its wits, and there were those who thought the one thing needful was to put it down anyhow, as the destruction, at least eventually, of all religion, morality, and society. Perhaps they were right in this fear; and thus they got mixed up with mere politicians, unscrupulous men, and became in the eyes of posterity answerable for deeds which were not properly theirs. I was reading the other day a defence of Pius V. against Lord Acton, the point of which was that in no sense was it the Pope who sanctioned the plot for assassinating

Elizabeth, but the Duke of Alva. Yet who can deny, true as this may be, still that to readers of history the Pope and the Duke are in one boat? Then, again, their agents, or the sovereigns who sought their sanction for certain courses or measures, went far beyond the intention of the Popes, who nevertheless, from their political entanglements, could not resume the powers that they had once given over to them. A large society, such as the Church, is necessarily a political power, and to touch politics is to touch pitch. A private Catholic is not answerable for the Pope's political errors, any more than the shareholder in a railway in 1875 is answerable for the railway's accidents in 1860, nay, or in 1875.

You say that at least the Popes ought publicly to confess, when it is proved they have gone wrong. Does Queen Victoria confess the sins of George IV.? Do principals feel it generous to abandon their subordinates, or loyal children acquiesce in attacks on their parents? As to controversialists, they are pleaders at a bar, and are afraid to make admissions lest these should be turned against them. To speak out is in the long run the wisest, the most expedient, the most noble policy; seldom the possible, or the natural. Why are private memoirs kept back from publication for thirty or sixty years? No party can be kept together if there is no reticence. But in fact, except among controversialists, there is no want of candor and frankness among us; witness the fact that Protestant attacks on us generally are drawn from the admissions of Catholics. Baronius, writing under the Pope's eye, speaks in the strongest terms of the evil state of the Popedom in the dark age; Rinadus, his continuator, speaks against Alexander VI.; St. Bernard, St. Thomas, and many others speak against the conduct of the Roman See in their own times. So do Pope Adrian VI., Paul

IV., etc. So do holy women in their writings, such as St. Bridget.

As to the state of Catholic Europe during these last three centuries, I begin by allowing or urging that the Church has sustained a severe loss, as well as the English and German nationalities themselves, by their elimination from it; not the least of the evil being that in consequence the Latin element, which is in the ascendant, does not, cannot know, how great the loss is. This is an evil which the present disestablishment everywhere going on may at length correct. Influential portions of the Latin races may fall off; and if Popes are chosen from other nationalities, other ideas will circulate among us and gradually gain influence.

As to the unbelief of France, Italy, and Spain, allowing it to the extent facts warrant, still I had fancied that *England*, the most fiercely Protestant country of Europe, had begun the tradition of infidelity in Europe in its school of Deists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and that *Germany*, the native soil of the Reformation, was now the normal seat of intellectual irreligion. Is it not something the case of the pot and the kettle?

Next, as to the bad government in the Papal States, I allow, or rather argue, that an ecclesiastical world-wide sovereign has neither time nor thought to bestow on secular matters, and that such matters go to rack and ruin, and cause great scandal in public opinion, as surely as would happen if I undertook to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The shortness of the reigns of the Popes, an advantage ecclesiastically, and their political troubles, increase this evil. Another thing—till of late there was no science of government, and the Papal administration was not worse than its neighbors; but now we have a dozen sciences, political, economical, sanitary, social, agricultural,

municipal, and the like, all tending to the tranquillity and prosperity of States, which secular Governments can carry out and profit by, but which ecclesiastics and theologians have no head for.

Further, all States have their course, their beginning and their end. It is not wonderful that those which were great three centuries ago should be waning or dying out now; while England, which then was barbarous compared with the Continent, and much more, Prussia, Russia, and the United States, should be in the ascendant. There is nothing to show what the state of England will be two centuries hence. Its want of coal *may* be its ruin; or, before that want is felt, Protestantism, which has made it great, may, by running into democracy, make it small again. At present the Catholic Church is encumbered by its connection with moribund nations, and, so far, Keble's application of the "*Mortua quiescit*," etc., may be transferred to it. Catholics are certainly taken at great disadvantage now; but, as a loyal servant of Alfred or Bruce, knowing the greatness of his master's soul and the splendor of his gifts, might have no temptation whatever to mistrust his ultimate success, in spite of temporary disaster, so we feel about the defects and humiliations of the Papacy.

You see all along I have kept to my purpose of describing *my own* view of the difficulties of Catholicity on which you fasten, instead of attempting to deal with them controversially. The temporal prosperity, success, talent, renown of the Papacy did not make me a Catholic, and its errors and misfortunes have no power to unsettle me. Its utter disestablishment may only make it stronger and purer, removing the very evils which are the cause of its being disestablished.

I was rejoiced to be told by you that you recognized the truth of the power

of prayer. Nothing else will clear our religious difficulties.

Yours affectionately,

John H. Newman.

The Oratory,

April 21, 1875.

My Dear John:—

There is nothing ungenerous, as you fear, in your new questions; and, if you had asked them distinctly before, I should have answered them to the best of my power.

You now ask me whether I agree or disagree with your judgment "that the Church of Rome, as a society, has sometimes done, more often sanctioned, actions, which were wrong and injurious to mankind." I find no difficulty in answering you. I should say that the Church has two sides, a human and a divine, and that everything that is human is liable to error. Whether, so considered, it has in matter of fact erred, must be determined from history, and, for the very reason that it is human as well as divine, I am disposed to believe it has, even before the fact has been proved to me from history. At the same time I must add that I do not quite acquiesce in the wording of your question. It sounds awkward to ask, *e.g.*, "Has the Kingdom of England done or sanctioned wrong?" It would be more natural to say, "Has the nation done wrong, or the sovereign, or the legislature done wrong, or all of these together?" I have no difficulty in supposing that Popes have erred, or Councils have erred, or populations have erred, in human aspects, because, as St. Paul says, "We have this treasure in earthly vessels," speaking of the Apostles themselves. No one is impeccable, and no collection of men.

I grant that the Church's teaching, which in its formal exhibitions is divine, has been at times perverted by its officials, representatives, subjects, who are human. I grant that it has not

done so much good as it might have done. I grant that in its action, which is human, it is a fair mark for criticism or blame. But what I maintain is, that it has done an incalculable amount of good, that it has done good of a special kind, such as no other historical polity or teaching or worship has done, and that that good has come from its professed principles, and that its shortcomings and omissions have come from a neglect or an interruption of its principles.

The question that remains is, Has that which claims to be divine in the Church sanctioned that which is human and faulty in it? I maintain, No: and, in alleged cases brought in proof of the affirmative, I should contend either that its sanction of the act in question had no claim to be considered divine, or that the act itself was not faulty. Thus St. Paul says, "I wist not that he was high priest, for it is written," etc., and some commentators say that he *was* ignorant—that is, his act did not proceed from the divine inspiration with which he was gifted; others that his act was not wrong, for the man whom he reviled, in fact, was not high priest.

However, I cannot simply grant to you, as you assume, that mere omission to pronounce upon a faulty act is necessarily itself a fault. Things are so constituted in this world, that the power of doing good has a maximum. The Church, viewed as a political body, has always been in advance of the age; up to 1600 most men would grant this; but, as the Jews were allowed divorce as practically a necessity in order to avoid worse evils, so it has not always been possible for the Church to do upon the spot that which was abstractedly best, as Elisha shirked the question of Naaman about bowing in the house of Rimmon. Nor am I disposed to deny that, as time goes on, the authoritative view of moral and relig-

ious truth becomes clearer, wider, and more exact.

I do not know how I can answer your question more closely than in what I have now said, and as, I think, in my former letter.

As to the last three centuries, the Church's great battle has been against the various forms of error to which Protestantism has opened the door. The work of the Church has on every side been met and thwarted by the opposition of rival religions. In India the work, begun by St. Francis Xavier, has been brought to a stand by the variety and discordance of Christian sects. Still, if it is a great work to preserve Christianity in the world, this, I think, the Church has done and is doing: and at this moment Christianity would be dying out in all its varieties were the Catholic Church to be suppressed.

I hope I need not say I shall always feel a pleasure and interest in hearing whatever you are moved to tell me about yourself—pray do, for I am always

Yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.

P.S.—I hope you are out of anxiety by this time about your little boy.

The Oratory,
May 16, 1875.

My dear John:—

I am very glad to have so long a letter from you, but you must let me wait, and be patient with me, as to my answering it, for I have received a very heavy blow in the sudden and alarming illness of the greatest friend I have—an illness, the issue of which will take some time to show itself, and which has almost turned my head.

Thank E— for wishing to send me, and you for sending, her love—and tell her that I am very grateful to her, and send her a double measure in re-

turn—one in reciprocity, and one from gratitude.

Yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.

Dec. 3, 1875.

My dear John:—

Your letter puts me into a great difficulty. It is my heart's desire to bring you nearer to me in opinion, and so to explain my own religious views as to excite in you interest and sympathy for us; to reduce difficulties, and to inspire hope that Catholics and Protestants are not so far apart from each other as is commonly said; in a word, to throw myself into the sentiment which has led you to write, and to co-operate with it. But I cannot feel you have gone to the bottom of the matter, and it would not consist with that truth and frankness due to all men, and especially to one with whom I am so united in affection as yourself, not to say so.

I agree with you, then, but I go far beyond you in holding, that the difference between Catholics and Protestants is an ethical one; for I think that in pure Catholics and pure Protestants (I mean, by so speaking, that most Protestants are tinged with Catholicity, and most Catholics with Protestantism) this difference is radical and immutable as the natures of an eagle and a horse are, except logically, two things, not one. Opposition to physical science or to social and political progress, on the part of Catholics, is only an accidental and clumsy form in which this vital antagonism energizes—a form, to which in its popular dress and shape, my own reason does not respond. I mean, I as little accept the associations and inferences, in which modern science and politics present themselves to the mass of Catholics, as I do those contrary ones, with which the new philosophy is colored (I should rather say, stained) by great Professors at Belfast and elsewhere.

Dealing with facts, not with imaginations, prejudices, prepossessions, and party watchwords, I consider it historically undeniable—

1. First, that in the time of the early Roman Empire, when Christianity arose, it arose with a certain definite ethical system, which it proclaimed to be all-important, all-necessary for the present and future welfare of the human race, and of every individual member of it, and which is simply ascertainable now and unmistakable.

Next, I have a clear perception, clearer and clearer as my own experience of existing religions increases, and such as every one will share with me, who carefully examines the matter, that this ethical system (*ἠθός* we used to call it at Oxford as realized in individuals) is the living principle also of present Catholicism, and not of any form of Protestantism whatever — living, both as to its essential life, and also as being its vigorous motive power; both because without it Catholicism would soon go out, and because through it Catholicism makes itself manifest, and is recognized. Outward circumstances or conditions of its presence may change or not; the Pope may be a subject one day, a sovereign another; *primus inter pares* in early times, the *episcopus episcoporum* now; there might be no devotions to the blessed Virgin formerly, they may be superabundant of late; the Holy Eucharist might be a bare commemoration in the first century, and is a sacrifice in the nineteenth (of course I have my own definite and precise convictions of these points, but they are nothing to the purpose here, when I want to confine myself to patent facts which no one ought to dispute); but I say, even supposing there have been changes in doctrine and polity, still the *ethos* of the Catholic Church is what it was of old time, and whatever and whoever quarrels with Catholicism now, quarrels virtual-

ly, and would have quarrelled, if alive, 1800 years ago with the Christianity of Apostles and Evangelists.

2. When we go on to inquire what is the ethical character, whether in Catholicity now, or in Christianity in its first age, the first point to observe is that it is on all hands acknowledged to be of a character in utter variance with the ethical character of human society at large as we find it at all times. The fact is recognized, I say, by both sides, by the world and by the Church. As to the former of the two, its recognition of this antagonism is distinct and universal. As regards Catholicism, it is the great fact of this very day, as seen in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. On the other hand we know that in the Apostolic Age, Christians were called the "*hostes humani generis*" (as the Quarterly called Catholics within these two years), and warred against them accordingly.

This antagonism is quite as decidedly acknowledged on the side of the Church, which calls society in reprobation "the world," and places "the world" in the number of its three enemies, with the flesh and the devil, and this in her elementary catechisms. In the first centuries her badge and boast was martyrdom; in the fourth, as soon as she was established, her war-cry was, "*Athanasius contra mundum*;" at a later time her protests took the shape of a Papal theocracy and the *dictatus Hildebrandi*. In the recent centuries her opposition to the world is symbolized in the history of the Jesuits. Speaking, then, according to that aspect of history which is presented to the eyes of Europeans, I say the Catholic Church is emphatically and singularly, in her relation to human philosophy and statesmanship, as was the Apostolic Church, "the Church militant here on earth."

3. And, what is a remarkable fea-

ture in her *ethos* now and at all times, she wars against the world from love of it. What, indeed, is more characteristic of what is called Romanism now than its combined purpose of opposing yet of proselytizing the world?—a combination expressed in our liturgical books by the two senses of the word "*conterere*," that of grinding down and of bringing to contrition. How strikingly, on the other hand, does this double purpose come out in the Apostles' writings? We have three primitive documents, each quite distinct in character from the other two, differing in accidents and externals, but all intimately agreeing in substantial teaching, so that we are quite sure of the genius and spirit of Christian ethics from the first: I mean, (1) the Synoptical Gospels, (2) St. Paul's Epistles, (3) St. John's Gospel, Epistles and Apocalypse. Now, the first of these says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. The disciple is not above his Master. Fear them not. I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." "I pray not for the world," says the third, "the world hath hated them because they are not of the world. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. The world lieth in wickedness." And the second, "In time past ye walked according to the course of this world, and were by nature the children of wrath even as the rest." And yet, "Preach the gospel to every creature," says the first; "God so loved the world, that," etc., says the third; and "He will have all men to be saved," says the second. After avowals such as these in our primary authorities, it will be a hard job to discover any Irenicon between Catholicity and the moral teaching of this day.

4. This will be still clearer as we examine the details of our ethics, as developed from our fundamental principles. The direct and prime aim of the Church is the worship of the Un-

seen God; the sole object, as I may say, of the social and political world everywhere, is to make the most of this life. I do not think this antithesis an exaggeration when we look at the action of both on a large scale and in their grand outlines. In this age especially, not only are Catholics confessedly behindhand in political, social, physical and economical science (more than they need be), but it is the great reproach urged against them by men of the world that so it is. And such a state of things is but the outcome of apostolic teaching. It was said in the beginning, "Take no thought for the morrow. Woe unto those that are rich. Blessed be the poor; to the poor the gospel is preached. Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent. Not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble are called. Many are called, few are chosen. Take up your cross and follow me. No man can have two masters; he who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. We walk by faith, not by sight; by faith ye are saved. This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. Without holiness, no man can see the Lord. Our God is a consuming fire." This is a very different ethical system from that whether of Bentham or of Paley.

5. I am far from saying that it was not from the first intended that the strict and stern ethics of Christianity should be, as it was in fact, elastic enough to receive into itself secular objects and thereby secular men, and secular works and institutions, as secondary and subordinate to the *magisterium* of religion—and I am far indeed from thinking that the teaching and action of the world are unmixed evil in their first elements (society, government, law and intellectual truth being from God), and far from ignoring the actual goodness and excellence of individual Protestants, which comes from the same

God as the Church's holiness; but I mean that, as you might contemplate the long history of England or France, and recognize a vast difference between the two peoples in ethical character and national life, and consequent fortunes, so, and much more, you can no more make the Catholic and Protestant *ethos* one, than you can mix oil and vinegar. Catholics have a moral life of their own, as the early Christians had, and the same life as they—our doctrines and practices come of it; we are and always shall be militant against the world and its spirit, whether the world be considered within the Church's pale or external to it.

6. Coming back to your letter, I should not wonder if you think I have

The Contemporary Review.

mistaken its drift, and have been beating the air. I do not think I have, though I have thought it best to fall back upon the previous question.

I have meant to say that, though our opposition to science, etc., ceased ever so much, we should not thereby be more acceptable in our teaching to the public opinion of the day.

Ever yours affectionately,

John H. Newman.

P.S.—Thank you for what you tell me of your new abode. On reading this over I find it more difficult to follow its course of thought than I could have wished.

December 6.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

A REPLY.

The closing words of the article "A Woman's Criticism of the Congress," appearing in the last issue of this Review, are as follows: "To exaggerate the importance of woman's work in activities which are adequately accomplished by men, and to underrate all the simple homely duties which have been dignified and rendered lovely by myriads of noble and cultured women, and instinctively consecrated by the wisdom of generations, is wanting in breadth, insight and loftiness, and productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos."

In the warped view of the critic, the Women's Congress seems to have been reduced to the condition of a "senseless, chattering, talking head."

We are not surprised that the Congress was "productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos" in the mind of the critic, since from her initial statement that "the Congress is al-

ready arranging to hold another Congress at Berlin next year," it is evident that the writer is the victim of incorrect and insufficient information on her subject, and also without any grasp or comprehension of the purposes which lie back of such gatherings.

No Women's Congress exists or holds conventions. Therefore, in criticising "The Congress" one is attacking air, since once the session closes, the molecules of thought and opinion which formed for the time allotted that body known as "The Congress," separate and dissolve back into the world from which they came. Only the influence remains, and it would not seem that the influence of any congress could be duly measured and balanced within a month after its close, and ultimately summed up in an eleven-page article.

This Congress was invited or called together by the International Council of Women, which is an organized body,

and convenes in general session once in five years.

This International Council decided to hold its next session at Berlin five years hence. It is within the privilege of this International Council to invite in general speakers, and so form a congress of women at Berlin in five years; but it is not committed to do so. The object of this Congress was to gather from the varying opinions and differences of desire and effort throughout the world, a consensus of facts regarding women in organized work either for support, philanthropy or social uses. The *facts* existed before they were expressed in this Congress, but simply a more widespread knowledge of facts was opened up by this gathering.

The International Council, having thus felt the strong beating pulse of woman's inmost effort and desire will be guided or warned, as the case may be, in its ministrations and deliberations for the next five years.

The Congress, like all human affairs, was not perfect; but it was honest and earnest in intent, and some of its utterances were certainly wholesome. The very fact of its being an open Congress, where one could hear *all* views, bars it from the unjust slur of being a mutual admiration society—or that any or all its chance utterances were expected to be adopted as law and gospel by all women.

It is admitted that good, bad and indifferent matter was set forth from the platform, but the residue it is believed will be helpful and broadening.

We do not quite follow Miss Low in many of her criticisms, as for instance when she asserts that

The radical defect of the Conference will be discerned at a glance when it is understood that *theories* of a most startling nature, practically overthrowing present social conditions, were propounded from a purely *feminine* stand-

point, and subjected in many instances to no sort of criticism or correction, each woman speaking her own words, and giving her own suffrage to what seemed best in her own eyes, without any reference to what had gone before or was to come five minutes later.

Naturally the standpoint was expected to be feminine, and each used her own words; and few men or women are gifted with prevision enough to know just what theories some one may advance five minutes later, which might bias or controvert present conclusions at which they were arriving. But as the Congress was purely for talking and listening, and not for weighty decision or vote, I fail to see where either a feminine standpoint or lack of prevision was a vital question. The critic asks if "any one was able to discover the fundamental principles of the Congress," and explains "that by fundamental principles she does not mean the *feminist bias* exhibited by a large number of the speakers."

We met many who discovered at once the fundamental principles of sympathy outreach and information underlying and mellowing each department of the Congress. I know one woman from California who, having large interest in agriculture and horticulture, devoted her time to attending almost strictly to this department. She listened to the able papers, met some of the writers, and went with them personally, both during and at the close of the Convention, to witness that of which they spoke; and so enthused did she become by what she gleaned that she expressed her determination to go home to California and devote her large means to effect certain improved conditions in agriculture and forestry which had been opened up to her by the opportunity of the Congress. We know of women from India and Finland, who found the fundamental principle they needed, and went home

strengthened and enriched from the influence of the Congress.

We fear our critic tried to absorb too much of the feast of speakers, and naturally indigestion followed.

No one (with or without the feminine bias) could attend all the various sections of the Congress and escape "confusion of ideas."

In attending the sessions devoted to "Ethics of Wage Earning," Miss Low makes a statement which I challenge.

No congress of women, either this particular one or any other, ever "*derided the sacred and dignified labor a woman pursues on her own hearth,*" and no gathering of women has ever set its seal of approval upon the theory that "*housework is detestable and degrading.*" On the contrary, the tone of every woman's assembly which has ever met, has rung out strong and clear to the world, that no honest work is degrading; and that the breach between mistress and maid should be bridged by mutual respect and consideration. In the special criticism on Journalism, one statement is made which I cannot pass by, namely, that "No paper in this Congress which does not assume or express woman's superiority to man is in order."

This statement is utterly wide of the truth and sentiment of the Congress.

Facetious remarks may have been made by individual speakers, and some may have made spiteful reference to man's power and dominion; but the abiding spirit of congresses of women is to thank God that men are as good as they are, considering how feebly women have assisted them towards that higher standard of things temporal.

While the general trend of the Congress seems to have eluded our critic, we still hope that the general effect of the Congress will neither be misleading nor mischievous, because it was not representative and impartial, for the rea-

son that "the *experiences of successful women alone* were heard from the platform, especially in Professions."

This last was perhaps unfortunate, but the Congress need not be blamed. We know of several who were asked to take part in the department of Professions, but were unable to respond for the very reason that their lack of success made it impossible to spare the money necessary to undertake attendance.

The Congress was, therefore, obliged to take those who could and would come.

The critic further hints as to some seeming conspiracy at the Congress to represent women's wage-earning work as wholly desirable and beneficial, since principally only successful wage-earners were heard from. The absurdity of this statement is obvious. Why should the successful journalist or actress lure others to blindly follow her steps, or why should the International Council of Women join them in a conspiracy to tempt women to set to work at wage-earning?

Summing up, it is the opinion of the critic

That the tendency of such Congresses is to foster an enmity between two sexes who are part of the human race, and who with peculiar qualities and characteristics fitting each for diverse service in the world, have hopes, feelings and aspirations which are common to both, making their interests and happiness interdependent on one another and identical with each other, and any attempt to achieve the welfare of one without regard to the race at large is mischievous, etc., etc.

Let me assure the critic that such Congresses have never yet fostered any enmity between the sexes. From all reliable statistics I gather that the sexes have hitherto survived such gatherings and settled back into their

usual attitude of trying to be agreeable to each other.

It is in recognition of the fact that the sexes *are* interdependent, and that the welfare of one cannot continue unless the other keep pace with it, that women are exerting themselves to try and do their part fairly in the uplift of the world.

In closing, I would say that the Congress of Women would have been grateful for Miss Low's voice and criticism, while it was in session. Discussion was open to any one who would within a reasonable time send her card

The Nineteenth Century.

to the presiding officer, requesting the favor of the floor, either to refute or sustain a speaker. It is to be regretted that one of such strong opinions (and from her own point of view one possessing riper, truer judgment and balance) failed to give utterance to such valuable remonstrances and opinions at the Congress, where *her* word would have had as good a chance to mould the opinion of her weaker sisters as any of the others she so regrettably mentions.

Fannie Humphreys Gaffney.

President National Council of Women of the United States.

THE COUNTRY PARSON OF 1799-1899.

The publication of a cheap edition of "Scenes from Clerical Life," bringing them within the reach of the humblest class of readers, suggests an interesting comparison between the clergy in the days of Old Lelsure and the clergy of our own more bustling and self-conscious era,

When every hour
Must sweat its sixty minutes to the
death,

and when not only clergymen but almost everybody else must always be doing something. It is unnecessary to draw a distinction between these and other stories of the same date in which clergymen are introduced. "Adam Bede," for instance, is just as much a scene from Clerical Life, as "Janet's Repentance;" and whatever one's opinion of George Elliot as a literary artist may be, the characters and manners surviving into her own time, of which she was an eye-witness, are described in her pages with that peculiar power which impresses us at once with a con-

viction of the truth of what we read, as often on looking at a good portrait we feel sure it must be an excellent likeness though we have never seen the original.

In 1799 Mr. Gilfil was vicar of Sheperton and Knebley, Mr. Irwine was rector of Hayslope, and Mr. Cracken-thorpe, we may fairly assume, was rector of Ravelhoe; all three representing different varieties of the clerical character as it existed a hundred years ago, yet all three exhibiting a kind of family likeness which marks the period, the last days, that is to say, of the jolly old eighteenth century, before the demon of strife, both civil and religious, let loose again by the French Revolution, had done much either to disturb the repose or to shake the traditions of English middle-class society. Two of Miss Austen's novels contain clerical portraits of so nearly the same date that they may fairly be included in our gallery. "Pride and Prejudice" was written in 1796, "Northanger Abbey" in 1798, and in Mr. Elton and Mr. Til-

ney we have two other varieties of the country vicar, which must be glanced at in due course. The country clergyman of 1799 may be taken as a type of his class at any time during the last quarter of the eighteenth, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Individual specimens lingered on into our own age; but as the prevailing species they went out with George the Fourth and the ancient *régime*.

The most conspicuous point of difference between the average country clergyman, such as he was during the last decade of the last century, and such as he is in the last decade of the present one, is this, that at the former period he neither was, nor was expected to be, in any way different from the smaller class of country gentlemen among whom he lived and who were his principal associates. Their habits were his habits, their pursuits were his pursuits, their virtues were his virtues, and their faults were his faults. It entered into the head of nobody to complain of this. To hunt, shoot and fish, to give dinner-parties, go to balls, breed prize-cattle, and attend fairs, markets and the Bench of Magistrates was thought to be as natural in a clergyman as in anybody else. Here and there a rising Evangelical party might mutter a protest, but it did not penetrate to Shepperton or Hayslope, and would not have been minded if it had. The parson of the parish was so secure of his position, he looked down on Methodism and all that savored of it from so lofty an eminence, that it never occurred to him to treat any such criticisms seriously, even if he heard of them. They ran off him like water from a duck's back, or, to take a better comparison, they were to him what Burke's grasshoppers were to the stately oxen who browsed beneath the British oak. He was the head of the parish, a magistrate and a member of the class by whom the English coun-

ties were governed. It may be said, of course, that he continued to be all this for many years afterwards, and is so to some extent still. But there is this difference: he may have continued to be so down to our own time, but it has been more and more under protest. His life, when such as I have described, has been, ever since the great awakening of the modern period, passed more or less under the uneasy consciousness that it was disapproved of. The fox-hunting parson of sixty years ago did not sit in his saddle with the same perfect satisfaction which Mr. Gilfil would have felt, and which Adam and Eve enjoyed before the fall. In those days, when "not a breath disturbed the deep serene" as Pope has it, the country parson had no secret misgivings of any kind with regard to the life he was passing. He heard nothing, saw nothing, read nothing to make him ask himself whether he ought to be anything else than what he was. He did not go his own way in defiance of public opinion, as some of his successors have done; he had it on his own side, and had nothing to fear or to distrust.

What sort of a man, then, was he in his own parish, in the church, in the Sunday school, in the warfare with ignorance and vice, in the consolation of sickness and poverty? According to all tradition he was none the worse in these respects for being like the rest of the world in others. If he hunted, or if he shot, he could not go out every day in the week, and most of his time was spent at home. In the morning he might be seen on his glebe or in his garden, standing with his hands in the pockets of his knee-breeches looking at the meadow-grass and calculating his hay-crop, or noting the progress of his peas, potatoes and strawberries, or marking the trees about the parsonage which required lopping. These agreeable duties over, he would perhaps

take a peep at the pigstys; after which it would be time for his early dinner, with a moderate glass of port wine afterwards. Perhaps this would be followed by a short nap, refreshed with which, he assumed his low-crowned hat and stout walking-stick, and sallied forth on his village rounds. He chose the afternoon, because at that time the laborers' wives had cleaned up their rooms, swept the hearth, and would perhaps be at tea; and when his broad-skirted black coat, and black worsted stockings were seen at the little garden gate, a fresh cup and saucer would be brought out, and his reverence would partake of a dish with much enjoyment. He would talk to his hostess about her children, her bees and her flowers, about the pear-tree at the back of the cottage, and about the denizen of a snug little hovel at the corner of the garden whence came at intervals an impatient grunt, denoting that feeding-time was at hand. He would bespeak some honey and some fruit, and perhaps a spare-rib, to which joint he was known to be partial. His discourse did not as a rule take a religious turn; he thought his admonitions had more effect if they were few and far between, and came softened by the memory of his genial manners and pleasant social chat at other times. To the men in his parish, the laborers and the farmers, he could give sound practical advice on the subjects which concerned them, taking care every now and then to season it with some suggestion or allusion of a graver character which should recall to their minds that there was another world to be thought of as well as the present one. When his pastoral visits were finished he came home to his tea. After this meal he would play whist or chess till supper-time, when he retired to bed with a good digestion and a good conscience, perfectly satisfied that he had done his duty for the day.

It is unnecessary to say that such a man had a deeply-seated horror of fanaticism or over-strained enthusiasm of any kind, and that as a general rule he was far more acceptable to a rural parish than the more emotional and demonstrative Evangelical whose sphere of activity was in the town, and whose throne was the pulpit. His influence with his parishioners was unbounded. His power to compose quarrels and settle disputes saved many a breach of the peace, and many an appeal to the local attorney; in these cases his magisterial office came to the aid of his clerical office, and the two together were usually irresistible.

His sermons in church were of a purely practical character, "clauts o' cauld parritch" as Andrew Fairservice would have called them; without enough gospel in them to save a tomtit, as a learned bishop of our own days might have added. But they had their effect. His hearers were made to understand that the precepts to which they listened were supported by a divine authority behind them, perhaps all the more impressive for not being perpetually invoked. And the parson knew how to apply Whately's well-known argument. Sacred history rested on the same kind of evidence as profane history; if they believed the one, why not the other? Yet, how could they be thought to believe it if they persisted in ignoring its teaching. After this fashion would he reason of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come; and this was his manner of connecting faith and works.

To suppose that his religious influence was in the slightest degree diminished by his wearing top-boots, when he rode into the neighboring town on market day or to take his seat on the Bench, would be to entirely misunderstand the temper of the bucolic population a century ago. It was the clergyman's duty to read the Church service

on Sunday, to see, as far as was in his power, that the people under his charge believed in Christianity and its Author, and endeavored in some imperfect manner to act up to its precepts. No doubt he was bound to practise what he preached; but it would have been impossible for them to understand that a run with the hounds in the morning, or a rubber of whist in the evening, were hindrances to a reasonably good and useful life.

The country vicar of 1799 was usually, in name at least, a High Churchman. He belonged to the party in the Church which had cheered Sacheverel to the echo, and which had long been loyal to the Stuarts. The parson who was fifty years of age at the close of the last century might, no doubt, have met with many clergymen of the old leaven in his boyhood: Dr. Routh, who died only in 1855, remembered them at the University of Oxford; but in the rural world, in the drowsy, wood-girt villages which sheltered the class of clergymen in question, Jacobitism, if ever thought of at all, was regarded almost as a myth. For all practical purposes it was extinct and forgotten; but the clergy who bore the name of High Church, or High and Dry, had preserved one characteristic of the party from whom they were descended, and that was a deep-rooted antipathy to both Romanism and Calvinism. The first was dormant at the period I write of, the Gordon Riots notwithstanding. But the second had been roused by the proceedings of the ultra Methodists; and though many such parsons as I have just described did not trouble themselves about it, either secure in the impregnable fortress which they believed themselves to occupy, or sympathizing to a considerable extent with a religious earnestness to which they did not wish to close their eyes, others were not equally tolerant; and there is this to be said for them, that in the

rural districts popular feeling was emphatically on their side. Thus the easy-going rector of 1799, if he did not fear dissent, was very often annoyed and irritated by it. It has been said of somebody that he regarded Dissenters very much as a hunting-man regards the foot-people; they get in the way, head the fox, and are altogether a nuisance. But it never entered into the heads of the clergy of those halcyon days to regard Dissenters as rivals, as a body who would some day call themselves a Church, or, if not that, call the Church of England a sect. Could our pleasant old gentleman who took life so easily among his roses and beehives, his pigs and his poultry, have foreseen such an audacity as this, perhaps even his serenity would have been ruffled; but another generation had to pass before even the beginnings of such a change became visible.

The Churchman then of that date was a High Churchman because he believed in the exclusive authority of the Church of England, in the divine origin of episcopacy, and in the validity of episcopal orders only; but he went no further. Logic, no doubt, would have required him to think out what this theory really meant, and to endeavor to reduce it to practice. This did not occur to him; but the men of that school who lived to hear the teaching of Keble and Newman at once recognized its consistency with the abstract beliefs in which they had been educated. A hundred years ago, however, all this was undreamed of. Our country vicar was a High Churchman, simply because he was not a Low Churchman; and that was all.

But in 1799 he was on the brink of a controversy which was to bring all the Protestantism in his nature to the tips of his fingers, and to banish from his lot forever the careless repose and absolute security of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth rose upon the

Roman Catholic question; and from that time forward he became more or less the victim to religious agitation. Scarcely had the Roman question been settled than the Tractarian question arose. But I am anticipating, and must return to the days before the flood. It is necessary, however, to observe that concurrently with the Romish question came the rise and progress of the Evangelical school, and perhaps in the difference between Miss Austen's clergymen of 1798 and of 1815 may be traced the influence of this religious movement. Edmund Bertram in "*Mansfield Park*" is such a totally different person from Mr. Tilney in "*Northanger Abbey*" that one cannot help suspecting that the Evangelical revival had a hand in her picture of the former character. Also it may be noted that in "*Emma*" (1815) the dancing, dining-out parson (what female novelists would now call the Society clergyman) is made thoroughly ridiculous. Whether the difference is accidental or not I cannot say; and it may be thought that, if it was intentional, Jane Austen would have altered the character of Mr. Tilney before it was introduced to the world, which was not till after her death in 1817, though it was drawn nineteen years before. She may have intended to do so; or, as is more probable, may not have thought the point of sufficient importance to call for any revision of the story. The strong contrast, however, between Bertram and Elton, if we leave Tilney out of the question, is very noticeable.

That the country clergyman a hundred years ago exercised a good moral influence on his parish, there can be no manner of doubt. I am speaking only of the average clergyman of the period. Of course there were black sheep among them, as there always have been and always must be; "the Doctor of tremendous paunch," who could see

everybody under the table, was not extinct in those days, but he belonged to a small minority. The average man was such as I have described; and the influence of his character and his position had more perhaps to do with the morals of his flock than the influence of his teaching. When the drunkard or profligate mended his ways, it was probably rather because he dreaded the displeasure of the parson more than the displeasure of his Maker; but still in the eyes of the peasantry of that date the parson was in a vague sort of way the representation and embodiment of all that they knew of religion, and neither farmer nor laborer could come under his severe censure without being greatly troubled by it.

By the bedside of the sick or dying his ministrations were as far as possible removed from the emotional exhortations which we have learned to think characteristic of a different school. He did not, as a rule, correspond to Goldsmith's pastor,

At whose control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul,

for his people had not been brought up in a manner to make them familiar with despair and anguish even on their death-beds. Mrs. Patten, in "*Amos Barton*," thought it very bad taste in the clergyman to tell her of her sins; "I've niver been a sinner," she said. Even Mr. Gilfil, I think, when it came to the point, would have tried to set her right on this score, but his consolations would have been more like those described by the dying girl in Tennyson's "*May-Queen*." Our parson would not say much about the Church or the duty of Confession, as at present understood, still less about Election or Conversion. He was content with the homely assurance that if the sick person were really sorry for what he or she had done amiss, they might hope for mercy and depart in peace.

This sketch of the clergyman of 1799 is generalized from many particulars. Such a man, I believe, was the average country vicar of that day; but there were many varieties. There was the scholarly clergyman who kept up his classics; there was the squire-parson (Squarson) a powerful man in politics, who was invited to the Castle, and was very active at elections; there was the Honorable and Reverend, whose daughters visited in London, and were among the leaders of county society. But one and all were more secular than clerical in their habits, ways of thought, and style of conversation. It will be seen that in my sketch I have said nothing of the country parson's studies. Our vicar of a hundred years ago was, I suspect, no great student, and what he did read was not theology; yet here again there were, of course, exceptions. Such men as Jones of Nayland still kept alive the old Caroline idea of the Church of England, and while the country vicar was slumbering at his ease an active Evangelical party was rapidly gaining ascendancy in the towns. But with these developments we are not now concerned. I have been taking the country parson as he stood in his shoes in 1799, before either Methodism or Evangelicalism, or the threat of Roman Catholic Emancipation had become prominent enough or powerful enough to effect his position, or shake his faith in the stability of the national Church with all her exclusive rights and privileges such as she was down to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act in 1828. Entrenched behind these, in a fortress built upon a rock, he looked down upon the gathering hostility outside with calm indifference, till at length it became too formidable to be overlooked. With the legislation of 1828, 1829 and 1830 the old order perished both in Church and State, and with it the country parson, who formed part of it. Specimens sur-

vived under favorable conditions for a long time; but that was the end of them as a class.

If we turn to the average country clergyman of 1899, we shall find that what at once marks him off from his predecessor in the eighteenth century is that he is, and is expected to be, something different from the rest of the world in habits, manner and even in dress. As he has become less secular he has become more professional. To that change a variety of causes have contributed. For some years after the Reform Bill the Church of England was believed to be in great danger; and the "Tracts for the Times," whatever we may think of the Oxford movement in general, taught the rising generation of clergy that, if they could avert the storm, they would no longer take life in the same easy-going fashion as Mr. Irwine, Mr. Tilney and Mr. Gilfil. Even clergymen who had grown gray in the hunting-field were heard to say that if they had to begin life again they would not be seen at the covert-side. The Evangelical Movement had by that time nearly spent its force; and more than that it did not show to the people that side of the Church of England which it was necessary to turn to them, if they were to recognize the only ground on which she could be logically defended. The spiritual life of the Church had now to be renewed from a different fountain; and the country clergyman who, as a rule, had never been in sympathy with the Low Church party, however much he might respect their motives, now felt it necessary to emulate their earnestness, and to show himself more alive to the religious and pastoral duties imposed on him at ordination. Schools were more diligently visited; morning-prayer began to be said in the village churches; the Communion was more frequently celebrated; and the black gowns began to disappear from the pulpit. The

clergymen who carried out these changes almost necessarily underwent a corresponding change themselves. They became conscious of greater responsibilities, leading naturally to a more serious deportment; while the new work which they had undertaken left them comparatively little time for either moral or secular pursuits. The transformation was very gradual: many clergymen, indeed, believed that they could perform the duties which they desired to discharge faithfully without relinquishing their old amusements; but as a general rule this was impossible, and a generation of clergymen grew up, among whom this combination was a rare exception.

Another cause of the great contrast to which I would call attention is of course closely connected with this. In the old days the life of a country clergyman in a pleasant rural district was rather coveted. Many men of good position, accustomed to the life of the hall and the manor-house, found no difficulty in transferring it to the rectory or the vicarage. They did not neglect their duties so far as they understood them; but they suffered them to sit lightly on their shoulders, and not to interfere with the kind of life which they had promised themselves on entering the Church; they could be clergymen and country-gentlemen at one and the same time. Now, so long as the country clergy continued to be recruited principally from this class in society, they enjoyed a social status wholly irrespective of their clerical character. They mixed on equal terms with the squirearchy round about them, and having usually some little private fortune of their own could indulge in all the rural amusements to which they were inclined. But as the position and the work and the public estimate of a clergyman changed, this class of men were no longer eager to take orders. They knew that they could, if they

liked, take a good rectory and live as the rector of old had lived fifty years before without any offence against the law; but they knew also that they would be living under the constant disapproval of public opinion, and few of the better sort cared to do that. Gradually, therefore, these men disappeared from the parsonage, and the pulpit and the village-school, from the stubble and the turnips, and were succeeded by a different class to whom their clerical position was all in all, their cloth their sole distinction.

It will, I trust, be understood that I am writing generally, and am not unmindful of the large margin which must be left for exceptions in this bird's eye view. But I contend that it is true in the main; and thus it will be seen that the improvement in the character of the English clergy during the last half century, like most other human improvements, has not been without its alloy. To my mind there can be no doubt, whatever, that the change which has taken place in the social position of the clergy is answerable in some measure for the spread of Ritualism and Sacerdotalism, by which it is endeavored to regain in one way what has been lost in another. Sacerdotal influence is to compensate for the loss of social influence. The man who enters county society from the outside, not belonging either directly or indirectly to the classes which constitute it, is obliged to find some mode of redressing the balance. Many of the Evangelical clergy for a time were in a like predicament, and now such of the High Church Clergy as come from a similar social stratum seek to grasp as priestly superiors the position which they no longer command as social equals.

So they put off the collars from their coats, choke themselves in stiff white stocks, eschew evening-dress, and do all they can to make themselves, ex-

ternally at least, as little like laymen as possible. We must pay the price, if we choose to call it so, of increased clerical earnestness, energy and zeal. The village-priest, as he loves to call himself, is a much more active and ascetic leader of religious life in his parish than the rector of a hundred years ago. But with the loss of his secularism, has come also, it is to be feared, some loss of his Protestantism. The man who wore top-boots at least wore a black gown; if he loved port, he at least hated the Pope; if too indulgent to the sins of his parishioners, he at all events eschewed the confessional. In all human affairs the tares are mixed with the wheat. Those scrupulous religionists who inveigh against what they call the sloth, the self-indulgence, the Erastianism of the clergy of the eighteenth century, should sometimes ask themselves if they have not got King Stork for King Log.

We must remember, too, that the position of the country clergyman, while losing much of its security, has also lost much of its dignity. The Parish Councils Bill has robbed the parson of his legal status as head of the parish, a change which has still further lowered his social rank and made him fear perhaps that the final blow of all cannot much longer be delayed. What wonder, then, if he falls back upon his position as a priest, which is immutable and unalterable, at least by any human agency? In that he has a sure footing, while the Establishment is quivering all round him. Nothing can deprive him of the prerogatives and powers which he claims in virtue of his orders, and in a disestablished Church he would probably be able to assert them more successfully than he does now.

The gulf which separates the clergyman of 1899 from him of 1799 to those who stand on this side of it, seems, as it really is, a very wide one. Yet we have crossed it so gradually that it is

not till we look back that we are fully conscious of its breadth. The country clergyman's life now, whether he is a Ritualist or not, is full of cares and anxieties unknown to those who flourished in the days of old. His schools and his services, the aggrieved parishioner and the aggressive Dissenter, are ever on his mind, and gnaw at his very vitals. He runs up and down his parish, from cottage to cottage, in a perpetual endeavor to counteract the machinations of his enemies. The calm repose, the ancient peace, indolence, if it must be so, which brooded over the English parsonage a hundred years ago is gone, never to return, in its old shape, at all events. In its place we have a hard-working clergy, who devote their lives and their substance to their sacred duties with exemplary diligence and self-denial, laboring to maintain the discipline and equipment of the Church at the highest possible level. But the more they cease to resemble laymen, the more prominent becomes the professional element in their calling, and the greater their tendency to develop into a clerical caste, with interests wholly distinct from those of other classes in society. This growing isolation cannot be regarded with satisfaction. Of course it has not yet spread through the whole body of the clergy; but it is decidedly on the increase, and should the Church ever be disestablished it will become more powerful than ever. I can only repeat what I have already said, that great is the price we have to pay for what is termed the higher spiritual life of the Church of England at the present day; and I can only conclude with the words which apply to most of the stages of human progress:—

I fear to slide from bad to worse;
And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new.

T. E. Kebbel.

MRS. SAMUEL PEPYS.

To most of us the Englishwoman of the Restoration is represented by the glorified romps who sat to Sir Peter Lely, and upon whom Congreve, Farquhar and Vanbrugh modelled their audacious heroines; by my Lady Castlemaine, Mrs. Stewart, La Belle Hamilton and "Pretty Nelly." It must not be forgotten, however, that the lively favorites of Charles II. represent only one type of seventeenth-century womanhood. The middle class was slowly forming itself out of a society that had hitherto been composed of patricians and plebeians, with a sharply defined line between the two, and the middle-class housewife was already in existence. We should know but little about her, however, if it were not for the good offices of Mr. Pepys. As a companion picture to his own portrait, he has left us a highly-finished sketch of his wife. For the space of nine years she is our intimate acquaintance. We are shown all her follies and weaknesses; the sharpness of her temper is not hid from us; we can cherish no illusions regarding her jealousy, her vanity and her extravagance. And the result clearly proves that the seventeenth-century woman bears a surprising resemblance to the nineteenth-century woman of the same class. Mrs. Pepys, an "unschooled, unlesioned girl," married at fifteen for the sake of her pretty face to a husband of twenty-two, is twin-sister in all essential qualities to the young middle-class suburban wife of the present day. Her difficulties with the servants, her revolt against the dulness of her existence, her lack of rational occupation, her social ambitions, her undisciplined emotions, are still typical of the girl-matrons of Upper Tooting or Peckham Rye.

Pepys can hardly be said to have shown his usual practical common-sense when he chose, for his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Sieur de St. Michel, a French gentleman who had lost two fortunes by turning Huguenot. M. de St. Michel came to England in the suite of Henrietta Maria, and there married an Irish lady, daughter of Sir Francis Kingsmill. From first to last he seems to have been an unfortunate man, with a craze for inventions, not one of which brought him fame or profit. His son Balthazar said of him, "My father at last grew full of whimsies and propositions of perpetual motion, etc., to kings, princes and others, which soaked his pocket, and brought all our family low by his not minding anything else, spending all he had got, and getting no employment to bring in more." St. Michel seems to have been highly delighted at his daughter's marriage to Pepys, though the couple were at first so poor that they were obliged to live in one room of the house of Samuel's cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Lord Sandwich.

When the famous "Diary" begins, in January, 1660, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys are living in their own house in Westminster, with an establishment of a maid and a boy, and an income of fifty pounds a year. A few months later a considerable change in their fortunes took place, for Samuel received the appointment of Clerk of the Acts, with a salary of £350 a year, as well as a house at the Navy Office. With increasing prosperity came fresh troubles and worries, and many are the entries in the "Diary" relating to the shortcomings and delinquencies of a long series of maid-servants. "At my coming home," he writes on one occasion, "I am sorry to find my wife dis-

pleased with her maid Doll, whose fault is that she cannot keep peace, but must always be talking in an angry manner, though it be without any reason, which I am sorry for, and do see the inconvenience which do attend the increase of a man's fortune by being forced to keep more servants, which brings trouble."

The husband's promotion naturally entails upon him fresh expenses, for his wife wishes her wardrobe to bear witness to her improved position. Accordingly, she persuades Lady Sandwich, Samuel's patroness, to urge him to greater liberality, and he, pretending to be pleased with the idea, decides to bestow "a lace" upon her. "I found," he observes a few days later, "that my Lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife for six pounds, which I seemed glad of that it was not more, though in my mind I think it too much, and I pray God keep me so to order myself and my wife's expenses that no inconvenience in purse or honor follow this my prodigality."

He did his best to keep his wife from falling into extravagant ways by painting glowing pictures of the glories they would enjoy when they had achieved wealth, proposing to her, as he says, "what I could and would do if I were worth £2000, that is, be a knight and keep a coach, which pleased her, and so I do hope we shall hereafter live to save something."

In August, 1662, the house is being enlarged by a top-story, and Mrs. Pepys pays her annual visit to her husband's parents at Brampton, near Cambridge. As usual, she quarrels violently with her relations, and brings a long list of grievances home to her husband. He is too pleased to get her back to pay much attention to the squabble, but enters in his "Diary" that he never had greater content in his wife than now, "she continuing with the same care and thrift and in-

nocence as long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life." Truly, a back-handed style of compliment!

This satisfactory state of things was not destined to continue very long, for in November we find the couple quarrelling over the question of another increase to the household, namely, a waiting-woman for Mrs. Pepys. At that date the waiting-woman seems to have been usually a girl of superior birth and accomplishments, something between a companion and a lady's maid. She was expected to be musical as well as domesticated, and enjoyed the privilege of sitting down to the table with her mistress, and accompanying her to theatres and on shopping expeditions. Pepys rebelled against this new expense, and, to use his own words, "sorely angered my wife, who indeed do live very lonely, but I perceive it is want of work that do make her and all other people think of spending their time worse, and this I owe to my building, that do not permit of her undertaking anything of work, because the house has been so dirty." The quarrel presently reaches such a pitch that Mrs. Pepys sends a letter of complaint to her husband at his office, which he decides not to read, but to burn before her eyes. In the end, however, he yields to the inevitable, and a girl is engaged, who remains but a few weeks, and Pepys plausibly attributes her departure to the good providence of God, to prevent his running behind-hand with the world. "I am somewhat contented therewith," he concludes, "and shall make my wife so, who, poor wretch, I know will consider of things, though in good earnest the privacy of her life must be irksome to her."

Although Samuel Pepys can hardly be regarded as an ideal husband, even for the time in which he lived, yet he had his good points. He was mean, untruthful, quarrelsome

and unfaithful, but he was honestly desirous of making a companion of his wife, he could see things from her point of view as well as from his own, and he never grudged time or money that was spent on her mental improvement. It was only with the eighteenth century that the strong prejudice against feminine culture came in—the notion that learning and accomplishments necessarily disqualify a woman for the duties of her sex; but it was probably not every seventeenth-century husband who allowed his young wife to take lessons in singing, dancing, drawing and flute-playing, and himself taught her arithmetic and the use of the globes. Unfortunately, Mrs. Pepys' ear was so defective that her singing gave her husband more pain than pleasure; but they piped duets together very happily in the summer evenings, and he took a genuine pride and pleasure in her progress with her pencil. The dancing lessons were less successful, Mrs. Pepys, as her husband observes, being hardly likely to do any great good at it, "because she is so conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing." Later, he complains that she will not be thought to need telling by him or Ashwell, the new waiting-woman, "and yet she will plead that she has learnt but a month, which causes many short fallings-out between us." Pepys becomes desperately jealous of the dancing-master, for which, as he confesses with rare and admirable candor, "I ought to be beaten, especially since God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind but that upon a small temptation I could be false to her, and therefore ought not to expect more justice from her."

The dancing-lessons continue to be a bone of contention between the couple, and Pepys begins to fear that without discretion he will go near to losing his command over his wife, the more so

since, in the presence of Ashwell, he does not like to check her with a blow, as he would have done heretofore. But he complains that nothing is so injurious to his authority as "giving her occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business, and finds other sweets besides pleasing of me, and so makes her that she begins not to take pleasure in me, or study to please me as heretofore."

The modern wife will feel deep sympathy with Mrs. Pepys when she reads that upon casting up his monthly accounts on one occasion Pepys discovers that he is worth considerably less than the month before, in consequence of having laid out a considerable sum in new clothes for himself and his wife, viz. about twelve pounds for her and fifty-five for himself. After this, let no woman desire the return of picturesque fashions for masculine attire. These may be all very well for fancy dress balls, but for every-day life—Pepys' figures speak for themselves. It must be admitted, however, that Samuel takes a deep and sympathetic interest in all the details of his wife's toilet. One fine Sunday he walks with her to Gray's Inn "to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes." On another Sunday he went to church alone, and describes how there "I found my Lady Batten in a velvet gown, which vexed me that she should be in it before my wife, or that I am able to put her into one, but what cannot be, cannot be. However, when I came home I told my wife of it, and to see my weakness, I could on the sudden have found my heart to have offered her one, but on second thoughts put it by, and indeed it would undo me to think of doing as Sir William Batten and his lady do, who hath a good estate beside his office."

As time goes on quarrels become more frequent in the household, though

these are only of short duration, for the sun is seldom allowed to go down on Samuel's wrath. His wife's temper is less easily appeased, but then she had usually more to forgive. On one occasion Pepys relates that in return for a sharp answer, he pulled his wife's nose. "The poor wretch took it mighty ill," he observes, "and I believe besides wringing her nose she did feel pain, and so cried a great while, but by and by I made her friends." Another day a squabble arose about some delinquencies of the servants, and Samuel confesses, "I did strike her over the left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out, and was in great pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavor to bite and scratch me. But I coying with her made her leave crying, and sent for butter and parsley, and friends presently one with another, and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed." It was evidently the fear of gossip on the part of "the people of the house" that lent the chief sting to Pepys' remorse for his hasty blow.

Mrs. Pepys' spirit was certainly not broken, for only a week or so later her husband enters in his "Diary:"—

"Was vexed with my wife's having looked out a letter in 'Sir Philip Sidney' about jealousy for me to read, which she industriously and maliciously caused me to do, and the truth is, my conscience told me it was most proper for me, and therefore was touched at it, but read it out most frankly; but it stuck in my stomach."

The question of the waiting-woman continued to be a frequent source of dissension. It was not long after the providential departure of the first that Mrs. Pepys began to agitate for a second. In the course of an argument upon this favorite topic, she brought out

a copy of the written complaint which she had formerly sent to her husband, and which he had burnt without reading.

"She now read it," he tells us, "and it was so piquant, and wrote in English, and most of it true, of the retiredness of her life, and how unpleasant it was; that being wrote in English, and so in danger of being read by others, I was vexed at it, and desired and then commanded her to tear it. When she desired to be excused it, I forced it from her and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her . . . and tore them all before her face, though it went to my heart to do it, she crying and desiring me not to do it; but such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her, and my will wherein I had given her all I have in the world, to be joined with a paper of so much disgrace to me, and dishonor, if it should be found by anybody."

The torn pieces were afterward burned by the irate husband, but the same evening the quarrel was patched up, Pepys presented his wife with a new *moiré* gown, and another "woman" was engaged.

Mrs. Pepys' complaints of the dullness and loneliness of her life do not seem altogether well-founded. We hear of numerous little pleasure-parties, either down the river, or into the country to eat cherries and cream. The visits to the theatre are frequent too, except when Pepys has made a vow to go to no more plays for a fixed period, and it is seldom that a week passes without a dinner, supper or christening, the latter being a most popular festivity. A dinner party was no light undertaking in the seventeenth century, judging from the bills of fare which Pepys has left on record. On January 13, 1663, the young couple gave a party to eight guests, for which they provided oysters, a hash of rabbits, a lamb, and a rare chine of beef, a great dish of roast

fowls, a tart, and fruit and cheese. "My dinner," observes Pepys complacently, "was noble and enough. At night to supper we had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock, both them and myself highly pleased at our management of this day."

There is a delightful touch of nature—feminine nature—about Mrs. Pepys' method of keeping her household accounts. Samuel examined these accounts periodically, and on one occasion he relates that, "Finding things that seemed doubtful, I was angry, though she did make it pretty plain, but confessed that when she do miss a sum she do add something to other things to make up, and upon my being very angry, she do protest that she will lay up something for herself to buy a necklace with, which maddened me, and do still trouble me, for I fear she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap, and under a sense of want." How many young housewives, before and since, have kept accounts after the fashion of Mrs. Pepys!

A rather lurid light is thrown upon the manners and customs of the time by the entry for February 21, 1665: "My wife busy in going with the woman to the hot-house to bathe herself after her being long within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will last I can guess." On February 25 he writes again, "Home late, and to clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me because she do herself." This is the last that we hear of these extraordinary efforts in the direction of cleanliness.

During the time that the plague was at its worst Mrs. Pepys was sent with her maids to Woolwich, while her husband remained at his post. He ran down to visit her from time to time, and on August 22 he writes, after a night at Woolwich, "Up, and after

much pleasant talk, and being importuned by my wife and her two maids for me to buy a necklace of pearls for her, and I promising to give her one of £60 in two years at farthest, and in less if she pleases me in her painting, I went away." Mrs. Pepys must have made good progress in her new accomplishments, for in the following April Pepys presents her with a pearl necklace containing three rows, which cost £80.

About this time Mrs. Pepys was sitting for her portrait to Hales. She was painted in the character of St. Katherine, and the likeness is said to be a good one, though Hales complained that her nose gave him as much trouble as another person's face. She is represented as a large woman, looking considerably older than her years, with full lips and an expression of the fashionable languishing type. Certainly she is not so handsome, according to our modern ideas, as her reputation for beauty would have led one to suspect.

In the year of the Great Fire, Mr. Pepys, after making up his accounts, thanks his Maker, that notwithstanding his late great expenses, which include £80 for the pearl necklace, £40 for a set of chairs, and £40 for portraits of himself, his father and his wife, he is worth over £5000. Nothing has yet been said, however, about the coach and the knighthood, which he had promised his wife to obtain as soon as he was the master of £2000. It is not until nearly two years later that the coach is in contemplation and Mrs. Pepys is "mightily pleased" at the idea. But shortly after occurs the entry, "In lieu of a coach this year I have got my wife to be contented with her closet being done up, and going into the country for a month or two."

Mrs. Pepys goes to Brampton in May, and in June, after a lively month of grass-widowerhood, Pepys joins her there, and together they make a tour

to Oxford, Salisbury, Bath and Bristol. On the last stage of the journey home Pepys expresses himself as being "somewhat out of humor all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humors got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with, for she is a fool."

Upon her return Mrs. Pepys learns that her husband has been gadding about in her absence, escorting ladies to the theatre, and giving them suppers. This throws her into a "melancholy, fusty humor," and next morning, we are told, "she fell into her blubbing again, and at length had a request to make to me, which was that she might go into France and live there out of trouble; then all came out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do." However, Samuel contrived to pacify her with mild words and few, and a little later the coach is purchased, and Mrs. Pepys is described as being "almost out of herself with joy."

A few weeks of quiet and contentment proved to be only the calm before the storm, for on October 25 a domestic catastrophe occurred which shattered the peace of the household for many a month to come. There had been from time to time a good deal of jealousy on Mrs. Pepys' part of her husband's attentions to her waiting-women, who were usually both cleverer and more accomplished young women than their mistress. But when Pepys is discovered embracing the latest comer, Deb Willett, his wife's fury knows no bounds. In the course of her reproaches and accusations, she reminds him of her old kindnesses to him, and the many temptations she had refused out of faithfulness to him, especially from my Lord Sandwich, and afterwards the courtship of my Lord Hinchinbroke, even to the trouble of his lady. "All which," says the

repentant Samuel, "I did acknowledge, and was troubled for, and wept."

In the end he succeeds in pacifying his wife by promising to discharge Deb Willett at once, and to show his dislike to her in every possible way. No sooner is the girl out of the house, however, than he sets to work to try and discover her whereabouts, and a few days later contrives to arrange an interview with her. The meeting comes to Mrs. Pepys' ears, and her wrath breaks out afresh. She threatens to slit the girl's nose, vows that she will leave her husband and shame him before all the world, and even demands money from him to buy her silence. "So, with most perfect confusion and shame of face and heart," writes the culprit, "in sorrow and shame, and the greatest agony in the world, I did pass this afternoon fearing it would never have an end."

It is William Hewer, Pepys' faithful clerk, who intercedes for his master, and finally obtains his pardon, on condition that he writes an insulting letter to Deb, and solemnly swears never to see or speak to her again. For the moment Pepys is firmly resolved not to give his wife more occasion for disputes of this kind as long as he lives, being convinced that there is "no curse in the world so great as this of differences between her and myself, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more."

During the next few days the culprit is not allowed to go out alone, but is compelled to take William Hewer about with him, like a gaoler. At home his wife strikes him, pulls his hair, and even threatens him with red-hot tongs, all which he bears patiently, knowing that he has deserved it. As soon as matters quiet down a little, he cheerfully breaks all his solemn vows and asseverations, and having run against Deb accidentally in the street, persuades her to agree to meet him on the following Sunday at Westminster Hall,

then a favorite place for lovers' assignments. "My great pain," he observes, as soon as the interview has been arranged, "is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl whom indeed I love with a bad amour, but I will pray to God to give me strength to forbear it." Providence was kind, for Deb failed to keep her appointment, and shortly afterward left London for Greenwich.

Meanwhile, Pepys has become in a great measure reconciled to his wife, to whom of his own accord he has offered an allowance of thirty pounds a year for dress and personal expenses, which she is greatly pleased with, it being more than she had ever asked or expected. The splendor of the new coach, doubtless, also helped to put matters on a pleasanter footing. On the first day of May, the pair drive together in "Hide Park," Mrs. Pepys in a flowered tabby gown, laced exceedingly pretty, and Mr. Pepys in a colored camelot tunique, with gold lace on the sleeves, and a flowered tabby vest. They had new liveries of serge, the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, green reins, and the standards gilt with varnish, "so that people did look mightily upon us."

This description of the pride and glory to which the couple had now attained occurs in the closing pages of the "Diary," for the last entry is penned in the same month, May 31, 1669. When he takes his leave of us Pepys is preparing to go abroad with

Temple Bar.

his wife for a few months in the hope that rest and change may improve his failing sight. It was shortly after her return from this foreign tour that Mrs. Pepys was taken ill with a fever, and died on November 10, 1669, aged only twenty-nine. She was buried in the church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and Pepys composed a Latin epitaph for her memorial tablet.

So the curtain falls on the little domestic drama. The couple have quarrelled and made friends again for the last time; their music is silent; their flowered tabby suits are laid aside, and the fine coach with the green reins and gilt standards is seen no more in "Hide Park." Although it is impossible to feel much admiration or even respect for Mrs. Samuel Pepys, one cannot part from her without a lingering regret. She was not very wise, nor very amiable, and she did not distinguish herself either as a wife or a housekeeper. But with all her faults and failings she was a live human being, a real woman, if not of the most exalted type. Pepys who had been at such pains to make a companion of her, who had consulted her, read with her, instructed her, piped duets with her, and taken such a deep interest in the dressing of her hair and the trimming of her gowns, is said to have sincerely mourned her loss, and, unlike most disconsolate widowers who compose florid epitaphs to the departed spouse, he proved the reality of his feeling by never giving her a successor.

"KIND MASTER, MERRY MAN."

Servants of God, why go ye hollow-eyed?
Is not His wage secured, His board supplied?
Ye shame your Master with your grievous face,
Hinting that Satan's were the better place.

Frederick Langbridge.

